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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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WANGANUI RIVER, NEW ZEALAND

The Maoris were peculiarly fond of giving names beginning with W to the lakes, rivers and bays of their land.

"You don't have to see it that way"

AMONG a lot of rubbish in the garret of an old house I once found an unwritten-in diary book, published many years ago, yellow and faded. Each page stood for a day, and at the top of each page was a motto or saying, intended by the compiler to be borne in mind for that day and the meaning thought out. You had to do the thinking for yourself and some of the aphorisms certainly needed a bit of thinking to find any meaning at all in them. But there was a lot of meat in most of them, once you got at it. It seemed to me that it would be a fine thing for us all, those who want to progress, to make a little saying each morning and try to live by it through the day, writing them down one by one in a special book.

The one I have quoted stood at the top of a November page and somehow it stuck in my head. And after a while it seemed to me about as full of meat as any eight words ever were.

"Oh, I don't mind a moderate amount of it," said a man once to the writer, referring to his sciatica; "in fact it's useful as a bit of will-training."

Any little disagreeable, or even big one, ceases

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to disturb us once we are used to it. We sail along with it, hardly noticing. We have forgotten *to see it as disagreeable* or even to see it at all. If this getting-used-to process were not always mercifully going on of itself in us, most of us could not endure our lives, enjoy any pleasure, or think of anything but the cloud of disagreeables.

But though the process will go on of itself, all of us have the power of greatly aiding it, the power of refusing to be disturbed by a little disagreeable that may happen along, of refusing *to see it as disagreeable*. And this power may by practice be made to grow to a very far point. There were finished specialists in this art once, as there are in every art, men who have made the (at first) difficult become easy and almost automatic. 'Stoics,' they called themselves, and their art was Stoicism. They esteemed it the highest of all arts, the blessedest a man could acquire and the fruitfulest. They left many directions for its practice, the amount of which was — Begin with easy things, and practise. As each step is accomplished, the next in its turn becomes easy.

They did not think man's ordinary life as he lives it, all ups and downs, luck and ill-luck, little pleasures and troubles, to be very real or important in comparison with a much richer and more splendid one that he *might* experience within himself amid the very same surroundings as now. To learn how to see the little things as little, the unimportant things as unimportant,— it is this that opens the door to the greater life. And to refuse to see the little disagreeables as disagreeable is the beginning. Ask your disagreeable whether it is so just because you happen to "see it that way," or whether it is really hurtful to you in some positive way. The list of really hurtfuls gets smaller and smaller all the time, I tell you, as soon as you get the fixed habit of asking those questions! The moment the beginning is made, with the first act, that moment we begin to find the peace it leads to. Every time we refuse to see a thing as disagreeable, closing our minds to that aspect of it, or realize that even actually hurtful circumstances can be made to serve us, by that much we have opened our minds to the other life, to the higher set of experiences and interests. In little things this is easy, and by practice we gain ever-increasing facility.

Some other man's ways irritate me, for instance. It is a disagreeable, but certainly not hurtful; and it is a disagreeable solely because I allow myself to see it so. I can will away the irritation very easily, just *seeing* the ways as before, but without the irritation, holding a quietude and kindliness unshaken within me. Doing that for a few days, each time the irritation comes up, I win out on this matter and liberate a lot of mental energy which was tied up in the irritation.

I find myself deprived of some little thing I have been accustomed to. I continue for a while to note the deprivation, of course, for it is a fact; but I will away the irritation about it. In a little while I am quite at rest about this too. And I have gained much more — for it is an eternal possession — by this effort than by an even *successful* effort to get back what I was deprived of.

There are many small things I want but cannot get, many small circumstances in my daily life that I wish were not there. I find that with a little practice I can note the absence of the one without the fret for it, and likewise the presence of the other without irritation, waiting quite peacefully for the time — if it should come — when I can easily get the one and get rid of the other.

This power grows all the time with exercise, like any other, being put to work at first upon the small matters, becoming at last able to cope with anything that may happen. Even one single use of it, for one single minute, shows its value. For that minute we have created peace in our minds. At night we can look back and say, "Well, there at any rate, I *did* it." An irritation was willed away from the mind, waved away as one waves away a fly.

There is no limit to the possible growth of the power. We can become specialists of any degree of perfection. The practice releases for our use all the energy that was formerly locked up in our longings and dislikings, and gives that universal fellow-feeling for other men which together make up a strong and noble character. The mind so trained becomes able to see the inner meaning of every event and understand that we can make them all serve as steps to the richer life that is always waiting for us to begin upon and that death cannot interfere with. STUDENT

Keeping Alive

EVERY now and then some paper prints a symposium consisting of statements from old men as to the habits and practices to which they ascribe their attainment of live old age. But how often do they say or even guess their real secret?

Some years ago an apparently true story went around about a woman in one of the Middle States who was bitten by a rattlesnake. It was early morning. Her husband had just gone to work and would not be back till late at night. There were several children to be attended to, and of course all the chores about the house to be done. There was no way of getting at a doctor and the woman made up her mind that she had to die. But she would not die till all her duties were done. Her husband should not come home and find the children unfed and the house and yard in disorder.

Filled with her purpose she set to work. Against deadly and increasing weakness and rising fever she

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forced herself to sweep, wash, scrub, arrange, put things in perfect order, cook the meals, replenish the wood pile, see to the children. She would not be still a moment, working away in the sweat of her fever and in defiance of exhaustion. The forenoon and afternoon dragged along to sunset and still she toiled on. At last, but not till all was done, she sank down in absolute exhaustion. But the poison was exhausted too. Her will had held her up through the deadliest hours of its work. She *would* not yield, and at last when no more strength remained to her the disease had passed its climax and she lived.

We think the body lives and keeps its health and energy by food, fresh air and sunlight — things coming into it from without. But these won't have their deepest and fullest effect unless the body gets something from *within*, from the tenant of it. And that is will, alert and confident will. No slack-willed man ever has real health.

"Put more snap into it!" you hear the drill-sergeant say to the men he is exercising. They are doing the movements but their wills are not pumping enough life into the muscles.

You recognise the man who keeps his will alert by a certain spring and snap in everything he does, in his walk, in his speech. He turns decisively from one task to another, never drifting on the stream. When he is tired it is not *flat* tiredness. It is a tiredness that proposes to recover at the first moment possible. He just takes the tension out of his muscles and nerves till they have had their opportunity to refresh and rebuild themselves.

This man lives several times as much as the 'flat' man in the same space of time. He comes out of an illness sooner and his life is longer. Diseases don't find him their prey but their very active enemy. Events may sting and hurt him to the soul, but as he never lies down under them or relaxes fiber they become tonics and stimulants. To the 'flat' man his disagreeable tasks become heavier; to *this* man they become lighter and even interesting from what he puts into them. To this man comes luck because luck is not something that *happens* but something that is secretly drawn by the inner magnet of an alert will. Even when the alert man smokes he is *using* his smoking; in the 'flat' man his pipe is using him.

The alert man constantly watches his habits. He won't do a thing today merely because he did it yesterday or any number of yesterdays, nor necessarily in the way he did it yesterday. Habits, when they are not actively useful ones, are chiefly good to be broken. If we keep alive we are new and different every day. It is *animals* that do today exactly what they did yesterday. After thirty-five or forty most men become their habits, which means becoming their past, letting go of real life which is an unfolding into the new and the very essence of which is will. So they become senile with the years. But nature never meant that our brains should age with the aging of the rest of our bodies.

In a word we should keep new, keep renewed in the current of life. This is done by keeping the will alive. This is handing out food and stimulant to the mind and brain and body from the inexhaustible store within. The marks are hope and confidence and good-will towards all. STUDENT

Still Going Strong

"NO reactive power; he has to be carried to wellness if he gets well at all."

The doctor was talking of a particular man and he used him as a sort of point of departure for a short essay on human nature.

"There are at least three factors concerned in getting well. The body, of course, every fiber and cell of it, is always a fighter against disease. Its ways of doing battle are not even yet all known, but what is known is a big volume of medicine and physiology in itself. The body is always doing its best under the conditions; the sick man can be sure of that.

"Then of course there are aids from outside — medicine, adjusted diet, and so on. This is one set of conditions.

"But in between these two, is the man himself. And he may be a very active help to them, or a dead weight that leaves all the work to be done for him — sometimes even an unknowing ally of the enemy. This is the other set.

"Personally I'm no friend of this 'denying' and 'affirming' business of the modern mind-healing cults. What I mean is that a man's habitual mental attitude and ways when well is what gives him a longer or a shorter illness when he gets one, with a slow and half-done or a thorough and relatively quick recovery, and often gives the casting vote whether he's going to recover at all or go under. See? It's in previous years that you've already laid your program for your sickness.

"A man makes a feeble plan that he'll do something — take up a line of study, for instance. In a few days, maybe, when the opportunity for it comes, he doesn't happen to be feeling like that, a little flat, his favorite 'inertia.' He lets that feeling lie all over him and does nothing. Very likely doesn't take up his study again for a week, and in a year when you ask him how he's getting on with it he says: 'Oh, well, you know how things are. What with one thing and another I kind of dropped out of it, let it go.'

"He thinks he'll do some athletic exercises every day for his health. Same program.

"He's a shorthand clerk in the office, unlimited opportunities of rising. Only needs to study at most

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anything in his evenings, and there'd be a call for it right away. But: 'you know how it is when a fellow gets home in the evening. I never seem to be able to work up the vim to sit down to anything' — except to the armchair. So he's a shorthand clerk yet.

"See the type? Lives along lifeless, just as he happens to be feeling at the moment. That's the fellow that has to be carried to wellness out of every sickness he gets, even a common cold.

"The other type you can picture for yourself, the sort that lives with his will alive,— even makes a joke of it to himself when he's feeling seediest. 'A nice rag is yours truly this morning! Hanged if I stand it. Let's get at something lively!' In about half an hour he's shaken the slackness out of his body and is as fit as ever. Of course he can't do that when he's right down sick; but, unconsciously to him, the general spirit of it will even then be helping and backing his body all through its fight with the disease.

"So I say a man prepares his sickness program in his wellness times. He's got either the ingrained habit of yielding to however he happens at the moment to be feeling, and lying down under it; or of going ahead with his will alive anyhow and strung up to more effort the flatter he feels. You can distinguish the extreme types of the two men in everything they do, the way they walk, sit at table, get at their work.

"Of course a man can transform himself from one type to the other; but when he's already down sick is hardly the time he's likely to begin." REPORTER

The Importance of Two Per Cent.

TWO PER CENT. of a man's character sounds like a small part of his make-up. But like the proverbial last straw that broke the camel's back, the two per cent. may turn the scale to make or break the man's chances in life. A business man knows how vital a difference it makes whether the profit and loss columns foot up as 49 to 51 or as 51 to 49. One way the figures stand for a chance to tide along; but the figures reversed mean bankruptcy.

If a man is naturally inclined to be 51 straight, solid manhood, and 49 per cent. crooked and uncertain, the chances are he will have plenty of faults. But if he avoids the usual mistake of continually slipping back and forth across the dividing line, and just holds himself steadily up to the 51 mark, in no long time he is sure to add to his average standing. There is plenty of pull downward, when one is running so near the danger line of conduct, and it is a good test of grit to *keep* on the right side. With two per cent. to the good only, and the *will* to hold fast to what is gained, the final result *must* be success, whatever stumbling-blocks have to be cleared away first.

In one way, the handicap of faults which pull a man the wrong way, can be used to better advantage than the mere negative weakness and indifference which never does much that is either good or bad. Evil doing is simply using energy in the wrong direction; a change in the direction of efforts gives the evil-doer a ready fund of force to carry him as far in the right way. The whole current of a stream can be changed into a new channel, little by little, from a small beginning of a different outlet. When 51 per cent. of the water is going in the new channel, it has a certain pull on the 49 per cent., as well as a certain push from it. Then if the stream is not obstructed, it will widen and deepen its own bed, as it goes on about its business, and do it naturally and easily.

Two per cent. may sound like a small thing; but it is large enough to serve as the basis of material success, and even as a basis of that victory of victories — self-conquest. There is perhaps no disgrace merely in feeling selfish and evil impulses, but there is *shame in yielding to them.* Some of the noblest characters have earned their nobility, step by step, by using their will-power to conserve the vital force of strong lower impulses on to the levels of finer thought and feeling. What man has done, man can do; and there is no limit to the beauty and strength of character that may be developed by a simple, steady pull in the right direction. There is a wonderful justice in the results which are returned to each one, for in spite of all outside conditions, a man makes himself what he is.

The meanest man has an equal chance to *try* to make good with the best of his fellows. In fact, his determined, persistent efforts to win out put a *quality* into his very atmosphere, which even unconsciously arouses a like spirit of endeavor in his associates. Without words, his example is an unanswerable argument for the living truth that a man has a splendid storage of possibilities in him, waiting to be used. Example is quite as contagious as disease, and is equally subtle in the way it spreads, in surprising ways and places. A man who keeps firm hold of his two per cent. to the good, will influence in like manner one hundred per cent. of those around him, and indirectly will affect others he does not see or even know. It is the little things that count in the long run in character building, just as the multiplied minutes make up a lifetime.

LYDIA ROSS, in *The Theosophical Path*

Drop It!

"DROP it; don't think of it."

"How can I possibly do that?"

It *was* hard in this case, for he was facing possible ruin and did not know what tomorrow might

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bring forth. But on the other hand there was nothing that he could do in the matter and it was consequently of no use thinking about it.

Yet the power of 'dropping it' is one of the most useful and fruitful that can possibly be acquired — and is not practised at by one man in a million. That is why men are half crushed and their lives shortened by calamities and misfortunes great and small of which ninety per cent. never happen at all.

You will see a man who is enthusiastic about becoming a pianist drumming on the table at odd moments to exercise his fingers, or moving them as he walks. The would-be shorthand writer turns the newspaper headings and the names over the store windows into their shorthand outlines as they happen to catch his eye. These men are pulling the small opportunities into their service. What opportunites are there for the easy practice of 'dropping it'?

Well, this, for instance: some men go on thinking about a piece of work when they are through with it and there is no more to do, or go over a conversation they have just had when there is no more to say. There are fifty small worries and irritations a day that we can 'drop' easily out of mind because they are not big enough to *force* themselves upon attention like some serious matter. There are memories that might just as well not be allowed to come up, and anticipations of things that we gain nothing whatever by anticipating. There are irritated thoughts about other men's little peculiarities that might just as well — much better — not be had.

All this is easy material for practice, and the reward of so using it is very great. "It is worry that kills, not work." And the power not to worry can be got.

Worry is the dashing of the mind against what we cannot *do* anything about. It is to the mind what pain is to the body. You notice a pebble in your shoe and immediately *do* something about it — that is, shake it out. If the hands were so fully occupied that you could not do this, *the very fact that you could not* would itself become a pain. The mind's ordinary business is to have thoughts which lead to appropriate action and so close the account satisfactorily. But a worry is a thought that wants to lead to an action but cannot. Something painful in the past or present, something painful threatening in the future: there is nothing that can be done and yet all the energy to do is aroused. And having no outlet it proceeds to give trouble.





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THE ANCIENT VILLAGE OF CARNARVON, WALES, AND THE EAGLE TOWER, PART OF THE OLD CARNARVON CASTLE, BUILT IN THE DAYS OF BOWS AND ARROWS

To look forward to a coming *pleasure* is really a worry, too, and just as exhausting. The inner forces that would lead to action in regard to the pleasure are all aroused, but they have no outlet; there is nothing yet for them to do. Force aroused with no outlet makes interior trouble. Every prisoner knows that is his chief pain at first — the having to sit in his cell thinking of a thousand things to be done, yet with no way to get at them and do them — a thousand pebbles in his shoe and no chance of shaking them out. He would be quickly killed if the first intensity of this continued undiminished.

So the practice of 'dropping it' in small easy things, leading on to the power to 'drop it' in the biggest, in the things that almost crush the unpractised man, is of unimaginable value.

And it leads on, if one wills, to the power of stopping this eager, restless mind of our brains altogether on occasion, of passing into that real silence —

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spiritual silence — in which we can become aware of our other, higher, mind of which most of us know nothing — the mind from which comes all the highest that is in us, the mind whose light would transform our lives if we would let it become known to us.

STUDENT

Cynicism

CYNICISM — disbelief in the good in other men. "What's he getting out of it?" sneers the cynic when he hears of a fine or unselfish action. Everybody has got a 'graft' hidden under what he does. Sincerity and moral elevation are nowhere. Everybody, underneath, is the same mean and selfish cur as — as — *as I am!*

So now it's out. Cynicism is self-contempt facing outward and trying to think itself to be contempt of others. The cynic is merely showing you what he himself is. Naturally he wants to see others as no better than he knows himself to be. He does not like his own moral smallness, and the easiest remedy for the discomfort of his self-contempt is, he thinks, to believe the rest are as small as he.

But there is a much easier remedy than that, and productive, moreover, of the best sort of self-respect. Let the cynic turn in his tracks and cordially credit other men with all the good they seem to have, all the good of any sort that their conduct suggests or by which their conduct can be interpreted. Give them the benefit of any doubt there may be. Credit them with the best.

"They can *because they believe they can.*" There's a lot in that sentence. The other side of it would be, "They can't because they believe they can't."

The cynic's disbelief in the other man's power to do a really fine action rests on the sense of his *own* inability to do one, his disbelief in his *own* power. Every time he takes such an attitude in regard to another man his own moral power is lessening through this indirect disbelief in it.

An action that a man thinks of often enough will ultimately become his actual deed. He may not at first intend to carry it out, may merely think of it — as it were at a distance. But his unconscious mental action will be putting the finishing touch. People on a precipice often fall over or even actively throw themselves over because of the sudden strength of the thought that they *may*. Few men behind the bars for theft would be there if they had not often previously just thought of the theft. At last, in great temptation, all these past thoughts summed themselves together and came forward into the fatal act. You cannot look for the best underneath the actions of others, approvingly crediting them with it — even if, on occasion, you may be *mis*-crediting them — without half-consciously thinking of yourself as so acting, with such motives or with such moral bigness. You do that by the mere approval of what you see there or are willing to see. Your own strength to do the same is growing every time. The mental picture of yourself acting in that fine way is gathering life and will ultimately be strong enough to be your own guide.

So the cynic's real cure for his own self-contempt is to stop his cynicism. It is the only cure, for whilst he is a cynic his self-contempt is well based, however thoroughly disguised in his cultivated and often unreal disbelief in others.

STUDENT

The Small Victories

MANY people will not abstain from committing a small fault now, today, because they do not see in themselves any intention to refrain in the future or any power of keeping a resolution to refrain. "What's the good of abstaining this once?"

Nevertheless, begin. Take your little victory now without any glance into the future. Score that little point in will-growth. It will surely come in useful, later, against some other fault altogether. It is by the odd victories here and there, small ones, taken without looking ahead, that we gradually amass a will that can conquer anything. It is by the odd victories *missed* that we find one day that we are at last helpless against every chance inclination.

But what is a 'little' victory? Are *any* victories little? Anybody can tune a violin *nearly* right, up to the "Oh I guess that's near enough" point. But it is the never-failing attempt to give the string-peg its last perfecting touch that finally develops the perfected ear of the expert. Anybody will sweep the middle of the room. The test of character is that out-of-the-way corner. It is by finishing up *that* that character grows. There are faces that tell you in a moment whether the owner is accustomed to put his finishing unnoticed touches on everything he does, to take his small victories — or let himself be mastered a dozen times a day. For a man's lower nature and his will nature face each other a dozen times a day in the small things, perhaps once in a year or once in a lifetime in the big ones. At each of these the two natures look each other in the eye and ask, "Well, which of us is boss?" One of them will say, *I am*, and proves it right there in that trifle. The thing indeed may be trifling, but *which one wins over it* is vital. It is actual life, vitality, in every part of his nature, that a man builds into himself or lets dribble out of himself day after day by his use or loss of that dozen of daily opportunities offered by the

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small things, the corners, the last touch on the peg. It is there that the soul gets its chance.

There are two kinds of philosophy — theoretical and practical. A university man may know all the philosophical theories of the universe propounded for the last two hundred years and yet raise a check at the first temptation and land behind the bars. The other kind consists of measuring yourself as a man all the time against the little things in your nature that want to *un*man you in their own favor.

The best kind of 'new resolutions' come of themselves from our noting the places all along the day where we went slack on some small matter or are accustomed to go slack. "I missed it there; let something run me" — it is out of that self-candor that strength gradually develops, and then pleasure and self-confidence as we gradually get our strings taut for good. Dull duties begin to glow with a new light as soon as we see their real nature. For they are all and always opportunities. STUDENT

Hang On To Your Grit!

DON'T give up hoping when the ship goes down;
Grab a spar or something — just refuse to drown.
Don't think that you're dying just because you're hit,
Smile in the face of danger and hang on to your grit.

Folks die too easy — they sort of fade away,
Make a little error and give up in dismay;
Kind of man that's needed is the man of ready wit
To laugh at pain and trouble and keep up his grit.—*Selected*

Go To Work

WHEN despair's sharp edge is near,
Go to work.
When your mind is racked with fear,
Go to work.
When you're brooding o'er the past,
When the sky is overcast,
Troubles coming thick and fast,
Go to work.

When you think you've reached the end,
Go to work.
When you haven't even a friend,
Go to work.
When you can't see light ahead,
When your utmost hope has fled,
Don't lie moping in your bed,
Go to work.—*Selected*

Only the Game Fish Swims Up Stream

IT'S easy to drift as the current flows;
It's easy to move as the deep tide goes;
But answer comes when the breakers crash
And strike the soul with a bitter lash,
When the goal ahead is an endless fight
Through sunless day and starless night,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

The spirit wanes where it knows no load;
The soul turns soft down the Easy Road;
There's fun enough in the thrill and throb.
But Life in the main is an uphill job.
And it's better so, where the softer game
Leaves too much fat on weakened frame,
When the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

When the clouds bank in, and the soul turns blue,
When Fate holds fast, and you can't break through,
When trouble sweeps like a tidal wave,
And Hope is a ghost by an open grave,
You have reached the test in a frame of mind
Where only the quitters fall behind,
Where the far call breaks on the sleeper's dream,
"Only the game fish swims up stream."

—*Onondaga Sportsman*

My Wage

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I BARGAINED with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store.

For Life is a just employer,
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task.

I worked for a menial's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.—*Selected*

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The New Way Quotebook

LET us have trust that pain is working out something good for us and in us. Then we can go forth day by day to meet the recurrent occasions of it in peace, knowing that with each such occasion a step is taken towards the great end in view.

THE self that is silent behind the self of chatter, is the true light-holder and way-shower for our path.

IT is never safe to look into the future with eyes of fear.

TO dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision.

THE building force for character is the same force that we waste in irritation at the faults of others.

THE moment a piece of work is finished we should shut it off. As soon as a conversation or a dealing with another man is finished we should shut it off. Half our weariness with our work as we return to it day after day comes from having let the mind stay on it after it is done. Even interesting work will ultimately bore if we do not get the power of shutting it off when it is no longer the time to be doing it. Most of the friction we develop with others comes from continuing to deal with them and holding the thought of them when the actual dealing is over. A little passing friction may thus come to a white heat under the action of subsequent thought. In other words, we should not talk interiorly to anyone. Our interior talk should be to the witnessing soul of us only. The power of opening up conscious relation with our souls is that same power which we waste in mulling over done work and done conversations and dealings with others. Let us shut the door on the past, minute by minute, except as there is something valuable to be learned from it.

"IT is a greater force that carries a row-boat a quarter of a league against wind and tide than impels it a whole league when both are in its favor."—*Fénelon*

"NEVER let us be discouraged with ourselves; it is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember for our consolation that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them. We must neither flatter, nor be impatient with ourselves, in the correction of our faults. Despondency is not a state of humility; on the contrary it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride,— nothing is worse; whether we stumble or whether we fall we must only think of rising again and going on in our course."— *Fénelon*

"THERE are unfathomable depths in the human soul, because at the bottom is God himself."—*Sabatier*

MY only concern, when I see a fault or weakness in another, is to cultivate humbly and watchfully in myself whatever is the opposite and corrective of it.

"IN my sixty-seven years I have had only a whiff of the joy to be got out of natural beauty. But when I have seen this earth well, I'll have a look at other planets and at new beauty."— *Stopford Brooke*

"YOU greatly need certain free moments in which you can recollect yourself. Try to steal some, and be sure that these little parings of your days will be your best treasures. Above all, in the morning. Even the afternoon is too long a period to let pass without taking breath. This self-collection is the only cure for your haughtiness, the sharpness of your contemptuous criticism, the wanderings of your imagination, your impatience and all your other faults. If you have not much time at your disposal, do not fail to profit by such small intervals as you can command."— *Fénelon*

WHEN you say you 'don't like' a man, consider with yourself which end of him you don't like. Is it the man who perhaps stinted himself and would not marry that he might support an aged mother? The man who sat up night after night with a sick friend? For *that* man, a man you have never happened to see at work, may be part of the man you 'don't like.' What you mean is that you don't like the other part, the cranky, faulty, perhaps bullying or ill-tempered part. In other words you don't like certain bad qualities? Well, who does? But they tend to die out in us all, will ultimately pass away from human life altogether; whilst the other, the nobler, are essential humanity and will ultimately, somewhere, shine out fully in us all.

"SOMETIMES an unnecessary or injurious thing is actually believed to be beneficial or necessary. This condition exists to a marked degree in matters of food and clothing. Indeed many persons are so thoroughly convinced that certain food or clothing is necessary that the mental disturbance caused by their absence is dangerously great, and the articles are in this way needed, though in themselves actually harmful. Such bands can only be broken a little at a time, and gradually worn away by persistence. It may be worth while to call attention to the fact that, if the mind can be assured that the deprivation of an accustomed indulgence is 'accidental' or 'only temporary,' it will reconcile itself to conditions which it would not otherwise endure, and by this submission of a short time give the precedent and basis for future intentional abstinence."— *R. Wythebourn*

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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A DUTCH CANAL AND WINDMILL

Large areas of Holland are at and below sea-level. The sea must therefore be kept out by great dykes and sand-banks and the land drained by canals and pumped dry — like the hold of a ship — by windmills and motor pumps.

Right after Breakfast

THE YARD PHILOSOPHER TURNS HIMSELF LOOSE

I SOMETIMES think that a man can do more for himself, body and mind, in the first ten minutes or so after breakfast than in all the rest of the working day put together.

We're not awake from head to foot just because we hear the bell, get out of bed and dress — not awake all through. I reckon there's a lot of the body that hasn't stirred for that. It's the *meal* that stirs it, starts the life-currents all through it.

They say a man's moods are dependent on his liver, according to whether it's lively or sluggish or what not.

The liver has its share, of course. But I reckon it's as much every other organ as the liver. It's according to how the life-currents get around among them and in through them, get around and start the wheels. If everything's as it should be the man feels good; various sorts of mis-working of the currents throughout give him his moods, grouchy, depressed, half-hearted, sullen, surly and what not. (External conditions, of course, I'm not now considering.) I don't say these bodily conditions *are* the moods. Mood, we know, is a *mental* matter. But whilst, on the one side, the bodily conditions result from the way the vital currents are getting along (which mostly depends on the way they start off in the morning) on the other they color the mind — which is what we call mood. And mood makes corresponding thoughts, which intensify the mood.

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I say that this time of waking up all through the body, a stir set a-going by the meal, is a pivot-time for the man to use. In this way:

You can't take these currents by the hand and lead them around. You can't give the inner wheels a shove with your hand. No direct action like that. But *in*direct action, plenty. We often speak as if a man's mental state was thoroughly dependent on his bodily state. It's true for some. But the other half of the truth, in general, is that a man's mental state, if he chooses to hold it right, has a very much stronger return influence on his bodily state than most of us have any idea of. And this influence is naturally the greatest just when things inside are starting off for the day, sort of undecided how they'll go.

A man often tends to feel at his worst, in the way of mood, during the first while after breakfast, the vital waking-up minutes, cranking-up time. That's the time when he can do the best work for himself. There's two rules that have done more for me than any prescriptions for health I ever heard of. The first is: when the life comes up into the brain and all through, *not to talk it away*. Keep silence awhile. And not only silence to the other fellow, but silence inside the brain, a sort of inward listening and quiet. Conserve the vitality. Nothing wastes it like talk, either out on the lips or inside your head — anyhow just then when the situation for the day is on the knife-edge.

And secondly: make and hold and defend the best mood you can. Feel as if there were a sort of a sunrise coming up in your brain and heart. Don't let the power and peace and silence of it get disturbed by thoughts of some other fellow, what he's like and what he did to you, or what things in general are like. Just keep for that time a full peace and content and warmth of kindliness all through you. *Guard your ten minutes* whilst you get at the first duties, if any, which you have to do right away. Then, if you've made anything of a victory of it, the whole body will feel it, and the mind. You've sounded a note for the day that'll go on working long after your attention is swept along into other matters.

Fellows will take medicine for their health till further orders, and some will go through any quantity of exercises. Both all right, of course. But *this* medicine and *this* exercise lays over any other I ever struck for gradually building up a man's body, altering his mind, and helping him against getting old. He's struck into the situation just at that critical point when a touch will do the business and determine the day's direction for him.

Keep the silence, and the light, and the sense of general interior vigor throughout the body, and the good-will and content — and the thing's done. Never mind what may come afterwards. You can't do everything at once. Day by day the bit for that day. And you've made a little place inside, that you can go back to in thought at other parts of the day, and from which you can get some more strength and peace.

REPORTER

On the Bank

THERE are some men — we have all met them — who diffuse a kind of peace and serenity about them. The rest of us are pleased when they come in. We don't feel the frictions with each other so much and the talk takes a better direction. And anyone who tells them a trouble seems to come away feeling better about it.

"You're that sort," I said to one of them once. "How do you get it?"

"Glad if I'm any help anywhere," he said. "Anything I am, anyone else could be, sure. The trouble with most fellows is that they never take the time to stand back and give themselves a chance to find themselves. They're in the stream of the day all the time, rushed along with it. A man needs to step up on the bank once in a while and take a rest. It only needs five minutes. After breakfast, for instance. Most fellows pitch in straight upon something then. 'The day begins now,' they think. Well, it does. Steam's up. The food and hot drink have stirred up the energies in their nerves all ready for action. But right there in that corner of the day between meal and work, before they swim out on the stream of the morning's jobs, why not call a halt a minute?

"When I was a boy my mother used to say, when we'd finished breakfast and were just upon getting up from our seats, 'Now, boys, two minutes. Just silence, inside silence. It'll give the day the right start.' And we'd all have a silence round the table, father and the rest of us. And then we'd get up and never speak till we were outside the door.

"The rules here give us fifteen minutes in our cells for a smoke, if we like, after breakfast. Ain't that the exact thing I'm talking about? There's the very time for my mother's 'inside silence' with a little read at something that'll raise our thoughts and give them an undertone for the rest of the day. In their own homes men mostly pick up the newspaper for that few minutes. But the newspaper's exactly *not* the thing to give the mind a keynote with, just as it's starting off on its day's rattle.

"And then when the reading's done — a few sentences *of the right stuff* may be enough — watch the mind. Hold it. Anchor it a while to the inwardness of what's read or to the highest thoughts you can. Don't let it start off on its customary tracks. Keep it on the bank yet awhile. Let a man find the serene part of his nature, the place where he feels kindly. In a minute or two the light of his soul will come into him and smooth things out and raise him and be all

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there in his head and heart. The soul will learn in a few days that at that time it's got his invitation.

"So he's ready for the day and it'll take ten times as much to upset him and worry him as if he hadn't had that while there on the quiet bank before the stream gets him. He won't forget all day that he's got another self, serene and in the light, somewhere about him, though the rough stream don't give him a chance for a quiet interview with it. But, little by little, if he keeps up the business, he'll find that he can be all the time in the stream *and* on the bank — as it were, two of him, background and foreground at once.

"That's my prescription, the only one I know. It'll work for anybody else the same as it has for me, and better for some. I'd never have got on to it if it hadn't been for coming here. A man only gets to finding himself by standing back from himself. As soon as he does that he's begun to be in the light. One self of us is in the troubles and the ups-and-downs all the time. The other, that knows all about it, is there behind in the peace. It's back there with that one that we want to get. I'm not one of those philosophical chaps and so that's as near as I can put the situation. Get on the bank once in a while — that's the meat of it." REPORTER

Efficiency

EFFICIENCY is the business watchword of today. It is a quality we all want to get and mostly don't know how to set about getting it.

We become efficient in doing anything the mind takes interest in and is desirous about. For on that its desire makes it concentrate itself. We don't have to compel it to go towards what it is interested in; it goes there of itself.

One man will read a page of something he is studying and then know very little of what he has read. He has to go over it two or three times. Another gets the thing perfectly the first time. If you could take a 'movie' reel of the two minds you would see that the first one slipped off the track at the end of each sentence and perhaps once or twice *in* the sentence and took a momentary wander off along some line it was interested in. The other mind, either because it was thoroughly interested in the subject or because its owner's will was steadily holding it, stayed with the book. In both cases the *man* proposes to acquire the knowledge. But in the first case the *mind* has little or no interest in it or finds other things more interesting and has never been trained into the habit of attending to one thing at a time. In the second case it is either interested on its own account or is held steady whether interested or not.

The efficient man is the man who has his mind at command. He has subjugated it so well that it stays upon anything he puts it upon and becomes rapidly interested, perhaps at once. But it is equally ready at command to do the same for the next thing and temporarily put aside the first. The man is said to have the power of concentration, which is the power of concentrating the mind.

This must be got by exercise, a bit of exercising every day. In the matter of our muscles and bodies we know this principle very well. One's ordinary work, whatever it is, is of little or no use for special athletic training. One must go through special exercises that call out the very best the muscles and nerves can do and are aimed at the feat to be accomplished.

For the other thing we must take special *mental* exercise that calls out the very best that the mind can do and is likewise aimed at the feat to be accomplished — in this case mental concentration.

Whatever else a man does with his spare time, some of it should be spent in *studying* something, in opening his mind up to some good knowledge to which it is now closed. He can do this in such a way as to make it the exercise we are talking of. He can not only be acquiring the subject, but so doing it as to be also acquiring the power of concentration, of mind-holding. (And, thirdly, the power of putting things through to a finish once they are started.) He must make his mind understand that when a paragraph or page of the book has been read, it will be required to show him that it *got* that paragraph or page, the meat of it. It may also be required to put into clear words any difficulties that that page left still unexplained, to throw them into clear questions. A good plan is to imagine that you have a dull pupil with you and to put what you have learned into such clear statements that he too would thoroughly understand. For we do not really know anything unless we can teach it.

A man may be sure that if he will put half an hour's hard honest work into this sort of thing every day, he is advancing not only in the subject he has taken up but also in general mental efficiency and the power of persisting — three acquirements at once. He is a *live*-er man everyway. A mind that has been seriously gripped and held for half an hour a day for six months is no mean instrument. And the man that has done this is entitled to respect himself. STUDENT

From Hour to Hour

A MAN'S mind is his best friend or his worst enemy. It is a creature of habit, like a dog, and when left to itself will always go on doing what it has been taught to do. It will finally come to take interest in anything whatever that we repeatedly

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hold it to day after day, and thereafter it will go that way of itself. Real thinking is holding the mind with will and intention, holding it to a particular topic or guiding it along a particular line of thoughts. But how much do we do of that? Surely very little. But we don't realize *how* little because we also apply the word 'thinking' to the mind's going *of itself* along lines of its own choice while we merely look on — or are dragged along, sometimes to pleasant, sometimes to painful thoughts. But whatever the thoughts the mind does of itself, whatever the lines it runs on, these are always the continuing of thoughts and lines of thought we have intentionally set going in the past.

The inventor thinks hard and intentionally over his problem. He does not solve it then. But some other time the mind, now running of itself along the same line, chances upon the solution. It goes along that line because it has got accustomed to being put there. So much is it a creature of habit that the mere time of day at which you are accustomed to think of something will of itself suggest that topic to it and it goes ahead at once.

It is hard work to study a science or a language in the evening. The subject may at first seem dull, but if we hold the mind to it we shall begin to find that on the next day it is of itself fixing in memory what we studied and even developing thoughts and theories about it.

Any thought dwelt upon long enough or often enough will come alive in the mind and assert itself here and there in the course of the mind's thinking, developing all the time of itself. There is the importance of holding and insisting upon some high and luminous thought at the first and last of every day. A man once told the writer that he believed he had almost changed his nature by watching the sunrise every morning for five minutes and insisting that for that time he would think of *light* and all that it means, light in the mind, in the feelings, light of the soul, light as life pulsing all through the body. And so at last he had a mind-picture of light in the back of his mind all day, gradually affecting the quality of his thoughts, as it were from behind. Finally he could feel the sunrise thrill even when indoors.

If the mind is much affected by the body, as of course it is, it also in return much affects the body, does much to hold and increase health or to dull and enfeeble it. Meal-times are fine opportunities for practice in mind-guidance, holding it serene, full of light, kindly, and with the thought of building a body that will help mental freedom and swiftness and growth instead of hindering and weighing us down.

So let us avail ourselves better and more wisely of the splendid opportunities that lie for us all in the fact that we have minds and that minds have habits and that we can gradually make those habits whatever we like, stepping-stones onward. STUDENT

Let Him Out!

"AS the speaker came to his final words we seemed at last to hear the real man. He broke through, I tell you, dropped all his tricks, forgot himself and let his big heart out into his pleading. Not a man there but went away the better and the nobler for it.

A paragraph out of a letter. Nothing very extraordinary in it, you may say. But somehow every clause in it struck me in a peculiar way. "*The real man — broke through — forgot himself — let his heart out.*" And everybody got something that bettered him.

What more of a philosophy could you have? The real man, the big fellow, roused himself up in the heart and took charge. And the little outer personality with its tricks and desire to be thought a somebody — was absorbed into him, disappeared for the time, "forgot himself," forgot to assert himself. And an influence from this real man, a ray of him, forthwith went home to every other heart and stirred up the corresponding big man there. Before, their brains only had been reached; now, their hearts, their realities. Did not something in return come back from them to the real man speaking from the platform so that he too would never be quite the same again?

Out of that paragraph I got the idea that men are really brothers. The brotherhood is between their bigger selves. No man ever expands from his small self into his big one, even for a minute, without appealing to and calling out in some degree and encouraging the real selves in the hearts of others. And there's no man so small and tricky as not to *have a big self* hidden in behind — only needing the right kind of appeal or encouragement from some other. Why can't we be our sincere selves all the time and so all the time be doing the same for each other?

What we call a big character is a man whose sincere heart-self is on deck all the time, no tricks, no spite and envy, no wish to be cock of the walk or to be thought smart or learned or to be looked up to for anything. Mere contact with him draws out the best in others and something of him thereafter lives in each of them; and a bit of everybody whose heart he gets at thereafter lives in him. Paul said: "We are members one of another." He must have meant what I'm now trying to say. Each of us should be growing richer in his nature all the time by what he gets from the rest; all the rest should be growing by what they get from him. This is what life will come to sometime. We shall get to be like gods along this line of brotherhood — no limits. "The finest culture," said Plutarch, "comes from the study of men in their best moods."

So we must live with this idea and stop snarling at

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each other and stop holding in mind each others' outer tricky self instead of the bigger one inside. You can always get to see a trace of the bigger in the worst and smallest man if you try. STUDENT



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'PERSEUS'

A charcoal sketch for a painting. By the famous Swedish artist Julius Kronberg.

(The victorious Perseus is mounted on the winged steed Pegasus. The horse having been irritated by an insect, a previous rider had lost his balance and been thrown. These *insects!*)

The Higher Thinking

"WHAT language do you think in now?" asked one of our people of a Swede who had been here two or three years. "Oh, mostly in English, but sometimes in Swedish even yet," he answered.

So we need a language to think in or think with. We cannot think at all without language, without words, say some people. Words are what you have to think with.

Certainly one cannot *communicate* thoughts without words. But one may only say that words are necessary for thought itself if one means the kind of thought that words are necessary for. Is there no other kind?

'Silent thought': by that we usually mean thought that we do not happen to be uttering aloud. But it runs in words just the same. It is all ready for communication. *Real* silent thought would be states of mind too inward to be done into words at all. We are so accustomed to be talking and preparing to talk that it would seem that we have come to be limited to the sort of thought that can be talked and could not do any other sort at all. All our thinking seems to be done as if to an imaginary listener. The man who 'talks to himself' is merely making such a listener and talking aloud to him.

The deeper kind of thinking, that which cannot be done into words or done with words, is better called *realizing*. A man realizes the meaning or inwardness of music, but he could not talk that realization into anyone else. We can only fully unfold the part of the mind that works beyond words, reach and feel the divine heart and essence of things, and realize our true natures in their divinity and splendor, by getting behind that part that ceaselessly moves in words, by learning to dwell for a few minutes now and then in a higher state, silencing the word-flow by that same sort of inward effort as is required for listening, or which we use to prolong in memory for a few moments the effect of a song which has ended. We should not be so eager to be always reading, reading, if we had opened this deep part of the mind and learned what it has for us and how to gain rest and renewal from it.

Let us remember that after the first flush of enthusiasm in taking up some new line, there comes an apparently dead period during which there seems to be nothing doing and we are tempted to give up altogether. Hold through this and we shall come out on to the middle level where progress is steady and sure. STUDENT

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Of the Three Roads

AND HOW IT IS BY OUR THOUGHTS THAT WE TRAVEL THEREON

I HAD been reading Spinoza and I suppose that for a moment I had fallen asleep. This was what I had read — that fine passage in which he tells how he seemed to himself to have come to the 'tether end' of things:

"After experience had taught me that all the usual surroundings of social life are vain and futile . . . I finally resolved to inquire whether there might be some real good which would affect the mind to the exclusion of all else; whether, in fact, there might be anything of which the discovery and attainment would enable me to enjoy continuous, supreme, and unending happiness. . . . All the objects pursued by the multitude, not only bring no remedy that tends to preserve our being, but even act as hindrances, causing the death not seldom of those who possess them and always of those who are possessed *by* them. . . . But love for a thing infinite and eternal feeds the mind wholly with joy, and is itself unmingled with any sadness, wherefore it is greatly to be desired and sought for with all our strength. . . . One thing was evident, namely, that while my mind was occupied with these thoughts it turned away from its former objects of desire and closely considered the search for the new principle; this was a great comfort to me, for I perceived that the evils were not such as to resist all remedies. Although these intervals were at first short and rare, yet afterward, as the true good became more and more perceptible to me, they became more frequent and more lasting. . . ."

It appeared to me that I went on reading from the book, coming to this passage, though when I came to myself in a moment I saw that the book contained no such words:

"Opening before me were roads, three in number. Of these three, the middle one, as I saw, whilst seeming to lead on and on, in truth led round and round, so that by it the poor weary travelers finished their journey where they had begun it, or nearly so, no forwarded at all.

"And another led downward, whither I could not see. But the third upward and forward to a Height crowned and flooded with unimaginable Light.

"Now, the going upon these three roads was by thoughts. It was by their thoughts that the wayfarers were carried. And the most part of them, as I said, choosing but the common thoughts for their steps, went round and round and in the end had come back to where they started, in no wise changed save for their weariness.

"But some few kept their thoughts steadfastly upward and were therefore borne steadfastly upward. Their thoughts were ever of the Light ahead; and with thought of the Light they ever substituted those unkindly thoughts of their fellows and those thoughts of pleasures past and to come that were constantly delaying and misconducting the other travelers. Yet the common and innocent pleasures of the road, if they came by such, they accepted and enjoyed, refusing only to look back to any that were past or forward to any that might be ahead. Thus filling themselves ever more and more with thought of the Light, they moved constantly forward; and I saw that one by one they entered it in joy and content, and then, shining therewith and as it were robed, they turned back to show their fellows the way and method whereby they had attained.

"But of the downward road, save that it led into ever-deepening gloom and shadow, I saw nothing." STUDENT

The Zoological Garden

"WE will consider man's body as a Zoological Garden," said the Camp Philosopher.

"Therein are to be found monkeys, peacocks, pigs, snakes, foxes, ferrets, wild cats, perhaps occasionally a skunk or two — etc., etc.. You all know who are 'they of your own household.' And when all these wake up in the morning, gradually and in succession, the din and clatter and hullabaloo is such that the man presently loses hold of ***himself*** altogether — if he ever had it — and is, as it were, dissolved around among the animals. But mind you, *before* they wake up there is silence and peace in this Garden; and throughout the dawn-time and a while after the man can hold on to himself and understand himself and get some great thoughts and realizations of his divinity. For he ***isn't*** any of those animals nor the lot put together. And it's before they stir that he can best realize this important fact. And if he *does* use that quiet time in that way — why, at last he can get so strong and secure at it that the riot and scrimmage of the day all over the Garden can't move him off his own base. As it were, he's made a Garden of *Eden* inside the Garden of animals. — Yes, yes, I know; there may be a ***noble*** animal or two among the others that will in a measure understand him and help him to keep order, and perhaps a few song-birds saluting the dawn and sunset. But these don't affect the general case.

"Now just you fellows think this out and perhaps you'll stop acting like — but I don't want to be offensive — and begin acting like ***men***.

"Now keep quiet. You know I've only been speaking this way for your good. And anyway it's breakfast time. Can't you feel the animals impatiently pacing up and down inside the bars?" REPORTER

That Impossible Stick

IT is impossible to have a stick with only one end. That is one of the most difficult of all facts for us to learn. If we are willing to have a stick at all we must put up with both ends of it. If we want to be indifferent to the ill opinion that others may have of us or to their dislike of us we must give up being pleased by their good opinion or liking. If we wish to be insensible of life's disagreeables we must give up being in love with the little agreeables. But as we wish to be pleasured to the full by all the agreeables we must consent to be fretted by the disagreeables. They are the two ends of the same stick. Whoever can become indifferent to pleasures and gratifications, not looking forward to them before they have come nor regretfully backward at them after they have passed, merely remarking as one of them comes along,

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"this is a pleasure," will by just so much have become indifferent to pains and discomforts, being similarly able to remark, "this is a disagreeable."

And after some practice in this work he will begin to find that gratifications and pains and troubles reveal themselves as equally and together the opposite of another state — one of inward peace and joy. For when a man's mind is no longer the sport of what chances along from day to day, becoming only the quiet observer of it, his inner god can dwell with him and make itself known to him, and so within him he can find true life and be independent of everything outward. In that light that has come to him he will understand other men, seeing underneath all the evil and cruel things they may do and say the spark of divinity that is trying to guide them and will some time break down their hardness. Seeing now the great goal that is before humanity he will let his imagination work upon it till the glow of his hope and his confidence becomes a secret help and inspiration to all with whom he associates. In sickness and sorrow and through death he will be no longer downcast or lonely, for he will know humanity as one brotherhood from which no one can be dropped. In him the spirit of service will have replaced that spirit of separateness which alone makes us the sport of alternating pains and pleasures. STUDENT

An Eastern Fable

TWO brothers, both of them filially loving their mother, fell into an argument as to the nature of this love. One said that it was what moved them to serve her; the other, that it inspired right conduct. "No," said the first, "for a bad man might love his mother." The first disputed this, saying that whoso loved his mother was so far necessarily a good man. The dispute waxed hot. Nothing that either could say about love was acceptable to the other and at last they came to blows. A stranger passing by separated them and asked the occasion of their quarrel. When they had told him all about it he said:

"Fools are ye both. It is of the very nature of this love that it cannot be put into thoughts and phrased in words, though very assuredly it can none the less be ***known***. Coming to thoughts and then to worded statements ye both lost hold of the reality in your disputations. Love is known only by itself, and to know it in its fullness ye must remain mind-silent with it and in this silence let it develop. The deep matters of life are too deep and too great for the poor framework of thought. And so likewise if ye would know God and deepen your love and knowledge of God. The love and Him whom ye love can verily both be known in their fullness, but only through the silence of realization. Let not lip profane the mystery — a mystery, nevertheless, to mind only, not to soul."

The Pitcher

T. E. BROWN

OFTEN at a wayside fountain
You may see a pitcher stand
Stooped beneath the mossy channel,
Purple slate on either hand.

And the streamlet, never heeding
If the pitcher's brimming o'er,
With an innocent persistence
Lavishes its silver store.

And the silver-beaded bubbles
Burst upon its lazy lip;
But the well-contented pitcher
Does not even care to sip;

Does not even know that o'er him
There is flowing from the hill
What would fill a thousand pitchers,
And a thousand pitchers still.

But the streamlet, ever patient,
Ceaseless laves his churlish sides;
For the streamlet has the patience
That in Nature's heart abides.

Even so at God's sweet fountain
Someone left me long ago;
Left my shallow soul expectant
Of the everlasting flow.

And it came, and poured upon me,
Rose and mantled to the brim;
And I knew that God was filling
One more soul to carry Him.

So He filled me — then I lost Him,
Lost Him in His own excess;
For He could not but transcend me
In my very nothingness.

"Wretched soul, that could'st not hold Him!
Soul incapable and base!
Hardly 'ware that He doth bathe thee
Steeped in largess of His grace!"

"Not so!" saith the God of goodness;
"I have many souls to fill;
From this soul a while desisting,
I will tarry in the hill.

"Then, when it is dry and dusty,
I will seek the thirsty plain;
I will wet the mossy channel,
And the purple slate again."— *Selected*

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The New Way Quotebook

"I WISH things were different, but I am glad they are as they are." I often say that to myself. And as it is a perfectly honest expression, it seems to me a very good pointer to the dualism in human nature. I find conditions unpleasant or depressing or painful, and so far, of course, I must be wishing them different. But I am also glad of them and would do nothing to get them changed. It is just through such conditions, faced right out till he has become indifferent to them, bigger than they, that a man grows in will and character. So he sees in himself the two parts: the one, wishing that difficulties were not there; the other, glad that they are.

A MAN who lets the shadow of an old sin strike fear to his heart and stop his progress to the Light, is like a living human body which should refuse to do anything to gain health because it could remember having once had pneumonia. The more health it can acquire, the more does it put itself out of reach of another attack.

BY giving his work, however commonplace, that extra touch of finish that nothing compels him to give and whose results no one may notice, just to give himself the sense of doing it well — by this little thing only, a man brings his approving higher nature about him and has put himself upon the Path. Whatever the work, he has dignified himself by the spirit in which he does it.

WHEN you have some little worry or annoyance, the way to see it in its proper size is to imagine that someone else had it to put up with and then consider what you would think of him if he made a big thing of it. If we treat the trifles in that spirit, in a few days they will come to be *really* trifles and we have got that much more freedom for ourselves. Anything is the size we let it be.

"THE word 'soul' we use in two senses: that supreme Light which makes us inwardly divine and which men so frequently go through life knowing nothing of at all; and, secondly, that which we mean in our ordinary use of the word 'I'. Now *this* soul, which is a little Light derived from the other, exists in one of two ways: it exists (or works) as thinking mind, flowing along as a stream of thoughts; or, if it can stop this stream of inward talk, it can pass into union with its Father Light and so most blessedly exist for the time as soul pure, in the presence of God. Then, when once more it resumes its work as thinking mind it will not again forget its dignity and divinity. And this is the reason for the practice of interior silence."

— *A seventeenth-century Platonist*

"IT is not what we *want* to believe that is true, but what *is*, whether we like it or not." — *A. P. D.*

"LOOK not on life as a gray mist but rather as a bright, opalescent air, wherein our ideal selves of the future may be seen shining far away, but not indistinctly."

"A MAN should think often of that ray of spiritual sunlight which is called his soul and is his true self. This will gradually make it an active power in him and enable it to transform his nature. This is the old process."

"THERE'S a bad side, 'tis the sad side —
Never mind it!
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side —
Try to find it!
Pessimism's but a screen,
Thrust the light and you between —
But the sun shines bright, I ween,
Just behind it!"—*Jean Dwight Franklin*

"YOUR world is tolerable, yes, even glorious, if, and only if, you actively make it so. Awake, arise, be willing, endure, struggle, defy evil, cleave to good, be strenuous, throw into the face of evil and depression your brave cry of resistance, and then the dark universe of destiny will glow with a divine light. Then you will commune with the eternal. For you have no relations with the eternal world save such as you thus make for yourself." — *Professor Royce*

"AT this stage of your development you will probably discover enough mental adroitness and power of concentration to enable you to weed discordant thoughts out of your mind. As you wander through your mental garden, whenever you come upon an ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom into some poisonous emotion such as fear, envy, hate, remorse, anger, and the like, there is only one right way to treat it. Pull it up like a weed; drop it on the rubbish-heap as if it were a stinging nettle; and let some harmonious thought grow in its place. Weeding out the discordant thought saves such an amazing quantity of *eau de vie* wherewith to water the garden of joy, that every man may thus be his own Burbank and accomplish marvels of mental horticulture."

— *R. H. Schauffler*

"BRUNO [a philosopher of the sixteenth century] describes the heroic man as one who is aware that the highest good can only be realized through striving and suffering, but who never despairs, because pain and danger are evils only from the viewpoint of this world, not from that of the higher world. The possibilities of pain increase with the height of the aim. But the heroic man finds his joy in the fact that a noble fire has been kindled in his heart." —*Höffding*

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THE NEW WAY

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FROM

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A TEMPLE GARDEN IN OLD JAPAN

This garden was laid out five centuries ago.

'A High Aim'

THERE is something to be said after all, remarked the Camp Philosopher, for the view that all men are born equal. Equal, I mean, as respects mind and will. From now on, those who have supposed themselves to be of inferior mentality or weak of will may take encouragement from my contention.

The appearances, you will say, are all against this contention. They are. But since when were appearances a proper guide to the truth?

Your proverbial philosopher is so absorbed in his high thoughts that he can't remember his own name; or, like Socrates, he stands all day in the rain on one leg, so deeply thinking that he forgets his meals.

But these fellows are not doing *more* thinking than you or I. That would be impossible, for we are all of us thinking every instant of the waking day. But

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whilst the thinking of you and me is all over the place, not steady on anything for more than a moment or two, or, if concentrated at all, is concentrated upon the little affairs of our personalities, hopes, fears, irritations, jealousies and so on: the thinking of your true philosopher, your Socrates for instance, or of your inventor, your Edison, is a steady current in one and the same direction, some great topic in science, thought or invention; and the thinking of such a man as Washington or Lincoln or Gladstone is likewise a steady current directed to the interest of their nation or of humanity.

I say, then, that it is a fair contention that there are not different *amounts* of mind in different men, but only different ways in which the same amount is put to work or let to work, different directions in which it is sent, different degrees in which it is held steady or left to flirt all over everything, and different sizes of topic, from the welfare of a nation at one extreme down to the kind of tobacco I prefer at the other. You wouldn't argue that men's days are of different sizes because one will do six times as much work in his day as another in his, would you?

The same with will. Here's a fellow who 'can't resist' dropping into a saloon every time he passes one, or lighting a cigarette every fifteen minutes of the day; or a girl who 'can't resist' spending every cent she gets in the candy store. Their will-energy is *there* but it isn't in their own hands any more. Its energy has gone into the craving they yield to, changed its form or application, got out of control of judgment into other control. But not lessened in quantity or power. The will of most of us is incapable of taking us to the top of anywhere in life, to the far point of any attainment. Why? Because it is not a steady current. Your 'man of iron will,' as they phrase it, cares nothing for his own comfort. *Our* wills are frittered away in a thousand *little* acts of will aimed at gratifying our comforts, at getting small enjoyments, at plans for laying-off, lazings, eatings, drinkings, money-gettings, etc. Consequently there's not enough available to make good on any really big thing or line of conduct.

So we must not speak of exercises for strengthening the will. It can't be strengthened and does not need to be. There's all there is of it all the time. The exercises are wanted for *calling it in.*

Mind-training and will-training are apt to go pretty much together. For it is the mind's thinkings that dissipate the will in a thousand directions. Calling in the will is the same as disciplining the mind. A man must get a high aim and keep his thoughts centered as much as he can on the ways to accomplish that aim.

What's a high aim? Every fellow must figure that out for himself in relation to his particular state of development. Suppose you just say to yourself the words *a high aim,* and stay on them a while, doing that for a few minutes when at your best every day and now and again at an odd moment. You'll find ideas and ideals about it gradually coming and you'll begin to be lighted up by them. As a matter of fact a man's *soul* always has a high aim in its thought and it's only too ready to touch *his* thought with the same, little by little, if he'll give it the chance. And just dwelling on those words *is* the chance.

Gradually his will and his thoughts will be gathered in under that and the smallnesses of him get starved out and he'll begin to find some dignity and meaning to his life. But I'd advise that he don't at first get too cut-and-dried in his notion as what 'a high aim' is. Let there be a *feel* growing into the words before he ties them down to a sharp *thought.* The sign that he's getting somewhere will be that he wants to do his duties better and that the heavy sense of having nothing particular and nothing worthy to be getting at in his life will go. A man can study shorthand or sweep out his tent in a new spirit under the light of this notion of 'a high aim,' and it will be always getting *higher.* REPORTER

Brotherhood as a Business Proposition

MY idea of Brotherhood, said the Yard Philosopher, is based on strictly business principles. In other words, the profit of it, and to all parties concerned.

Try it the other way about. What do you get out of disliking, despising or hating another man, whatever his conduct? I say that these states of mind, dislike, contempt, hatred, are unpleasant, uncomfortable, spoil one's mental clearness, and are bad for digestion and health in general. They are *anti-life* states, poisons. And if you take action corresponding to these states, if you put them into practice in deeds done to this disliked, despised or hated man, an endless lot of trouble will follow.

So far I feel that I have you all with me. You must also agree, those of you who have tried it now and then, that a state of kindly good-feeling is pleasant and warming and invigorating. And when you translate it into conduct and do some friendly and kindly thing, this pleasant inward warmth and invigoration becomes very marked.

See the sun coming along behind that chimney? Makes a stretch of light across the walk. He isn't shining at anybody in particular. Just shines, and whoever comes along where his shine falls, gets the benefit of it. So I say, just shine, shine brotherliness and good-feeling, and then, whoever is in your neighborhood or crosses your path, gets the benefit of it. But *you* get the benefit all the time.

What! say you. Shine equally on fellows that are trying to injure you? On your enemies? Sure! You agreed with me that ill-feeling is unpleasant and don't

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pay, and that good-feeling is pleasant and warming. How is that general principle affected by the fact that someone is acting as your enemy? He'll only be more your enemy if you hit back at him. And if you can keep up your shining inwardly so that from time to time as he crosses your path he will get some of it, he will probably cease to be your enemy. That's advantage *one* you get out of it. Advantage *two* is that the effort required will be an immense tonic and invigorant to your will and power of self-control and character in general and mental clearness and efficiency. That worth nothing? It's the greatest will-trainer out, this proposition I'm advancing.



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MONTEZUMA'S WELL, ARIZONA

Note the cliff-dwellings in the face of the rock made by a prehistoric and forgotten race.

But if it doesn't lessen his hostility towards you? Well, you've scored advantage number two anyhow. And thirdly, advantage number *three*, not yet mentioned. Namely, that the power of sustained good-feeling and brotherliness which you have thus gained will come in infinitely handy later on. There will or may be future enemies, not as hard nuts as this one is supposed to be, who *will* be melted and warmed and friendlied by the power that did not seem to effect anything in this first case. And lastly, it did effect something even in this case, an effect on him that the fellow did not know himself, that will tell on him later on like a planted seed. And thus your apparently fruitless work has not only made his future easier and better, but also that of others who, if you hadn't put this seed in him, would have had to suffer from his unpleasant disposition.

You think you'll 'teach him a lesson' when you hit back at him. But if I'm anyways right in this philosophy, you'll teach him a deeper one by the way I've said. And I say that there's a Power in nature that'll some time — at the right time — take that fellow in hand and give him in the right way the kind of 'teaching' you now want to give him in the wrong way.

Am I saying, let a fellow trample on your rights? I'm not. I'm saying that whatever line of conduct you take up, either in self-defence or defence of others, should be a wholly *outward* line and not accompanied by any change in the steady shine of good-feeling that I'm preaching as a business proposition.

Then it's a selfish proposition, after all?

Not a bit. If it were, it would change its nature after the least bit of practice of it. But it never had any of that nature. Selfishness gets out of a man at the first gleam of kindliness and brotherhood he lights up in himself, same as a lot of rats scatter out of a room directly you bring in a lamp.

So here's the proposition of brotherhood — good for the man that practises it, good for all the fellows that come within range of him. And if a man wants to know about God and get the feeling of God in him, it's also the way to that.

Previous question is now moved and carried *nem. con.* REPORTER

Taking Whitman's Way

A MAN'S attention cannot be in two places at once. And especially it cannot be on the *inwardness* of things and people and on their *outwardness*. To get full touch of this inwardness is a mighty fine achievement, giving us a degree of peace and mental expansion which none of us has dreamed of.

Remember Dr. Bucke's description of the character of Walt Whitman? Let's quote it again:

"Perhaps no man who ever lived liked so many things and disliked so few as Walt Whitman. He appeared to like — and I believe he did like — all the men, women and children he saw. When I first knew him, I used to think he watched himself, and would not allow his tongue to give expression to fretfulness, antipathy, complaint, and remonstrance. After long observation, however, I satisfied myself that such absence or unconsciousness was entirely real. He never spoke deprecatingly of any nationality or class of men, not even against any animals, insects, or inanimate things, nor any of the laws of nature, nor of any of the results of those laws, such as illness, deformity or death. He never complained or grumbled either at the weather, pain, illness, or anything

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else. He never swore. He could not very well, since he never spoke in anger and apparently never was angry."

What does this amount to? That the poet's attention was not in the least tied up with the outwardness of people, their peculiarities, personal tricks, appearance and so on: but went straight in for the real in them, got at it, chummed with it, got enlarged and refreshed by it himself, and enlarged and encouraged it in them. Ditto circumstances. "He never grumbled at the weather, pain, illness or anything else," took it all for granted, all this externalness, noted it as it were in passing but kept his attention beyond, on the inwardness of life and things. He was that way from birth and made himself more so as a regular practice and habit. It was this touch with the inwardness, the spirituality or divinity of life and things, his habitual companionship with that, that made him the prophet-seer he was. Life poured into him its great secrets, its unfolding promise for men, men's immortality and inward soul-grandeur.

Something of a reward, all this, for cutting loose from externals! We mightn't all become Whitmans by following the same line, but we should become so much bigger than we are, so much fuller of peace and soul-power, achieve so much inward expansion, that we should at last hardly know ourselves. For in every one of us, latent, is something great and divine — only needing our attention to be given to it. But our attention isn't there. It's all tied up with the outward, none of us suspecting how much tied up. The tying must be extreme before we realize it at all. Some days, for instance, nothing is right. Everything is exasperating, duties, conditions and people. Other men's peculiarities in eating, walking or what not, their faults and weaknesses, even their mere appearance, are almost more than we can put up with. We feel almost like hitting out at every fellow we meet, go round at half-cock, ready to explode at anything.

This, of course, is not only *noting* the disagreeables. Whitman did that. It is having attention swamped in them, filled with them, run and dominated by them. There can't be any inward achievement, any peace, while that state of things endures, nor anything like it, any at all of it. And in all of us is some of it, enough to hold us back from our inward greatness.

The beginning of everything is easy. And then the next step becomes in its turn a beginning, also easy. What is the beginning in this case?

To accept people as they are, faults, peculiarities and all. It is no question of not seeing, but of not *feeling at them* for what you see, the cutting loose of one's attention from all that, inward serenity and kindliness. That's 'minding your own business' in a new sense.

When the mind is altogether cleaned and calmed by a year or two of this practice, this disregard of other fellows's outwardnesses, peculiarities, faults, then it will be found that circumstances and restrictions have also lost almost all their power to worry us as they had none on Whitman. We shall have begun to find and be that inner something which feels its kinship with all that lives, from the poorest creature on the ground upward to that great all-present Soul of life that inspired Whitman.

STUDENT

The Uses of Hope

OLD BILL had had an experience once, so he told me. Bill was one of the gardeners in the park of our town. Something about him always attracted me and I used to stop and chat with him about his flower-beds and one thing and another. So we gradually got quite intimate. He had been a gardener, he said, all his life, and if he had his time again he'd be a gardener again.

"There's gardeners and gardeners. Some don't get nothin' out o' their job — except pay. But there's more of them than you'd think that catches on to what a flower is and learns a whole philosophy of life out of it. A plant don't come awake till it flowers. The flower is its awakenin'. But it's a-movin' toward that all the time. The life in it is makin' leaves and puttin' out branches just toward that point o' time. Maybe it don't clearly know what's comin', but it knows *somethin's* comin', that it's comin' to *somethin'* good, an awakenin' of some sort. That is, it *feels* that way, for of course plants don't think in any way that we calls thinkin'. Feelin' that way is hope. Hope is feelin' that way. Finally comes the answer to the hope.

"Men don't hope, as a general thing. They may hope now and then for some particler thing, but hope as a reglar general state they ain't got the good sense to have. But I've seen men that did. And I saw one die, and just afore he died his eyes kind o' lightened and he says to me, he says, '*It's comin', Bill!*' And he died with the light in his eyes. 'What do you hope about?' I says to him once. 'I don't fix on what,' he says. 'That's puttin' limits to it. I know there's somethin' mighty fine waitin' hid in human life like the flower hid in a plant' — he was a gardener, too — 'an' when the time comes, *if* a man has kep' up his hope — which is the growin' force — he'll get what he was hopin' for and didn't *in his mind* rightly know *what* he was hopin' for. Just the crown of human life. Maybe words can't say it or thoughts think it. May come *in* life, or, for most fellows, when life comes under the pruning shears. For death is only a pruning of what's no good any more.'

"That's about what he said and I know he got what he was after. But most men, as I said, don't hope except for short times or for some particler little thing they're after. I reckon it's the people that get most pains and troubles in their lives that may be

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the best off, after all, for just because of their pains and troubles there's a secret hope growin' all the time underneath. Must be, though they mostly don't know. Those what has easy times don't have this natural hope. Blessed is troubles, say I, if they're steady enough to keep this inward hope at its job all the time.

"What's the hope aimin' at? Well, I can't exactly say, as I told you. I guess it takes a different line in different people. But I was listenin' to moosic once, in a big hall, some mighty fine chap at the pianner. And I got all wrapped up in what he was playin', and I reckon he did, too, so's I mighty near forgot where I was and mostly who I was. An' the moosic kep' a-workin' in me an' stirrin' up great feelin's and inward doin's more and more. An' all of a sudden I sort o' stood up out of myself, a new self — never showin' nothin' outside, you understand — a great light seeminly about me, an' a great space and sky and great things somehow a-doin' in the air, a great *meanin'* everywhere. 'Twas just a moment or so, but seemed to me as if I knew after that what it was to be what they call dead — real life, I judge, an' a new man to live it, the *flower* of the man come freed and opened out above the leaves of the old life."

The old man paused awhile and looked down at his flower-bed. Then he said meditatively, "No reason as I can see why a fellow shouldn't get that same *in* his life without waitin' till he gets the other side. But he must be growin' his flower all the time, keepin' his hope goin', the steady hope that ain't tied down on this or that. Just *growin'* hope, the hope that's the growin' force, kep' alive by will till it's learned to keep itself alive and a-goin' in him all the time. Hope's the greatest medicine goin', for the body and mind together. — My, but that's a beauty!" And he stooped down and shook an ant or two from a great gold-yellow chrysanthemum at his feet.

So I moved away, pondering his fragment of practical philosophy, natural philosophy, you might say.

REPORTER



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NORTH CAPE, NORWAY

Most northerly point of European Continent.
If you jump off here it is into the Arctic Ocean.

Happen Back at 'em!

THERE'S the whole difference between having things happen to you and making yourself happen to things. Things sit up and take notice when a man makes himself happen to them. But very few men do that. Those few are the men that grow all the time.

And what may all this mean?

Well, supposing a fellow catches a bad cold, feels all achy, head stuffed, no ambition, inclines to let things slide pretty much that day. The cold is what's happened to him. But he happens back at it. "No, you don't," he says to himself. "The less you feel like working today, the more I'll get out of the situation by making you sit up and work better than usual."

He's made that cold score him a point in his general growth — in will and character. When he's through with the cold he's a bigger and brighter man than the one who lets it lie all over him in the ordinary way. Necessarily; for he fought and the other man yielded. *Always happen back to a situation with an eye to the way that you will afterwards wish that you had.*

A man's work happens to him. Comes along day by day and must be done. If he's going to happen back and get something for himself out of it he will try to do it in some way or particular a bit better than ever before, or concentrate his mind on it more, or think it out more, or keep serener through it, or — in short, exercise himself somehow, somewhere through it.

A meal happens to a man three times a day. Why be the same man at the end of it as at the beginning? A meal's a stimulant to body and mind. Why should not he use it to get the best thoughts he can just then, build them into himself with the food? Then it isn't simply a case of an animal eating, but of a man superintending and directing an animal eating. He's happened back at the meal.

So if a man will treat every day like this, and every

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part of the day, whatever he is doing, and happen back all the time, if he'll cultivate this idea and dwell on it till it's a living power in his nature and the instinctive guide of his conduct, why, in a year or two he won't know himself. Things and events will respect him and treat him differently from the way they treat others. And, just because this is the right way to live, Life will begin to tell him the laws of its nature and its purpose that it will never tell any fellow who just lets things happen to him. Life likes to be bossed. "He only earns his freedom and existence who daily conquers them anew." STUDENT

They Regain Their Youth

WHEN men first came on earth from the world divine, which was their glorious home and birthplace, they were overwhelmed by the change after the light they had been accustomed to. Everything here on earth was dark to them, shadowy, confused. They knew not where they were and could distinguish nothing and understand nothing.

So Father Zeus took some of the finest elements of the essence of earth, subtle and invisible, and made therewith a mind and gave some of it to each of the men with instructions how to use it.

The minds faced outward and reflected all things on earth and made intelligible and orderly report thereof to their owners, so that at last these newly-embodied souls began to understand what was about them. Then they grew interested and absorbed in the reports, and at last so interested that they forgot their own proper nature and where they had come from, and no longer distinguished themselves at all from the minds which they should have controlled. And the minds, finding that they could do as they liked, grew more and more heady and more and more full of desires for everything pleasant on earth and began to call themselves 'I.'

In all this, the men, forgetful of their origin and dignity, followed, accepting the assertion of their minds that *they* were the real selves, and taking on themselves as their own all the overgrown and ceaseless desires of their minds. So they got farther and farther from their real godlike natures and became wholly of earth, and their divine faculty of reason was utterly clouded and confused. Wherefore they grew evil and all manners of strife came between them, all manners of pains befell them, and they acquired all manners of notions as to what their nature was and why they lived. At last, in their darkness and pain and helplessness they cried unto Father Zeus for help and light.

"Far indeed, my children," said he, "have ye wandered in your servitude to the minds I made for you as instruments. But be now silent and I will show you a wonder." And all the men stood silent. And Zeus caused a great light to fall upon them suddenly so that they remembered what they were and whence they came and what had befallen them. And when the light had departed the memory and the understanding it had awakened in them remained. "Mind," they said, "thou shalt no more betray us. Thou shalt be servant, going at our bidding, at work as we will, *silent* when we will, that we may hear the divine harmonies from the world of light."

Wherefore there was at last peace on earth and joy and good-will of each toward his brothers and a new life. For life on earth became as the life above had been in its glory, and to the purity of unknowing childhood had been added a wisdom and self-knowingness begotten of the long cycles of pain and confusion.

— From *Old Fables Retold*

The Two Knowledges

"KEEP thine heart above all that thou guardest, for out of it are the issues of life."

Divine life, with divine thought and purpose behind it, enters man's heart. There, therefore, man is divine. From the heart it thrills outward to every particle and organ of the body and becomes the life and consciousness of these organs and particles and of the body as a whole. No longer, consequently, in this sense *divine* life, it has become the life of organized matter. The living sensations of these organs and particles and of the body are reflected in the brain and become the basis of our common thought. That is why, if man would know his divinity, the essential divinity of his life, he must still for a while these sensations and thoughts and for that while establish himself in the heart where the infinitely finer divine consciousness and life glows always. But it is unseen, unheard and unknown in the rush of the ruder life throughout the body and the constant flow of sensations and thoughts and desires that results.

This is the reason for the practice of the reining in of mind and its fixation upon all that we are doing. By this practice it gradually comes under control and then at last the central life of the heart and all that is in it can be found and known. The mind alone can give us no divine knowledge and no divine freedom, but both are gained by the mastery of it.

As all men have at heart the *one* divine life, they are brothers, and the first awakening to this life is the feeling of brotherhood, the love of comrades; then fearlessness, whether of death or aught else. But always the flame is burning, the song is sounding, whether we are blind and deaf to it as are most of us, or have accomplished the glorious work of awakening to it. Mind-knowledge is what all men attain to in greater or less degree, and should strive to extend;

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but heart-knowledge goes far beyond and behind this, deep into the innermost nature of all things.

But few even know that it exists or can be known.

STUDENT

Stripped

MISFORTUNE came upon me and stripped me of one and another and another of my loved and cherished possessions.

"This last remains," I said, taking a little comfort. And then that went with the rest.

Misfortune blocked my way to do one thing and another and another that I had formerly been rejoiced to do.

"This at least I can still do," I said, taking a little comfort. And that also was presently denied me. My life was empty of all that I had lived for, empty, gray and dreary.

In a vision of the night my soul stood forth and filled my chamber with its radiance.

Saying, "Whilst thou reliest upon any outward possession to give thee pleasure, or upon anything thou mayest do, thy mind is turned aside from me and will not seek me. Therefore art thou deprived of all upon which thy mind and heart were most set. From me have come what seem to thee thy misfortunes. I would guide thee to freedom and new birth. Hadst thou not power to become one with me, outgrowing the common life, I had not thus stricken thee. How else could I turn thee toward the way to divinity and wisdom and power and joy? Am I not thy friend, thy comrade, thy warrior, thy true self? Think thus constantly of me and in no long time thou shalt be one with me and bless thy deprivations."

So I stood up and entered upon the new life and in no long time it was even as he had said, so that I was grateful and filled with joy. — *From the Persian*

Night on the Lake

(From the Chinese)

THE wind sighs through the water-grasses; the rain-moon shines pallidly on the lake through the thin mists of autumn.

Boatmen and waterfowl alike are sleeping, in dreams wandering other worlds than this. Beneath the surface a great fish, startled, glides away like a fox disturbed.

In sleep, it seems, the soul loses its clasp of the outer world. I and my shadow play this side and that of the boundary line that divides the waking world from the worlds of sleep and of silence.

We watch the tides at work, noiselessly forming new islands for the earthworms; we watch the moon, a monstrous pearl, looming silvery through the willows.

The outer life wears thin at times, and we catch glimpses through its wonderful fabric of purer worlds. Here on the lake, in the silence, the Spirit breathes, is revealed, makes utterance of Itself.

. . . . . .

A cock crows; the temple bell rings; the birds wake on the mountain, in the woodland; the drums beat in the guard-ship; the boats unmoor; the noises of morning fill the world. *(Quoted)*

One Step More

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JUST on the farther bound of sense,
Unproved by outward evidence,
But known by a deep influence
Which through our grosser clay doth shine
With light unwaning and divine,
Stretcheth the world of Mystery.
One step beyond life's work-day things,
One more beat of the soul's broad wings,
One deep sorrow sometimes brings
The spirit into that great Vast
Where neither future is nor past;
None knoweth how he entered there,
But, waking, finds his spirit where
He thought an angel could not soar,
And what he called false dreams before,
The very air about his door.

The outward seemings are but shows
Whereby the *body* sees and knows;
Far down beneath, forever flows
A stream of subtlest sympathies
That make our spirits strangely wise
In awe, and fearful bodings dim
Which, from the sense's outer rim,
Stretch forth beyond our thought and sight,
Fine arteries of circling light,
Pulsed outward from the Infinite.

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The New Way Quotebook

EVERY kindly act or word is a bit of service rendered to one's own soul, and may also, unknown to ourselves, be a reply to an unspoken and perhaps unconscious appeal from another man for a touch of help and encouragement.

"THIS mind of mine formerly went wandering about as it liked, as it listed; but now I shall hold it in thoroughly, as the rider who holds the hook reins in the furious elephant, guiding it where he will."

— *From the Hindu*

"WHEN we look at the general record of the races of men today, we find dissatisfaction and discontent and unrest and much despair and doubt. Why? Is it not because there is a lack of understanding on the part of man in regard to himself? Is not this the great difficulty? — that man is standing away from himself, so to speak; and that by his own selfish efforts, his desires, his passions and his love of material things, he stands, as it were, between himself and himself. That part of his nature which is seeking to evolve and to express itself and to beautify his life, is set aside as a mere nothing, because it, the soul, does not present itself in an outer aspect, it does not have any human array. Truly, the soul does not speak in words, or express itself outwardly, but it is in the very silence of life, in those moments when we seem to be a little more than we have ever been before, when we seem to be just touching the fringe of some great truth, when with just one more effort, just to go a little farther on, we could find ourselves. But we falter and often fail. Why? Because man stands away from himself, as I have said; because of lack of trust in himself and his divine possibilities.

"Yet such self-knowledge can be reached, bringing with it a consciousness of those regal powers of the soul-life, such as the old Teachers had, such as Christ had. There are some, materialists, who ask for absolute proof of the soul, to have it right in their hands, so to speak. They look for it only outwardly, they will not throw themselves back into the recesses of their higher natures and bring forth the marvelous powers of real knowledge. For when the outer senses are stilled, when self-control takes possession of the mind, then in the silence, listening, one can hear the divine melody of the Song of Life; and I can assure you that once that comes into your life, once the Divine Sympathy strikes your nature, you can never turn back. It is mysterious because we do not find it often. Only occasionally a little of it comes into our lives. But to have its full companionship, to go through life depending on it and guided by it — it is all in the great scheme of life; and you and I can have it; and even the humblest, the most unfortunate, the most depraved, they too must have it."

— *Katherine Tingley*

"THE thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment."

— *James Russell Lowell*

"IT is disagreeable, of course, but I can make myself like it." Anyone who would take the trouble to realize what is implied in that sentence would have begun to find his real nature. For most men are so wrapped up in the 'myself' that finds things disagreeable or agreeable, that they never get any realization of the 'I' that can take hold of the 'myself' and make it behave and like what it ought to and dislike what it ought to. We only know the true self just at its lower end. But when we draw back into it and begin truly knowing it, we shall find that it reaches up as high as heaven and immortality.

THERE is a curious difference between admiring a man for his powers of *mind* and of *character:* between, say, admiring him for his gift in languages or public speaking, or for his generosity or unselfishness. Your admiration for the first gives *you* no gift in languages or oratory, nor increases it in the other man. But the approving mental picture of the other man's generosity or kindliness is actually a creation of some of the same in yourself as well as an encouragement to him which will reach him without need of any words. If all of us would silently keep the good qualities of others well to the fore in our general mental picture of them, nay, even if we merely refused a mental place for their bad qualities, we should soon find the human barometer in every heart standing at 'set fair' for a permanent location. 'Loving one another' does not mean sentimentality. It is just this — spiritualized common sense.

A MAN is weary, disappointed, sick, getting old, and he thinks this is the end of his hopes and possibilities, and that all he can do now is to make himself as comfortable as possible for the remainder of his days. But perhaps he has not dug deep enough into his own nature. It may be the time for taking a new lease of life. There are further stages in life which the majority of people never reach to because they do not know of them and so give up and go down hill. We think we are leaf-makers only, and, when new leaves are difficult to make, forget that then is the time for flower and fruit. That is why, with most of us, the later years of life are so barren.

"ONE, only one, infallible guide have we: that Spirit which embraces us all, which permeates each individual, and which has put into all of us the desire to seek the good; the same Spirit which works in the tree that it may grow towards the sun, which operates in the flower that it may scatter seed in the autumn, and which dwells in us unrecognised that we may be drawn towards one another."— *Tolstoy*

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When you feel least like it
is the time to do it.

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

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MOUNT NGAURUHOE, NEW ZEALAND

Judging by the ring of now mostly extinct volcanoes surrounding the Pacific Ocean and by the volcanic character of the islands scattered over it, the sunken continent which this ocean is believed to cover must have had a strenuous finale!

Forward!

EVERY day is really a *new* day. The watch-word of the great Commander Time is — *Forward!* But we will not enter the new day as it opens morning after morning. Instead, we sluggishly enter a sort of hashed-up yesterday. And we ourselves submit to being nothing but ourselves of yesterday, only differing from them by being one day *older!* If we properly and exultantly threw off yesterday as each new morning came we should make ourselves inwardly one day *younger!*

The pass-word to the new day — not yesterday hashed-up and mouldy — is *Forward!* If we filled ourselves up with the sound and spirit of that word for a couple of minutes on rising, before the usual round of thoughts set in, we should really find ourselves in a new day. And some of its newness would stay with it as the hours went on.

Let the past take care of itself. We've got new business in hand, new and bigger mental and spiritual scenery to pass on to, every day, always opening out. All that is in the ringing word *Forward.* The old yesterdays with their memories will make clutches

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at us, of course. They want us to keep living with them — which is really dying in them by degrees. Take no notice. We are as new as the new hour of the opening day. A man *occupies* the present, but his gaze should be onward, forward, into the light.

Get saturated with the great pass-word *Forward.* Day by day its meaning will be fuller of promise and intensity and thrill of life. There can never be a limit to it. There can never be a 'no farther,' a 'no higher.' The universe of soul and mind and spirit — the real universe — isn't made that way. It's always unfolding the new.

Let the past fade away behind us. All the essence of it we gathered up into us as we went along through it. By moving forward in the spirit of the password we shed the evil whilst keeping and increasing the good. Forward! Feel the word and live it.

Stop Getting Old!

TWENTY years ago there was what they called the 'Don't Worry' movement. May be going on yet, but you don't hear so much about it, anyhow.

These people were all right, but I never could see that they got to the further end of their proposition, either in theory or practice.

Why is worry injurious? Why is it that 'worry kills, not work'?

I've always noticed that if I get up directly I wake, I'm all fresh and bright and the day goes on the run. But if I stay in bed fifteen or twenty minutes thinking about getting up but not doing it, neither exactly asleep nor awake, I get up half fagged and the morning's spoiled.

The natural outcome of a thought in the brain is to run out into a doing of some sort. You think of something to be done and then let the brain-force run out into your muscles and do the thing. The account's closed and everything all right. But if you think of the thing to be done and *don't* do it — like thinking of getting up but staying on in bed — the force doesn't get its natural outlet, keeps churning around in the brain and playing the very mischief there. To think of a thing to be done and then not do it has the same effect on the brain as to keep giving a horse cuts with a whip and at the same time curbing him in with the rein.

Now here's the secret of worry. The worried man is facing some bad situation that wants to have something done about it but there's nothing he is able to do. The force for action is all roused up in the brain, roused again and again, perhaps for hours, but it can't get out into action. Nothing to be done. So it churns and churns, wears the brain down, makes the man older hour by hour, may even make him mad. And there is no brain-state, good or bad, that does not correspondingly affect all the other organs of the body too.

Makes the man older, we said. And it is this 'Don't Worry' business that leads us to the general question of getting old and of how to put off getting older.

It may be said in a general way that we don't get older *by day.* We're *thinking,* of course, all the time. Force is constantly rising in the brain. But as we are in action all the day, this force, on the whole, is drained off into action as fast as it rises. We may think of doing a lot of things that can't be done, and, so far, there is therefore worry or something on that line. But in a general way there is, all along the day, a more or less sufficient drain-off into action, even if it is not such action as we should like to be at. The safety valve's open and the stream has not much opportunity to damage the brain-works.

Action is shut off in the evening, mostly, either because the body is tired or because there is nothing for it to do. But the mind goes on with its thinkings, never an interval. It keeps the brain on the quiver and the quiver goes on into the night, taking the form of dreams — that may or may not be remembered.

Now as I take it, all that brain-force which is aroused by thought, of which at least a part goes out during the day as action, should change its job during the night. During the waking hours it has been causing the use-up of brain material. In sleep nature meant it to turn about and restore what it has worn down. It should take up the job of repairing and building up. If the brain-churn goes on pretty hard and the dreams are vivid and constant, there will be little chance of repair. We shall wake more brain-tired than when we lay down. A little more brain-churn yet, and we can't even sleep. And every fellow knows what that means for him.

So repair and brain-churn are inverse to each other. Much of either means little of the other.

Now suppose the repair of the day's wear were complete and thorough, perfect. In that case the brain would not enter upon old age at all, would get no older. Other organs might, to some extent, but the ever restored brain health and vigor would very powerfully support and sustain them.

Suppose on the other hand there were *no* brain repair. In that case the man would die in a few days. In those few days the brain would suffer as much aging as in many years of ordinary life.

The cases of all of us are somewhere between those two extreme cases — those where repair is perfect, and those where there is none of it at all. Which of the extremes we are nearer to depends on our-

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selves. That is to say, it depends on us *how* near to perfect the repair shall be.

In a certain sense it may be said that we don't normally get older by day. It is by night that we get older, and get so in proportion as repair fails of its completeness, which is in proportion as the brain goes on churning.

And so I come to the moral of this story. It is almost said already.

You remember about the man that wrote a prayer upon a piece of paper, pinned it up over his bed, and then as he lay down at night jerked his thumb towards it and said, "Them's my sentiments." Possibly they were his "sentiments"; but you can't fill yourself even with your own sentiments so as to make them *active* on you, in one thumb-jerk of time. You must give them, say, two or three minutes to soak in, dwell on them two or three minutes, give them a good shove-off. There's a tablet they sell in the drug-stores, of which you are to take one at bedtime; and the advertisement says of them, "They work while you sleep."

There's a *spiritual* 'tablet' to be taken; no other way for it. The last two or three minutes, before he turns out his light and gets between the sheets, let a man bring his restless brain down to a stand-still and commend himself with all the intensity and sincerity and mind-peace that he can, to his Higher Nature, to his diviner part — which will be a ready Presence to meet him as it were half way. Then, in that Light, he lies down. And this act of super-will of his presently will get to work and begin to change the force of wear-and-tear into that of repair. In the morning he'll know what has been done in him! The growing-old process that now comes in on us so fast and so early will gradually slacken down and take the rate nature intended. And it will so alter its character that mind and brain will stay clear to the end and bring us with the years an ever fuller knowledge of what life means and of what that diviner part is which we call to our aid night by night.

M. D.

The Words on the Sword

"WHAT do you do when another man is explaining something to you?"

"Listen, of course, if I want to understand."

"And if you are thinking of something else you don't get the meat of what he is saying?"

"Surely not."

"So in one sense you make your mind quite passive and receptive. But in another you keep it *active* so as to grasp and understand what was said. And though it's active you don't let it have any thoughts of its own for the time. When a great composer has got a real inspiration isn't he doing the same?"

"How? There's nobody talking to him."

"But there's melody and harmony developing and coming into his mind. And he must not only stop his ordinary thinkings but also stop thinking of any other tunes and harmonies than those now coming into him. If he hasn't got an inspiration but wants one, he must just blank his mind of other things and hold it actively ready?"

"That may be the way. I'm not in the music line myself. I reckon I've got no soul for it."

"Soul's the word we began with. You said if there's a soul in us, anything higher than the ordinary mind, you'd never got on the track of it and had no reason to believe in it. Certainly the soul can't stand up in front of you and speak words. But it can stand *within* you and speak *influences*, just as within the composer it's giving the special influence that he works out on paper or his piano. If you don't give the soul a chance to get at you how are you going to know about it?"

"What sort of a chance can you give it?"

"There's an old story somewhere from the Middle Ages, the days of knighthood. A young squire was to be knighted by the King on the following day and receive his sword of honor. But only on one condition. Upon the blade of the sword he was to receive was engraved a sentence. He could only receive it, and with it his knighthood, on condition that he could give the sentence when taken before the King. On the previous night he was to be shut up alone in the hall of the castle and if by morning he had thought of the sentence he would get what he wanted. So in the lonely, dim, silent hall he was pacing to and fro wondering what the sacred words could be. In the moonlight at one end of the hall was a white marble statue. He looked at it now and then as he passed it in his pacings, and after a while it seemed to him that the eyes were full of meaning. Each time he passed it they seemed fuller, almost as if they would speak to him. At last, near midnight, he stopped short in front of it and looked up long and steadily into the eyes. And now they were so full of majestic meaning that he felt impelled to go down on his knees, still gazing, and now with all his thought silenced on to what the eyes seemed to be saying. Suddenly the sentence came into his mind as if direct from the speaking eyes: *Dare, Be Loyal, Be Silent, Achieve.* And it was this that was engraved upon the sword blade.

"It always seemed to me that this story was written by some old fellow that knew about the soul. By the hall he meant the deep inwardness of a man's self, in there where he finds the presence of his soul, the statue with the living eyes. But he can't get the meaning in the eyes, the message of his soul, till he makes silence in his thoughts. The sword

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is his will and he goes out with it into the conflicts of his daily life. It is a kind of will he can't get the use of till he has been in the silent hall and found his soul there."

"*One* message only, the same all the time?"

"I guess the message is all the time and full of all great and fine meanings and inspirations to great and fine deeds. Messages without words. The words are put around them by the mind when it gets the touch." STUDENT

Cycles

"Every idea that you have, every thought, affects your brain and mind by its impression. That begins a cycle. It may seem to leave your mind. Apparently it goes out. But it returns again under the law of cycles, in some form either better or worse. Even the very feelings that you have of sorrow or gladness will return in time, more or less according to your disposition, but inevitably in their cycle. This is a law it would be good for everyone to remember, especially those who have variations of joy and sorrow, of exaltation and depression. If, when depressed, you would remember the law and act upon it by intentionally creating an opposed cycle of exaltation, this cycle would return along with the other and would in no long time destroy it and raise you to higher places of happiness and peace. This law applies likewise in matters of study where we use the intellectual organs. When a person begins the study of a difficult subject there is some trouble in keeping the mind upon it; the mind wanders; it is disturbed by other and older ideas and impressions. But by persistency a new cycle is established, which, being kept rolling, at last attains the mastery." — *W. Q. Judge*

NO two days are alike. What you felt enthusiastic about yesterday, you perhaps cannot get up much interest in to-day.

The point to consider is that a day will surely come along when you will again be enthusiastic about the thing. And if this thing is an achievement of some sort which you want to make, you will be mighty glad when the next fit of enthusiasm comes round that you did not altogether give up during the slack time between.

But of course there are cycles small and great, running all through our lives. Each day is a cycle. The morning is not a bit like the afternoon, nor either of them like the evening. But the mornings are as such pretty much alike; and so the afternoons and evenings. And the days of the week often feel quite different to us, one from another. But the Mondays of the successive weeks are like each other, and the Saturday of one week like the Saturday of another.

And each man has cycles of his own that are not in the calendar. You make progress in something; and then comes a spell when there seems to be nothing doing. But the time favorable for progress will surely come round again even if it takes a year in coming.

We ought to keep this law in mind whatever we are doing. Whether a man wants to deepen and elevate his character, to get the better of a weakness, to strengthen his determination, to cultivate his mental powers in any direction, to better his health — he will find himself successively entering periods when he seems to move along easily and when his efforts are pleasant to him and fruitful, and, alternating with these, periods when he accomplishes apparently nothing and may even lose interest in the accomplishment. And it is when he is in the slack times that he should particularly remember that he will surely find himself sometime again in flush times when progress is easy and he is once more fully interested. But he will never score a success in the latter unless he has kept up his push as well as he can in the former. Every effort counts. "Keep on keeping on."

Suppose you consider the slack time as coming of itself, independently of your will or wish. But *how you will meet it*, either giving way to it or keeping up the push, depends entirely on you. In its time it passes and in further time it comes round again. If you met it worthily before, by keeping up the push, there will be *increased* power to do the same again. But if not, if you gave ground, then instead of power you have weakness; you have started the habit of letting go, of yielding. And it is this recurrent habit of letting go, showing itself at each recurrent period of slackness, that finally undermines all our power and renders us incapable of taking advantage of the equally recurrent periods of possible progress — in a word, that makes failures of us. Look after the slack times. The others will take care of themselves. This is the way to accomplish anything and everything. And the key is a *hope* that cannot be downed by anything, not even by a slack and spiritless time that may be a year in length. STUDENT

Call it Back!

LET us remember that whatever the mind is allowed often and much to occupy itself with, that thing comes to look bigger and bigger to it, more and more important, crowding out other things. If the thing is really big and important, all right; we are progressing. But if it is really small we have lost our way and are in a blind alley.

'Little by little' is what does it, in mind-training as well as anything else. In mind-training the encouraging thing to remember is that the mind is always at work, always busy, the necessary energy always in full play. The energy only needs directing to accomplish anything and everything. But in most of us it is too frittered around to accomplish much for us or break through into real life and light. But if we were to close up all the wrong paths, those

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that lead into blind alleys, the mind would *have* to go upon the right ones. For it must be going somewhere all the time.

Closing even one wrong path is a good deal. If you keep calling it off that path as often as it wanders there, it will gradually cease going in that direction, and then it has that much more energy left for a right one, one that leads to an attainment of some sort. The mind of an Edison, for instance, is practically kept to the one path of scientific invention, not allowed to trot far down any other. That is why it can get so amazingly far on that one.

Maybe we don't all want to be Edisons; perhaps don't very clearly know what we do want to be. But we know that we want to get *somewhere*, to find *some* path that will lead to expansion and joy and peace and real knowledge and light. The way to find that now unknown path is to begin closing up some of those that lead nowhere except to dark alleys.

The world a man lives in is where his thoughts live. The drunkard's world consists mostly of streets with saloons scattered along. The world of some men consists mostly of things to eat. Beethoven's world consisted of great harmonies and melodies, amidst which he was searching for the innermost secret of divine life and its closest expression. With some men a small wrong or slight or disappointment will become a temporary world for them at once so that they can think of nothing else. Is any one of us *altogether* above this? Yet if we would close the path to this world by getting the habit of calling the mind off every time it wandered that way we should immediately begin moving towards peace and light.

Let it drop. The moment an unpleasantness has happened it belongs to the *past*. Our business is always to be moving *forwards*. With a little steady practice in the habit of calling the mind off from any such matter we shall soon find that something which would have disturbed our peace for hours can be dismissed within the time it takes to happen, thrown overboard the moment it has come up the gangway. Painful memories and thoughts of what has been, thoughts of what might have been had we not made this or that mistake in the past — all these are paths from which the mind should be recalled till it goes on them no more.

Every such path thus closed means the opening of some new and better one. And so, gradually closing all paths that lead to dead worlds, little dark and unhappy worlds, sensual or vicious ones, we begin to find the paths that are full of light and promise, and the one in chief that leads to the world of the soul. No struggling and toiling and wrestling is necessary. It is merely little by little to get the mind out of the habit of going down along paths that are worthless and profit it nothing. And then it will of itself — it must — open up the ones that are better and best. We do not have to force our growth. Growth is natural. Evolution and progress are natural. We need only stop the mis-growth, the waste of time and energy on wrong paths. STUDENT



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A BIT OF YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

This famous valley is a cleft in the side of the Sierra Nevada mountains about seven miles long and one or two wide. When Nature was laying out the state for us she opened the cleft with earthquakes and polished it with a glacier.

The Way through the Tangles

A PRACTICAL MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

I'VE always found that you must *do* something about it if you want either to *know* or to *be*. If you want to feel and be kindly or cheerful or courageous, says Professor James, *act* as if you were already feeling so. Put on the look and *do*

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something corresponding, and you will presently get the fact. If you want to learn to swim, make for the water. You can only half learn geology or the structure of autos or chemistry from the books about them. You must take a hammer and go out among the rocks, or pull a battery to pieces, or monkey with the bottles and test-tubes. To *know*, you must *do*.

Maybe that's why reading philosophy at college, all about spirit and Deity and will and the 'reality behind appearances' and duty and ethics — why all this often does so little for a man's character. Seems that a college graduate is just as likely to raise a check and get into jail as any other man for all his reading about 'the principles of ethics' in two fat volumes. Reason is, there's nothing *done* in connexion with the reading. What you read in the geology book became a reality to you only after you'd taken a hammer and gone out among the rocks.

There's an old Hindû poem which purports to be the record of the talks of Deity to a man about to go into battle — life's battle, I reckon it means. In effect the Divine Presence says to him: If thou wouldst know me in reality, my nature and splendor and deathlessness, think constantly of me and *do deeds* for me. Whatsoever thou doest, whatsoever thou art interested in the doing of, do it unto me, for me. Thus, doing all things for me, thou shalt in no long time know me fully as I am.

Just the same idea. You read your book about geology and then go and do something about it. You read about Deity as an over-watching Presence, and then do something for this Divine Light, 'offer up,' in fact, whatever you do. Act — on Professor James's principle — as if you knew it was there looking on. Presently you *will* know it. You act as if you trusted its power to look after you if you do your duty. Presently you do trust, and then, in my experience, you find your trust justified. Even Deity cannot help a man much if he doesn't believe in the help. Let a man stop bothering about the *results* of what he does, so long as he is acting the best he knows. The *doing* is *his* business; the *outcome* he consigns to the Place where he puts his trust. Let him go ahead with all that it's right to do of every kind, doing everything — rightful pleasure-taking included — as an 'offering-up' right along, troubling no more about the outcome of things in the faith that *that* end of the business will be looked after and adjusted wisely for him. He can make Deity a reality to himself in this way — or rather, *find* it as a reality by acting as if he *had* found it so. He will feel the presence and help and guidance more and more, knowledge ever becoming fuller and his path clearer. "Whatsoever thou doest, do it unto me" — whatever is felt as right and good to be done.

That's my clew through the tangles, and it won't fail a man that follows it. MECHANIC

How to Repent

THE preacher had been urging us to look back at the thing which had brought us here and repent of it.

Repentance, of course, is wishing we had not done it. But we might be wishing we had not done it simply because it had brought us here. *That's* no repentance; it's just regret, no good at all as it stands. Nor is repentance merely admitting to yourself that you swerved from right. Most men will admit that to themselves any time, without therefore repenting about it. They know they'll swerve again, and mean to. Or they might mean not to because the thing is dangerous to do. And *that's* not repentance. Fear and repentance have got nothing to do with each other.

Men love right action — when they do love it — because it gives them a feeling of honor, a self-respecting good feeling with themselves, self-approval — not self-applause, mind you, nor vanity. Repentance is wishing your past was clear of deeds that went against that good feeling of honor and self-respect. Now a man will keep doing deeds that go against that, and never think anything about it. But one day, for certain, he's caught and disgraced in some way. And then the punishment brings him up against what he did, so that he's *got* to take notice of it. And then he'll wish he hadn't done it because of the punishment, of course. But if he *also* wishes that because it was a swerve from the way of rightful self-respect, a swerve from his higher manhood — why, *that's* repentance. So in one way, from the standpoint of his higher manhood, he'll be glad of the punishment. Because it makes him for the first time take a clear judgment of his own past ways.

But if he's going to get proper benefit from his repentance he must do something more. He must find out what that tendency or principle in him is that made him do the swerve, or keep doing it. It must have worked out into his conduct in many ways. And he must also get a better notion of what that higher manhood is that he swerved from. Then he finds that he's got two totally distinct and contrary-pulling natures: one, that pulled him to the swerve; and the other, the higher manhood nature. And he'll resolve to keep trying henceforth to live by the last. And so, with that resolve, he gets his repentance clean and complete. From a long-range point of view wasn't his punishment worth while?

And then, if his resolve to try to have his vote henceforth with the higher manhood nature is downright honest, his own past will begin to look different to him. It won't threaten him any more. It'll just keep pointing for him the way onward in his new life of higher manhood. It'll be friend and guide instead of enemy and paralyser. He won't be afraid to look

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at it now it's got that aspect on it. It stands there telling him to use it to build his new future with. A man don't fear death who lives with his higher manhood. For that's just the part of him that marches right through death into the beyond. No. 158

Awake and Live!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WHY mourn we for the golden prime
When our young souls were kingly, strong, and true?
The soul is greater than all time,
It changes not, but yet is ever new.

But that the soul is noble, we
Could never know what nobleness had been;
Be what ye dream! and earth shall see
A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen.

All things are circular; the Past
Was given us to make the Future great;
And the void Future shall at last
Be the strong rudder of an after fate.

The meaning of all things in *us* —
Yea, in the lives we give our souls — doth lie;
Make, then, their meaning glorious
By such a life as need not fear to die!

One seed contains another seed,
And that a third, and so for evermore;
And promise of as great a deed
Lies folded in the deed that went before.

So ask not fitting space or time,
Ye could not dream of things which could not be,
Each day shall make the next sublime,
And Time be swallowed in Eternity.

God bless the Present! it is ALL;
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
Awake and live! thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

Action and Life — lo! here the key
Of all on earth that seemeth dark and wrong,
Win this — and, with it, freely ye
May enter that bright realm for which ye long.

Pain

T. E. BROWN

THE man that has great griefs I pity not;
'Tis something to be great
In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but a shadow of a shade, God wot!

Moreover, while we wait the possible,
This man has touched the fact,
And probed till he has felt the core, where, packed
In pulpy folds, resides the ironic ill.

And while we others sip the obvious sweet —
Lip-licking after-taste
Of glutinous rind, lo! this man hath made haste,
And pressed the sting that holds the central seat.

For thus it is God stings us into life,
Provoking actual souls
From bodily systems, giving us the poles
That are His own, not merely balanced strife.

For there is threefold oneness with the One;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life; who, if he sleeps,
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
Not partial, knowing them
As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem,
Wherewith God's galley onward ever strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavor,
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

— *Selected and condensed*

WE ought to consider our minds from two points of view: first, as holders of *facts* and thinkers about facts; and, secondly, as holders of *states*, for instance the states of hope, despair, kindliness, moroseness, confidence, courage, cowardice. A man may have a very fine mind from the first point of view, able to learn and remember and think out anything. But if the general *state* of his mind is cowardice, gloom, self-distrust or what not of that sort, he is nevertheless a poor creature.

Cultivate the thinking, learning and remembering powers of mind, by all means. But see to it that as a background there are always the states that mean growth — courage, self-confidence, kindliness, hope, cheerfulness. It is these that give health to the body and vigor to the intellect, that bring light into old age, and finally make it clear to us that death is a step forward into larger life.

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Gleanings: Ancient and Modern

Go on! Go on! Thy Master's ear
And constant eye
Observe each groan, each struggling tear;
He, midst the shadows dark and drear,
Is standing by. Go on!

BECAUSE a man has the same duties every day it does not follow that he need be the same man doing them.

THE force of ambition should be turned inward. Instead of trying to surpass other men we should try every morning to surpass the man we were yesterday, first in respect to kindliness and then everything else.

A GOOD MAN'S chief failing is like a hole in a pipe up which he wishes to pump water to a reservoir. Until he sees the hole he can't imagine why the reservoir remains empty. And when he does see it he sometimes can't (or won't) believe that such a little flaw can be spoiling his efforts. Talkativeness is an innocent-looking little hole, but a lot of water will escape by it.

LET us face this question: Is he the stronger man who in some way hits back on the occasion of every injury done or said to him — or he who can remain unmoved within himself? If the latter, then the way to power consists in the attempt to win out on this line, to hold the inner stillness.

TRY when you feel least like it. This is the time when every effort is worth 200 per cent.

I WAS angry at what had happened, but even more angry at myself for being angered by such things. Shall I pray the gods, thought I, to remove from me this cause of anger, or to help me to become such a man as no number of these things can disturb? And if the latter, shall it be because I want to find life cleared not only of this annoyance but of all — or because I want a loftier soul with more of the godlike character in it?

WHEN, in the late evening, after some high reading and thought, a peace came upon my mind and heart so that I felt the meaning of life and the presence of my soul — then I thought, "But tomorrow will come with its hard and forbidding realities."

Why should I not think reversely? Think, namely, when tomorrow is upon me, "But the night will come with its nobler and loftier realities"? Why not attach the word *reality* to those things which we feel when the hard day is furthest from us? Why should not *this* life be nearer to the real than that other I live by day? Maybe death is but the fullness of what I now touch the smallest part of in my highest and serenest moments. Nay, it must be so.

GIVE way in thy progress because of a headache or a touch of bile? Why, man, the headache will pass; but the fact that thou gavest ground, or on the contrary held to thy course — will *never* pass away.

A MAN could have found his divinity by this time if he had put to that business all the amount of time and energy he has spent in thinking hard things of his neighbors and immediates, and in useless mind-chatter to himself. Why will we accomplish nothing but folly with this tireless mind of ours?

FOR the future, do not spend your thoughts upon other people except for some real reason. For this prying into foreign business — that is, thinking upon the talk, fancies, and contrivances of another, and guessing at the what and why of his actions — does but make a man forget himself and ramble from his own guiding principle.

ACCUSTOM yourself to think upon nothing but what you could freely reveal if the question were put to you; so that if your soul were thus laid open, there would nothing appear but what was sincere, good-natured and public-spirited — nothing of hatred, envy, or unreasonable suspicion, nor aught else which you could not bring to the light without blushing.

A MAN is surely not here to make things pleasant for himself and bend everything to go as he wishes, but to grow to a fuller stature of manhood that he may correspond to the greater life in front. But he lets the same small daily worries perturb him year after year and absorb all his attention and efforts. He manages to score a little victory over one recurrent worry, and behold, there is another at once, and by the time he has out-manoeuvered that one the first has reappeared. So the years pass and find him always occupied in the same fruitless endeavor, and by the end of his life there has therefore been no move towards his great destiny. But he who suddenly realizes this will begin to let outward things be as they will, holding his mind out of their reach. And in this very calmness and disregard he will be winning his manhood.

MEN do not notice how a little practice engenders ease and perfection in the doing of one thing as well as another. If a man will say to himself on the occasion of some worry, This is a trifle; it is beneath my dignity to let it draw me down into its clutches, he may seem to have accomplished nothing within himself. But if he persists day after day, meeting them all in this spirit, he will soon find that his words have given him the power to adjust his thought to them. And with mind thus freed he can accomplish what it is in him to do and reach union with his own divinity.

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

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A BIT OF LAST CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus and his troupe visit the children of the Râja-Yoga Academy at the League Headquarters, Point Loma, (where THE NEW WAY is published).

Fighting Old Age

"I BEGIN to find I'm not as young as I was."

"Well, now's the great opportunity of your life. In fact, now's your chance to live for the first time."

"If you've got anything really fresh, say it. But don't let's have any of the usual talk about 'not giving in to it', and all that sort of stuff."

"Let's see about it. I always picture the usual kind of old age as a sort of fungus, slowly creeping all over a man's mind till at last there's nothing left that isn't covered by it. This vampire fungus is memory. Memory works out into conduct as *habits*. The old man mostly initiates nothing. He likes to do today exactly what he did yesterday. Nothing must change; set routine everywhere. And as regards his flow of thoughts, we know that the old man lives more and more in his memories till at last you can't rouse him out of them for more than a minute at a

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time. 'Fighting old age' is fighting *memory*, and the power which you call to your aid is *imagination*.

"Memory is an automatic thing. It's there anyhow and works all the time on its own account. But imagination must be awaked and put to work. And it must not be confused with fancy, which is also automatic playing along on its own account.

"Let's illustrate the fight between imagination and memory. Say a man who has the drink habit is passing a drink-shop. He knows he ought not to go in. Perhaps he would like to get the better of his habit. Years ago he went into such a place for the first time. The experience was pleasant and when he passed the same place the next time the thought of going in again occurred to him. That means that the *memory* of the first going in and of the pleasure that followed, got hold of his mind.

"The thought of doing something always tends to run on into the *actual* doing of it. And when a thing has been done many times, the memory of having done it is not only the thought of doing it again, but a very powerful thought, so powerful that often it cannot be hindered from running on into action. As quick as it is strong, too; too quick, perhaps, for the man then to collect himself and resist. He can only resist by putting an opposite thought in place of the memory and giving it more power than the memory has. The creative power to make such a thought, such a picture of the opposite kind of action to the one prompted by memory — is imagination.

"An old man cannot or does not usually imagine anything, any new thought or mental picture or line of conduct. He lives along in the old ones, the customary ones. He lives in memory and is wholly guided by memory. It requires imagination to start a new line. Memory goes along with the old one. If our man will imagine himself *passing* the drink-shop, imagine himself as too big and with too much will and dignity to be run by a habit and a crave: if he will imagine that strongly enough and often enough, keeping confidently at it, this imagined picture will finally win out, run out into conduct and become a fact. Once a fact of conduct, it becomes a memory, this time a helpful one.

"Imagination, then, is a power that creates the new. The man who keeps young is always ready to break with the past, the customary of himself. For instance: the moment a man gets out of bed in the morning he finds himself in the grip of the usual line of thoughts, in the grip of memory, led by the nose, his usual mentality, in every way the usual flow, all continuous with the past.

"Let him stop all this for a couple of minutes, rein the mind back on its haunches, command mind-silence, and in that silence feel himself as *new*, going forward into a new future of himself, new and reborn like the day. Let him get the feel of that all through him, the thrill of it in mind and body. His imagination awakes, turns loose and begins to re-create him, to make him new. *Just* what it's doing and how it's doing it he may not perceive. But it has got to its work all the same. It has shaken him loose a little from the past, from habit of mind, from shackles of memory, from his old self.

"A minute's silence like that now and then at the turns of the day, at the changes of work, at bedtime and so on, always with the thought of *renewal*, newness of self, does a deeper work than we easily realize, both for mind and body. And after a while we come to feel ourselves as souls, something royal and splendid beyond the mind, that which passes triumphantly through the *great* renewal called death.

"Growing old is in the natural program. But growing old as most men do it — when they get there at all — is not. Growing old in such a way as to have *increasing* light, increasing will, increasing sense of soul, *is*. This is 'not giving in' to old age." STUDENT

Dreams

(THE DOCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW)

DREAMS are more or less disconnected pictures floating about in the slumbering brain. I'm not trying to express the thing with psychological accuracy, but only just correctly enough to get at the practical aspect of the matter.

Well, these pictures are mostly very faint and transient — just passing shadows, you might say. The brain hardly feels them and they don't stay in the memory. But others have a good deal more life and color in them and disturb the brain a good deal and prevent its rest. They may not be remembered, however, for memory usually catches hold only of the dreams that happen to be present as we wake. It is the usually not remembered ones, those of the earlier parts of the night, that do the damage. And it is a good deal of damage. For it is in the night that the brain and nerves everywhere have to rebuild themselves after the wear and tear of the day. For that, sleep is necessary, perfect quiet among the millions of living nerve particles. Dreams that are anything more than the shadows I spoke of, dreams that are full of life and vividness, disturb this quiet, keep the particles more or less on the racket, and consequently more or less spoil the rebuilding. Let this go on night after night and year after year, and you can understand how much this contributes to our general wearing out and getting old before we need to. For nothing which goes on in the brain stays there; the waves at once run out along the nerves to all the other organs and parts of the body. A dreamful night, therefore, though next to nothing of it is remembered, is exhausting to the whole body.

It is for this, among other reasons, that a man's

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last thoughts should be as high and as peaceful as he can make them. If he is discontented or unhappy — as of course so many here are — or has a quarrel on hand with anyone, let him reserve his discontent and unhappiness or his quarrel till tomorrow. For the last few minutes make peace in yourself. Read something elevated along that line that will help, or repeat something you have memorized that has that influence in it, and don't permit any other sort of thought. Shut up the novel ten minutes before you turn in and take this other line. It may require practice, perhaps two or three weeks, before you find you are making much of a success. Then the brain will get a real rest, the dreams going through it being mere shadows that do no harm and don't disturb the nerve cells at all. And next day you will feel the benefit of what you have done — you won't be so discontented or unhappy, and if you go at it in the right way, you will find you won't have to quarrel after all.

You can't stop dreams while you are having them, of course. But this is the way not to have them. And also the way to reach old age without wearing out.

Throw Out the Rubbish

IF you want money for the important things you must stop spending it on the unnecessaries. The same with mind, if you want a lot of it available for important learnings and for thinkings that get somewhere. Take a look over the things you are accustomed to spend thought upon and see which of them could be ruled out without loss. Anything that can be ruled out without loss can be ruled out with positive gain.

The man of keen creative mind and retentive memory, the sort of mind that accomplishes something, thinks habitually of the subjects he is working on. It is to these that his mind goes when left to itself. And it is in moments when it is left to itself, nosing about on its own account among matters that we have accustomed it to be among, that the mind may be our best friend or worst enemy, may chance to do its most helpful or most noxious work. The inventor's mind has been accustomed to be sent into his particular branches of science, and when running about there of itself one day it suddenly lights on the idea that makes him famous.

The *un*accomplishing man is he whose mind has been trained to occupy itself with trifles, with criticising thoughts of other men's ways and personal peculiarities, with his grievances, with memories of the past and with useless anticipations of the future, stirring up hornet's nests in every direction. It is an immense lightening of our mental cargo when we throw out all that, get the habit of refusing to allow the mind to waste itself and make trouble with anything of the sort.

In general, the dwelling on the past, whether pleasant or painful, is wasteful mind-work. So is the dwelling on present discomforts, if they cannot be mended. So likewise the dwelling on what is to come or may possibly come, whether hoped for or feared. And so the dwelling on the outward personalities of others. Once that we have ruled out useless or noxious topics, the mind — which is never still — must perforce betake itself to useful and important ones.

We all recognise, of course, that while the mind is actually at work upon a useless line it cannot at that moment be also upon a productive one, cannot be assimilating knowledge or getting at its own great latent stores. What we do not recognise is that it also cannot do these things in any real degree until it has been trained out of the habit of going *at all* upon the time-wasting and energy-wasting side-tracks. For this reason:

Mind does a lot of movement or thought which we do not notice, quick dartings about, you may say, in addition to the main line of thought upon which we may happen to have intentionally placed it. It is as if a man should start to walk down a particular path and never notice that at every moment his body took rapid skips into the hedges and by-paths on both sides of the way. It might surprise him that he made so little headway, or he might suppose that the pace he was making was the best that his strength was equal to or even that anybody was equal to. In all our thinking or study, in addition to its obvious wanderings, the mind makes an infinite number of little rapid unnoticed side-skips towards topics upon which it has been accustomed to be allowed to dwell. And then we are either surprised at the little headway in thinking or study or memorization that we make, or suppose that to be the only pace possible for our particular mental capacity.

So the advantage of training the mind out of the habit of thinking of superfluous and useless or objectionable topics is very obvious. If it is not allowed to run out along any of these it will learn to run only along useful and important ones, will concentrate upon and fix for us whatever knowledge we have acquired and will open up its latent stores.

What are these latent stores? We might more accurately say, the *soul*'s latent stores. There is much divine knowledge, or knowledge about divine matters and principles, latent in us of which we know nothing because it has never got out of its latency and come before our mental sight into thoughts. And it is more and more of this which right effort and aspiration, following upon the casting out of useless baggage, will bring to our awareness. STUDENT

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Using the Between-Whiles

"THERE was a storm every few days and of course we had to stop building then and shelter ourselves as best we could. But we put our backs into the between-whiles, I tell you, and at last we got our little log shack weather-tight and the storms could do as they minded."

And in doubling the stormy Cape in the old sailing days they took their canvas in while the storm was raging and looked after things as best they could. But between-whiles they put on every stitch they had and at last left the storms behind them.

Pity we don't live our lives in that common-sense way. Our minds are stirred up into storm after storm and we think that to be the necessary program, never considering whether there might not be some way of using the between-whiles so as to get right out of the storms' reach. These mind storms, small and great, are an awful waste of vitality, shortening life and badly damaging the brain. You see the cut-out marks of them on our faces after we pass forty. Old men as a rule don't have them; they're in smoother water. "I find," they will tell you, "that things that would have driven me half mad once, churned around in my mind till my head was like to burst, don't give me a ruffle now." There isn't enough mental vitality to whip up the waves of rage or resentment or intense longing; nor enough memory. But they mostly didn't *win* their calm. Nature did the job *for* them. If they had won it for themselves, mind and memory would have retained their vitality and their old age would be a very different proposition from what it is. Old age should illuminate consciousness, not dim it.

Maybe you can't do much while a mind storm is on — rage, resentment, the agony of a longing, half a night awake, a day blackened, brain as if red-hot. It will finally pass off of itself. It would kill if it did not. Now though we know there will be another in a little time, with the same or some other starting point, we never think of using the between-whiles so as to make the next one less, and the next less, and the next, till at last we find ourselves out of the storm area so to speak, above it, self-carried into calm. All the difference between this sort of calm and the sort that nature gives in old age! It's the victor's calm, not the peace of decay. I have seen a few old men who had achieved this and got in ahead of nature, and I tell you there wasn't much about *their* old age that called for pity or toleration!

Well, how are we to do the cabin-building in the between-whiles?

Practise on the small occasions of rufflement, small irritating events and disappointments that occur every day, and the small irritations that the ways and outer personalities of other men occasion us. Between the big storms there are these little ones, just a cap-ful of wind, you may say, most valuable for practice. We gain our power little by little to quell the great storms by over-riding these small squalls and ruffles; and once that each of these little gains is got, it's *got*, and is then so much taken from the power of the next storm. Brush the small irritation aside; throw it out of the mind; go forward; keep looking forward. Don't let the mind talk a word to you about this little thing.

Have you ever considered that every worry and trouble comes from the mind's dwelling upon it and insisting upon it and developing it and showing it to you again and again? The mind is not the man himself, is not *you*. It is properly a servant, an instrument for learning about things with and for thinking out the means of action. Its business is to do what it is told, what *you*, the soul, tell it. But when, instead of that, it insists upon dwelling on and magnifying what is unpleasant, resisting all your efforts to turn it away from that — then, instead of servant it is master. And the power of dealing with and quelling storms is really the power of assuming your authority and enforcing it. The mind must be taught that when you have said that a certain thing shall not be talked to you about or thought any more of — that order *goes!* And every day gives us small occasions for practising ourselves in this teaching of the mind till at last we win out.

The power of silence, mind-silencing! If we would only stand still for a few moments now and then and with mind silenced realize that we are something more than mind! At least should the day begin with a minute or two thus spent. It is these moments that make up the pathway to every victory. With practice day after day they get fuller of meaning and strength. They will finally give the power to hold inner peace against any pressure of occasions whatever and will make it clear to us that we are souls immortal with a future unimaginable in its greatness. STUDENT

Who Are You?

MOST men go through life without ever knowing who they are. They only know who their bodies are.

Put a man inside a ragged coat and trousers, shoes gaping and down at heel, and a hat to correspond, and he will mostly feel what he looks like and behave accordingly.

But even then he can get his self-respect and feel like a man if he will stand upright, hold up his head, look people in the eye and walk like a soldier on duty. The outer attitude will, so to speak, strike inward and affect his feeling, give him the feeling of his own manhood.

For, in the first place he had to use his will. And

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to use the will against slackness and sloppiness always gives the sense of manhood. Moreover, somewhere in his nature, perhaps till then unknown to himself, there must have been a germ of this right stuff of manhood, something which, when called out, entitled him to self-respect. So what he really did was to reach in and get hold of this element and work it out into his bodily attitude and carriage so that he could fully feel it, have it as it were visible to him.

Every bodily attitude affects our feeling of ourselves in this way. An actor, however poor a sort of creature he might seem to be in his daily life, could never really act a fine heroic part on the stage unless, deep in his nature, he had something of the fine heroic sort. Without that, however good an imitator he might be, he could never get nobility and heroism into his voice and gesture. The best imitation, if imitation only, would never 'go' with an audience. And he himself, because he has drawn forth something from his hidden nature and, through his body, got it into the full sight of himself, must always be a little better for having played that part. In fact in a certain sense it wasn't 'acting.' It was his real better nature, or a bit of it.

Why not call this hidden better nature, which is in all of us, the soul? We get it known to ourselves by means of fine actions. And we feel better after a fine action — if it is only a friendly word or smile, or a bit of well-done duty — because we have drawn out a bit of our better nature and made it 'visible' to ourselves, got it out into the front of our feeling. And there it will stay, and sooner or later it will make us want some more of the same, and we shall draw forth another dose. Real life of this sort consists in drawing forth more and more of the hidden soul of us. The more a man has done this, the more soul is out in the front in his every action and word, the nobler and stronger a character we perceive him to be.



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SVARTISEN GLACIER, NORWAY

In the last great Ice Age many thousands of years ago a sheet of ice of enormous thickness extended from the North Pole down to a line running all the way across our northern states, great glaciers flowing further southwards from its edge. Such northern glaciers as this mark its present line of retreat when a warmer climate followed.

Now we can see what is the difference between a man's soul and his personality. A man comes into a body whose ways and characteristics are made for him by heredity and training — or *no* training. That much of his nature which is thus determined for him — even in a measure by his clothes! — we can call personality. And too many of us go through life without ever getting beyond this. However the case may look, we are then merely slaves. But from the moment we reach in to our real hidden nature and draw out some of its nobility and work it out into conduct, from that moment we have begun to get beyond personality to soul.

The soul is the divinity within us, the illimitable nobility and unselfishness. The personality is whatever is there *before* we begin to do this. The average well-meaning man is a mixture of personality with more or less percentage of soul out at work in it. The

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worst man has drawn forth no percentage of soul. The highest men have filled their personality with soul. And we don't know who (or rather, what) we are till we have got well under way with this work of filling our personalities with our souls. We only know who our bodies are, their names, ages, parentage, and so on. But the *soul's* parentage is to be sought in the Eternal Light, and like that Light the soul is immortal. We ought to think often of this Eternal Source, for it will help us to find ourselves as souls. It can be reached and known and communed with and its ever-ready benediction obtained by those who are trying through all failures to work out their best.

STUDENT

About Reading Shakespeare

IF men had fine music played to them as they took their food, they would rise from each meal not only with the food but with something of the music in them. Meal by meal the music would be working itself into their natures. The effect of the food passes; the effect of the music remains. Similarly if while he ate, a man insisted with himself that for say two minutes or one minute he would hold the highest thought he could, or the highest realization of his nature; the effect of his thought and of the effort to hold it would remain forever, meal by meal adding something fine to his nature, a permanent and growing acquisition.

I'm not against reading to pass the time, to get outside the present and the here and forget them for a while. We usually use novels and stories for that purpose. But when you've done your novel or your story there's mostly little or nothing to show for it. They haven't added anything permanent to your nature. They're like the meal without the music or the minute of high feeling and thinking. I was wondering whether there might be any pass-the-time reading which would also add on something that would *stay* and do a fine work on one's mind and nature.

Every now and then some newspaper starts its readers discussing what half-dozen books they would choose to be cast on a desert island with. It would be mighty good for some of us fellows to be cast on a desert island for a while with nothing but a Shakespeare to represent the novels we would like to have. We'd read it again and again. The characters—Hamlet and the rest, men and women — would come alive in our minds. We'd get ten times our present command of the English language from its grandest user. The memory would fill up with lines and passages of the most sumptuous poetry ever written. In a word, from a one-storied shack or a cheap suburban house in a back street the mind would have grown to a richly-furnished mansion.

You read a novel *once*. Nobody reads one twice as a rule. The second go at it would be pretty flat. But it's just the other way about with Shakespeare. Maybe the first go at *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* or *The Merchant of Venice* is pretty flat. You scamper along just to get the story. Tackle them again, more carefully, tasting the lines and making them go in you with the march and swing and sound they really have, the word-music of their poetry. Fight the play through and you begin to find you've got something new in your mind. You tackle another play or two then, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, maybe, and *As You Like It*, imagining the scenery and the people moving in it as you read; and you keep on at the lot, one or another. After a while the whole business comes alive in you as it was in Shakespeare's brain, and your mind's likewise come alive in a new way along with it, alive for good. You're getting in tune with the largest mind and the grandest imagination that ever took the English language for their dress. You're 'passing the time' now to some purpose. And incidentally you're learning history and are likely to do some outside history reading to get the background complete.

So I say that a fellow who will force himself to read Shakespeare till he's *got inside* will have done more for himself, added more permanent stuff to his whole nature, than all the novels on our library shelves. I don't say but what there are some of them that can give him some real stuff too. But an initiation into Shakespeare will give more than any of them. It's an education peculiar to itself, and there's more of it with every reading.

A DESERT ISLANDER

Self-Education

WHY have we so much respect for a self-educated man? Not for the actual amount of book-stuff he has taught himself, usually, for that may not be so very much after all; but for the grit he showed in taking himself in hand. He called out his will and kept it pushed up against the obstacles till they gave way.

Everybody knows that the original meaning of the word education is drawing out, calling out, not pumping in. Certainly you cannot pump in without also *some* calling forth. You cannot teach a child the list of our Presidents or of the capes round Africa without calling out *some* power of attention. And this power is worth more than any pumped-in facts that it deals with. A teacher is a good or a poor one in proportion as he can call forth in the children this will to attend or power of attention.

The thought of *drawing forth* is a good keynote to live by, the drawing forth of latent power. Only a man can do it. An animal lives on what comes forth of itself in him, or what is there anyhow, supplied by

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nature. Man's keynote should be different from this 'natural' one. It is 'natural,' that is, animal, to do or take whatever you want, whatever will pleasure you in the doing or having. The opposite is the calling forth of will in self-denial in that matter if the thing is wrong or bad for us. This calling forth is education in the true sense; and the bit of will thus called forth may be far more valuable to us than the bit of pleasure we have denied ourselves. It is a permanent acquisition in our characters.

An animal cannot do what he does not want to, except under the pressure of fear. A man, calling forth his will and compelling himself to do what he does not want to, steps at once above the 'natural' or animal and has begun to educate himself.

A man may think he is educating himself in learning Spanish or electrical science. But he is educating himself *in the true sense* only if he is consciously calling forth in himself an amount of concentration-power and of determination to persist that are unusual for him, that are not already there anyhow. We all have a certain amount that is there anyhow. Education comes with the *surplusage* we call out.

Life is a battle in which few men score much of a victory. Victory is only his who is never content with so much of himself as is there anyhow. He is always calling more into action, always educating himself.

Now this calling into action is really *coming* into action. He who is content with what there is of himself is not truly in action at all. If you feel slack over a piece of work and then think, "Now *I* will come into action and run this business," you instantly get a new sense of yourself, a new sense of power and self-respect.

You find yourself injured by some one. The 'natural' way is to resent, and, if you can, act out the resentment in some way— retaliate. The arrangements for *that* way are there anyhow, just as they are in the animal. Every dog and cat and wasp shows them. The opposite way, the calling out of oneself, is not what is ordinarily called meekness; it is standing above the resentment altogether, throwing it out of the mind. The man who can stand above in this way is already standing above the part of him which disease and death can reach. He is beyond the 'natural,' and it is that only which death can touch. If man, while in the 'natural,' can truly call forth himself he has got past 'nature's' limitations and found his divinity.

Drawing out, calling out, coming more and more forth, taking charge, all this represents a keynote we should keep sounding, beginning the day and ending the day upon the thought of it, holding the idea two or three minutes in silence, and living the day in the practice of it. There is nothing we could not do or be if we fully accustomed ourselves to this. A man's self is limitless. It will bear any amount of calling upon. There is always more. Every sublime figure in and out of history has been so because of reliance on this principle. THE LECTURER

For the Broken Lives

By Kenneth Morris

I WATCHED this morning, and behold!
the sky above the mountains wet,
Where the sun rose in frenzied gold,
with agony and bloody sweat.
And as I thought of you, I knew
'twas memory of your griefs retained
With such Gethsemanean dew
that keeps the Front of Morning stained.
Because your sorrow is not yours
alone, but ripples back and runs
Along the universe's shores
up to the Fountain of the Suns;
And in the far and void of night,
stabbed with the reflex of your pain,
The constellations lack delight
until your hearts are healed again. . . .

I watched this evening by the sea,
and saw the somber sun go down,
And knew tomorrow's dawn should be,
and the heavens' splendor not to drown.
And when the sea-tides ebbed away
and left the rocks and shingle bare,
I knew tomorrow they would sway
again their plumy beauty there;
And that the tides of life would rise,
and refluent o'er this waste of pain,
Cover away your agonies
and bring you human life again.
Yes, you! Such depth of mercy lies
hid in the inmost heart of Fate,
You yet may view with dauntless eyes
these outraged years disconsolate,
And all beyond the clouds of awe
that hide from us the Heart of Things,
Discern the splendor of the Law,
the perfect peace, the healing wings. . . .

Dear hearts! I know that though you die,
and leave this earth unprofited,
There is a dayspring from on high
on all your aspirations shed;
A quickening in the dusk beyond:
seeds of resurgence in the tomb,
Whence, called as by some wizard's wand,
you shall re-burgeon forth and bloom!
And all the frustrate deeds and dreams
you would have dreamed on earth, and done,
Shall yet have ripening 'neath the beams
of our own dear and daily sun.

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Gleanings: Ancient and Modern

YOUR shorthand writer who decides to change the outline he has been accustomed to use for a particular word finds it no easy matter. The old outline slips from his pen of itself again and again.

The same with our customary faults and failings that we have decided to conquer. Again and again they slip out into conduct or off our lips.

And the same remedy: we must just take a note of the slip every time and go over the 'outline' in thought, correcting the mistake till the corrected form comes quicker into mind than the old one.

"GREAT calamity befell me and I looked up to my soul, which I had found aforetime, and lo, its light was calm and unmoved. And I said, If my soul, knowing of this which has befallen me, sees that all is nevertheless well, why shall not I likewise be calm and undismayed? And I handed over my trouble to the soul and resigned all care. And verily in the end all was well with me."— *Persian*

VICTORIES are won first in thought, in imagination, in closely imagining or picturing oneself as achieving where formerly we have been accustomed to find impulse and habit too strong for us. We have to replace the registered memory of former conduct by registered imagination of the new conduct we have determined upon. If we do not do this imagining in advance, memory will slip in too quickly for our will, and behold! we have failed again. If we do not create little by little a new self the old one must always win.

"THERE is in the mind something very like a 'faculty' for practising: if you use your *will* and steadily practise any one good thing rightly, you may thereby acquire a power, a sort of 'faculty,' for practising any other thing rightly. Few have this 'faculty' by nature, and few trouble to acquire it."

— *Eustace Miles, M. A.*

WE can learn as much about ourselves from watching other men as about other men from watching ourselves. There's a man all tangled up in his troubles and perplexities and grievances, abstracted in manner and muttering to himself as he goes about. You *call him up* out of all that, ask him about some special subject he is interested in or is an expert about. He's another man right away, ready, clear and informing, his mind for the time *free*.

That is the thing to do for ourselves, *call ourselves up* out of all that, let that tangle take care of itself, get our heads up into the clear light and *live*. If we did that for a few days, beginning right after breakfast, our troubles would mostly begin to look like things we've turned the *small* end of the telescope upon.

HOW often have I found when some new step was gained that it was an effort made when I felt least inclined for it that had made the victory possible! Lay your flower on the altar even when you feel at your worst.

"SOME there are that keep themselves in peace and have peace also with others. And some there are that are neither at peace within themselves, nor suffer others to be in peace; they are troublesome to others but always more troublesome to themselves. And some there are who keep themselves in peace and study to restore peace to others. Keep thyself first in peace and then thou wilt be able to bring others to peace."— *Thomas à Kempis*

"WHY art thou disturbed at a little thing said against thee? Let it pass; it is not the first nor anything new, nor will it be the last if thou live long enough. Thou art valiant enough as long as no adversary or opposition comes in thy way; thou canst also give good advice and encourage others with thy words; but when any unexpected trouble comes to knock at thy door, then thy counsel and thy courage fail thee. Put it out of thy heart the best thou canst; let it not cast thee down nor keep thee a long time entangled with it. At least bear it patiently if thou canst not receive it with joy. And though thou perceivest an indignation arising within thyself, yet repress thyself and suffer no inordinate word to come out of thy mouth which may scandalize the weak. Thus the commotion which is stirred up in thee will quickly be allayed."— *Thomas à Kempis*

"THE habit of allowing the faculty of thought to wander capriciously through the storehouse of memory and turn over its treasures with no fixed intent — in a word, thinking which is not thinking, but a listless submission to thought — whether the object be to indulge in prurient, to bask in pleasant, or to brood in selfish sorrow over sad and painful, recollections — is one that seriously undermines the authority of the will, and tends to bring about that insubordination of the thinking faculty which first prevents natural sleep, and then destroys reason."— *J. W. Clarke*

IT seems as if, for a man trying to do a little building up in his character, every day designedly sets something special in the way of an annoyance in his path for him to trip over. And yet perhaps it may not be there for him to trip over but for him to notice why he trips and get above it. *Get above* — that's the key. Live up somewhere higher where you can't be reached by the little things down below. In fact we seem to be double, one part down here among the trifles, the other up there undisturbed. The only way is to keep on getting there, to 'keep on keeping on.'

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for Soldiers and Sailors

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Keep on! The dead point's all but passed."

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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MEMORIAL ARCH, PEKIN

A gorgeous piece of Chinese art. Pekin is the Capital of China, 25 miles in circumference, surrounded by walls 30 to 40 feet high pierced by 16 great gateways.

How's Your Mind This Morning?

A VERY old system of mind-science maintained that the mind changes itself for the time into the form of what it is contemplating. On seeing or thinking of a flower, for example, the mind was supposed to take momentarily the flower's form and color. So, by this momentary imitation of it, the flower was so far known.

That is not exactly modern science. *We* say that the flower is known in so far as its picture or form comes *into* the mind. But that does not seem so different from the older view, after all. For whilst the mind is attending to that picture and to nothing else, it may be said to have taken that form, concentrated itself into it. And the more it concentrates itself, the more truly is there for the time nothing else of it *but* that.

In a moment it breaks loose from the picture and becomes other pictures and thoughts: that is to say, we think of something else.

But the mind is now not quite the same as before. We like to have flowers in our room. Why? Because they somewhat better our feelings. Which means that after we have looked at flowers, after the mind has contemplated them a moment and changed itself

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for a moment into a mental picture of them and has then broken loose from them into other thoughts, it is in a pleasanter state, apt to have its subsequent thoughts more agreeable. It has a little more lift, life, and cheerfulness in it, a certain softening. And, of course, it can never again be *quite* the same as if it had not had that touch. No effect can ever be perfectly lost.

We can carry the same principle a little further. Say two men are in an unpleasant situation — even behind the bars, perhaps. One of them finally says to himself: "Well, it might be worse. There's compensations, after all — time for study, time for thinking, time for getting a real chum or two, opportunity for some self-training and will-work, and so on."

But the other contemplates only the dark side of the situation. What is the difference? One mind has refused to change itself into the form of gloom, has changed itself instead into the picture of the relieving lights of the situation. The other has taken and held the form of the *shadows*. The two have taken opposite paths, one towards life and light and cheerfulness, the other towards — death! For when we contemplate the gloomy side of anything, changing the mind into the 'shape' of that aspect of it, we must take also the immediate and subsequent *effects* of the gloom, its continuing workings even after we are occupied with other matters altogether; just as after contemplating a flower we get the after-effects — which are wholly good — of the state the flower awoke in us. The pessimist is in a state of chronic mental self-poisoning. And of course his bodily health suffers along with his mental.

The optimist is said to look on the bright side of every situation. Even if it is only a small side and not easily seen, it is that side which he will find and keep hold of. In reality he is *himself* the situation, the permanent inner situation amid the changing outer ones, and he keeps on the bright side of himself, the life-facing side instead of the pessimist's death-facing. If a man does you a kindness you feel kindly, grateful, towards him. You have the kindness-doing side of his character in your mind — being yourself enlivened and benefited thereby, as well as benefiting him. It is beneficial to a man to be thought of on his better side, and also beneficial to the one who thus thinks. For the mind changes into the 'shape' of the good quality it thinks of. It gets some of that quality as it did some of the quality of the flower.

But we can get and hold *as a permanent general state* the good-will which is *temporarily* touched up by having had a kindness done to us. It is being like the sun, which shines out anyhow upon everything because that is what he likes to do. Your mind is permanently in the 'form' of *life*. That is the fuller optimism. If you will consider what the world would be if all men had that, and that some day everyone *will* have it, you will see that it is the natural state. It is no part of Life's divine program that men should be poisoning themselves, hurting their own lives and the lives of others, by dwelling upon the worse side of others. The mind cannot take those shapes without damaging itself.

There is a great Breath, a spiritual essence, present everywhere, seeking expression through the hearts of all of us. This Presence gives life; it is the Great Giver. He who hates, sneers, dwells on the failings and shortcomings and faults of others, is always suspicious — shuts this out from himself. He alone fully knows it and gets utmost life from it who fully lives in the spirit of kindliness. For, assisting its work in uplifting and heartening all creatures, he earns its gratitude. His mind has set, once for all, into the shape of *life*.

STUDENT

The Ladder of Silence

I ALWAYS thought that I could never have had any idea of a higher life than this one that I live from day to day, nor of a higher me to live it, nor of a more real knowledge than the outsides-of-things knowledge that is all we now have, unless the life and the knowledge was already a part of me, the upstairs part, you might say. But how to get to it? "Oh, that's all a dream," a fellow said to me yesterday when I tried to talk to him about this; "this life's all there is; get all you can out of it and don't waste your time gaping after something else that isn't there and isn't anywhere."

But for all I know it's *this* life that's the dream — nightmare, some of it! — and that other is got at by *waking up*.

Waking *up*. If a fellow could carry his mind *up, up*, somewhere, it might come into the Light. That's the thought I started with, and it's with me all the time.

Why can't he do it? I guess his mind isn't steady enough to make the mount. I had a sort of a dream last night when I was mulling over this. I saw a fellow going up a ladder, a mighty high one, with its top up in such sunlight as I never saw before nor dreamed of. He knew 'twas there and took a look up pretty often and then made a step. But then something on the ground would take his attention and interest, and nothing would do but he must come down and look at it and maybe wander off half a mile to see all about it and forget his climb altogether. Come back he did, though, every time, and made some rounds up his ladder just as before. But he'd always get called off after the same sort of nonsense. Now and then, too, especially when he'd got quite a way up, some low-hanging cloud would get between him and the Light and wrap all round him so that he couldn't see anything, not even the next rung of the ladder,

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and seem to frighten him and chill him through and discourage him. Then he'd make a scurry-jump for the ground, where he felt safer, or even fall off. And always after this he'd be longer than ever in coming back again — except, perhaps, when there was something down there he particularly liked the look of or the taste of. But finally he'd feel ashamed of himself and come back to his climb.

And all that, thought I when I came to myself, is just a picture of a fellow's mind. He tries to get up where his Light is, all in the awakeness of that royal sunlight, and the first thing he knows is, his mind has started off on its own account to some thought that's got nothing to do with his job. And it flies around with that, and then with the next that comes along and then the next — till he remembers and comes back to his job, to begin all over again. Why, you can't rightly play even a game of chess with that sort of doings going on. You've got to pin your mind all in silence on to the board and keep nothing but a stream of pictures of that board — how it'll be after this move and how after that. And a word to yourself, even a stir, or a sideways thought — and your picture's done and you begin again. "How do you do it so fast?" I said once to one of those typewriting chaps that never need to look at the keys. "Never let my mind lose the picture of the key-bank," he said; "never let another thought in. A man's fast just according to the measure he can do that."

Silence is the business. Getting your mind all clear and steady and rising up Light-wards, yet without making talk to itself. For side-thought means talk and talk means side-thought — and that's falling off the ladder or coming off — standing still, at the best.

So I reckon a fellow's got enough to do, days, in practising holding his mind upon the day's jobs, or what he's reading or studying or thinking of. And little by little, as he comes to his power over it, he'll find his new power come in just right for this ladder-climbing job. Life may be a dream, all right; but it's a dream that you can use to get power from to wake up with. Maybe that's one of the things it's for.

A NEW WAYFARER



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ASLEEP IN THEIR WINTER ROBES

That Unsteady Mind

"YES, he told me; but I was thinking of a lot of other things that happened to jump into my mind, and I never really got anything he said. I am sorry, for it was very important."

Or the other way about:

"I tried to get him to understand; but while I was

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talking his eyes were all over the place and I could see that his mind was with them. He didn't really get anything, not a single notion."

There are a few people whose case is as bad as that. If your sentences are more than four or five words long, shot at them as if out of a pistol, they cannot keep up their attention. Yet you were there visibly in front of them, and your voice was there, audibly in their ears.

If you will think of it, a man's soul must be at a good deal of a disadvantage in its attempts to reach him and get him to understand. In Lytton's well-known story, Zanoni's soul is described as appearing visibly to him as a form of light, the 'Adonai,' and Zanoni hears its voice. But for us who are not Zanonis, the soul cannot make itself a visible presence nor its voice an outward sound in our ears. Its inspiration and teaching and guidance must come direct into the mind without words — when they can get in at all.

And that is a good deal of a reservation. For when do we still our minds sufficiently and empty them sufficiently of our ordinary thoughts to let in much of this fine flow from the soul? Maybe the presence of the soul is to many of us unfelt and unknown, its nature not understood, its very existence perhaps disbelieved in, for that reason. How much of his inspiration would a composer get unless when it came upon him he stopped his ordinary thinkings and let nothing into his mind but the one thing?

Unsteadiness of attention is a disease affecting us all, more or less. It is the great cause of inefficiency. If a man will read a longish sentence from a book quite carefully and then look up and try to repeat to himself what he has read, he will find that after a varying number of words his memory fails. For the rest of the sentence he must return to the book. The place along the sentence at which memory gives out is the place at which in his reading of the sentence his attention took a momentary ramble and broke the chain. For full efficiency of mind we have to get the power of transforming attention from a set of jumps into an unbroken flow. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," said a great Teacher; thy 'might' meaning, with the whole of attention. Concentration of mind means steady-mindedness. A man only gets his full sense of dignity and power when he takes a stand above his unsteady mind and holds it firm upon what he is doing. We cannot easily imagine the capacities of a mind that is habitually so steadied. We cannot understand our own natures in anything like fullness, nor get much from our souls in the silence, till we have made some real progress in this great art, the art of steadying our attention. Progress is achieved in this as in everything else, little by little, day after day, by practice. We keep trying to make the mind closely follow and attend to whatever we are doing or reading or studying or listening to or looking at. Practising a little more and more each day, we find that though at first the effort is tiring, it becomes at last less tiring to hold the mind steady upon our work and all that we do, than to have it dodging about in the old way — just as a steady flame tires the eyes far less than a jumping one. Men willingly practise athletic exercises or scales on the violin daily for years. Is not this work with the mind worth at least the same perseverance?

STUDENT

The Death Bogy

IT never seemed to me reasonable that a man should have to wait till he gets the other side of death to know what's there for him. Though that isn't quite the way to put it. It's not what's on the other side for him, but what he will be on the other side. And as to that we've plenty of indications.

One of the fellows said just now that having no exercise Sundays made him all loggy on Mondays, couldn't think a thought worth having, and snarly into the bargain.

What's that mean? That if he'd had the usual exercise, he'd have thrown something off his muscles and his body generally which, because it wasn't thrown off, is clogging his mind.

The body's *always* a clog to the mind. When it's an *extra* clog we know it and find we can't think or remember well. When one of the nerves is unhappy with neuralgia we can't attend to anything else.

The body's made up of millions of living particles and every one of them all the time is making a little unnoticed call on our attention. When a man lives in the city he thinks he doesn't notice any of the million sounds always going on. But let him spend a night in the country and he'll know by the unaccustomed sense of silence that he did notice the town-sounds all the time.

It often happens towards the end of a long illness or sometimes just before death that a man has the clearest and highest mental time of his life. The body's so inactive and passive in every part that it's making no claim on his attention at all and his mind's quite free. Then as he gets better and the body begins again to wake up all over and find its weakness, his mind gets tied down again to it and he's nothing but a teasy, irritable convalescent.

Consequently it seems to me that if the thing went a step further and the body dropped off altogether — which we call death — the mind would get a clearness and ease and freedom and joy that it never came near during life. The man would be radiant, though what new scenery would then have opened around him is another question. One can get some notion of the answer even to that.

What's life here for, if this is so? Well, as it seems

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o me, one reason for it is to teach us what we are in ur proper state. For when we come back to that ight and freedom and understanding after the spell f cloudiness and tied-upness and selfish self-concenration which we call life, we shall understand and ppreciate the *real* life as we never could if we'd ever left it. It's the discord in a bar of music that nables us to appreciate the harmony that follows. A harmony born out of a resolved discord is a richer xperience by far than a harmony that wasn't set off with that preface. A young ellow doesn't know what his ome really was till he's left t and had a spell in the ough world. There's no riendship like that between wo men who have quarreled a while and then clasped ands and put it straight.

So it's always seemed to ne that something of the tate after death *can* be understood — enough to live nd think by, anyhow. It ever was an unfathomable nystery to those who would otice what they are and heir changes *this* side of eath. Any fellow who will eep awhile on this line of hought, realize it and let it evelop and give him its full eel time and again, will lose is fear of death as naturally s possible and begin to get an insight into a lot of things which he now looks at as blank walls all around.—THE COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHER



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THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Infectious Health

INGERSOLL said that if he had had the arranging of things, he would have made *good* health catching instead of bad.

Do we know that it isn't? Disease is catching because minute, invisible, noxious germs are given off om the diseased man and taken in by those whom infects. Science does not yet seem to have suscted that there may also be invisible germs that e *beneficial*, necessary for our life, used by life in rrying on its work as it pulses through our bodies d given off as freely as the noxious ones. Abounding od health is extremely infectious. Don't we feel tter, invigorated, in the neighborhood of a man at has it? He has given without losing anything.

Health of *mind* is likewise catching. We all know that. But we don't recognise that we know it because we don't use those words. We say, for instance: "I always feel more cheerful after a chat with that fellow. And there's a something about him that seems to clear up things for you even if he isn't saying anything." Or the other way: "He's a depressing sort of chap, gets on your mind, somehow, like a cloud." These are only ways of saying that good and bad mental health are infective.

You can't have real, thorough, through-and-through bodily health without mental health. But you can have mental health and be radiating it all the time without bodily health — beneficial though it is to the body to have a man with that sort of mind for its tenant. Mark Tapley and Sam Weller would have been healthy-minded fellows whatever trouble was going on in their bodies. Moreover the trouble would have been got over twice as quickly as in the case of the opposite sort of man.

You can have a muscular body, capable of hard work or of making a fine show on the athletic ground, that yet isn't healthy in a radical way — ready for pneumonia or grippe or something at any minute. And you can have a radically healthy body that would make a very poor showing there or with a shovel and mattock. In the same way the keenest and subtlest minds may be anything but healthy ones; and a radiantly healthy one may make a very poor show at learning languages or geometry or science, never having been trained along that line of action. It will show its health by its ability to keep the sky clear and make short work of clouds, to turn its attention away from the little annoyances and worries of daily life by its hold on the faith that, with faith, troubles and storms will somehow work out into their own compensations and something more, and by its readiness to let go of hard thoughts of anyone.

The chief difference in this connexion between mind and body is, that while the body always puts up *some* sort of a fight against disease — the best it can — the man may not even recognise that his mind *is* diseased, may never recognise the spiritual sunlight when a gleam of it manages to get through,

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or may even refuse it when he does feel it. But it is always ready, there in the heart. M. D.

The Three Marks of a Man

". . . the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force."— Said by Jesus Christ

A STRANGE saying. Yet maybe its strangeness is because we always think of violence as offered by one man to *another*. And also because we think of it as meaning *bodily* hurt.

But don't we sometimes speak of a man as doing violence *to his own inclinations?* That's a kind of violence offered by a man to himself and not consisting of bodily damage. He has split himself into two: the part with the inclinations, and the part (which is really himself) that chooses to over-ride them and then finds itself with a heightened self-respect and sense of power for having done so. Desire and he with his will stood up face to face, and he won out. According to the text the man who does this is beginning to take the Kingdom of Heaven — which is "*within* you," said the same great Teacher. Taking the Kingdom of Heaven must therefore be a very man-worthy and strenuous undertaking.

The undertaking springs from an ideal of being something more than we have hitherto been, of becoming something. No animal could have that ideal, could imagine to itself something it would like to become and then take the necessary steps to carry out the plan. An animal takes itself just as it is and acts just as it feels like at the moment. A man can reckon himself as no more than a mere thinking animal just in so far as he is content with himself as he is, does not imagine an ideal of something better, and does not act otherwise than as he happens to feel.

There are three special human powers, a 'triangle' you might say, which, so far as active, give us our manhood above our animalhood. The power of imagining ourselves to be something which we have not yet attained to be, is one of them. Another is the will to carry out the special line of conduct that will actually make us what we have imagined. Even imagining oneself as an athlete and then undertaking the necessary exercises, are examples of these specially human powers, since this would be impossible to an animal. The third mark is the power of self-judgment, of deciding that some tendency in one's nature or some line of conduct is unworthy, not consistent with the ideal, and shall be offered 'violence' to.

The special human 'triangle,' then, shining above the animal nature, consists of imagination, judgment, and will; a triad which, if we would realize our manhood and "take the Kingdom of Heaven," must be exercised and energized little by little, day by day, till at last it is completely dominant. Every act we do in defiance of our lower inclinations is a step in this development, every better thought we put in place of a worse one; nay, even every act of steadying the mind upon what we are doing or thinking when it wants to run loose and think of everything *but* that; and likewise the silencing of the mind for a few moments now and then whilst we seek that place of inner peace and light called the Kingdom of Heaven.

STUDENT

The Back-Kick

THERE'S a sense in which we may say that everything a man does, good or bad, honorable or mean, becomes known in the long run to everybody. The reason is that every deed is double, has two ends like a stick, gives a back-kick like a shot from a gun. You can't have a single-ended stick; you can't shoot your gun without the back-kick. To put it in another way: every deed — except, of course, purely routine or mechanical actions — has two results. One is the result we intended to produce; the other is the back-kick on our character. Every real thing a man does effects some change in his character. He becomes meaner-charactered for doing a mean thing; nobler for doing a fine thing. Mother used to say to us children: "Never do a wrong thing, children, even if you think nobody can see you. God sees." We can translate this: "Never do a mean thing even though nobody is looking. *Your character sees it.*"

But a man's habitual line of conduct is the outward expression of his character. Consequently every deed, changing his character a little, must affect more or less his future line of conduct, tending to beget other deeds of the same sort. The one deed may be hidden from everybody; but among the later ones that it begets, there are certain in the long run to be some that will become known and reveal the character he has made for himself. It is in that sense that the hidden deeds come out. Just as, if there is a latent and invisible strain of bulldog or mastiff in your dog, it will crop out visibly in some of his offspring — if he has enough of them. And in the case of a man there always are at last enough of his deeds to bring out into visibility every latent and invisible streak in his character.

But the difference between the two cases is that whilst the dog can't get rid of that strain in his blood, a man *can* get rid of a bad strain in his character so as to have nothing there he need be afraid to have seen. He can stop, not only doing the deeds — small and large, which express and at the same time increase it — but he can do the opposite sort and do them in such a spirit of good-will about it and of determination

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along the new line as to wilt and kill the old tendency altogether.

Isn't this way (of *self*-cure) a better way than the other, the way of pain? And completer? For we must have one of them. STUDENT

"With What Measure Ye Mete . . ."

"SOME TIME AGO," says a writer in an earnest and excellent little prison journal, *The Square Deal* (Lansing, Kansas), "a 'friend' of mine wrote me a letter which contained amongst other words the following:

"'There is a mark upon you now which will take years and years to remove, and you will have to make twice the effort of an ordinary man to outlive that sting, and if you prove to me that you are able to succeed, not necessarily financially, but morally, I will gladly forgive you and once more shake hands with you, and consider you on an even footing with myself.'"

The writer comments upon this without any bitterness, but justly concludes that this 'friend' is no friend.

"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." The 'friend' does not seem to have met with this enunciation of a divine law in the course of his readings. It is not reported of the Teacher who proclaimed it — not *made* it — that he told sinners who came about him (doubtless including some who had misappropriated money) that there was "a mark upon them which would take years and years to remove," and that before he would shake hands with them they must "prove that they were able to succeed, not necessarily financially, but morally."

Has the 'friend' looked carefully back through his own past years and found every action of his perfectly satisfactory, ready for the light of day, and beyond any possible menace from that divine law?

It looks as if the law was enunciated as an appeal to the self-interest of those whose hearts could not be touched by a higher motive. "If there be no divine flame of compassion and brotherhood yet awakened in your hearts, then at least remember that 'with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,' and act accordingly. Let that be your guide till you can find the higher one."

Let us remember that just as an illness is often the explosion *and cure* of a diseased state latent and unsuspected for years, so may some overtly wrongful deed be the sudden outcome of a long-existent but apparently latent flaw of character, now for the first time fully faced, recognised and repented of, cured and done with; and that the prisoner may consequently be a cleaner man than many and many who, when he comes out, will hold their skirts from contact with him. STUDENT

The New Day Breaks

by Guy Lockwood

THE new day breaks; the sun its rim
Sends up behind the distant brim
Of horizon; it brings the light,
And pushes back the shades of night.

Each moment's new, each hour is new;
And this the thought I bring to you:
No matter what your past has been
You have a new day to begin.

Fill this new day with things of worth;
Let this day bring to you the birth
Of firm resolve to push ahead
Among the living — leave the dead.

Put old things in the discard now;
To new things make your maiden bow;
New thoughts, new deeds, and all things new.
And to this new resolve be true:—

That you will live and move and be
With Nature in great harmony;
That you will think and grow and feel,
And great things you will yet reveal.

Live in the now, have vision clear;
Be your own prophet, your own seer;
Have faith in Him who gave the laws,
And you will progress without pause.

— From *Home Life Magazine*

"PRACTICAL life brings us annoyances of all kinds, new opportunities to control our sensitiveness, to create voluntarily an optimistic disposition which will make us, as the saying is, take everything by the good end. Finally, if . . . we have, however little, succeeded in creating this precious condition of the soul, our aspirations should rise higher still and we should face the duties which our presence in this world imposes upon us in our intercourse with our fellow beings. . . . To find complete happiness and health we must then turn away our attention from ourselves and fix it upon others; altruism should take the place of native egotism. This tendency cannot carry us too far and we risk but little in forgetting ourselves completely. Is not this so? . . . Woe to the indifferent ones — those who seek only the satisfaction of their own selfish desires." — *Professor Dubois*

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Gleanings

"IF a man or woman can keep warm the Heart Doctrine in his or her life, and can feel it a sacred duty to be constantly cultivating the spirit of tolerance, the power of sympathy will so grow in the nature and the mind, that the higher faculties of the immortal man, the soul, will come more and more positively and effectively into action. The higher part of one's nature is constantly alive in its way, although we may not have the outer expression and although the brain-mind may be working against it because of environment and conditions and mental seeds that have been sown — yet it is always there."
— *Katherine Tingley*

"THEN, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but *go!*
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!"— *Browning*

"THE life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it."

TILL he has begun trying to reach his center of silence and has felt the peace of this inner home, man does not realize what a noisy and stormy turmoil is his mental life.

OLD AGE should be like the evening time of each day. For in the evening the senses and the currents of bodily life and sensation that in the day-time make such incessant claims upon attention, are slackening down, and the mind, not yet touched by the call to sleep, can think deeper and higher thoughts and ingrain them into character. And this *daily* opportunity, thus arranged for us by nature, has also been arranged on the larger scale of the last few years of *life*. Thus we see that old age is part of the soul's program, an opportunity for preparation of our intelligence to deal with the greater life the other side of death.

A MAN is often nearest a great victory over himself when he seems to himself to be at his worst, most reckless and indifferent. But if he were really at his worst he would not be feeling dissatisfied or despairing. His higher nature is actually closer to him, and it is this which is bringing himself into his own full view. Let him look upwards from that which he sees to that which is giving the power to see. The first step to victory over one's lower nature is often the keen sense of defeat.

"IF he hadn't been doing what he was told not to, that would never have happened to him." So we say of our boy whose disobedience has got him into trouble. But I have sometimes thought that all the untoward accidents and calamities that befall us might be somehow traced — if we could follow the thread back far enough — to our having somewhere left the path of right, neglected duty, or in some way "done what we were told (by conscience) not to." And from there one unseen link after another finally drew the trouble upon us.

STATES of the body never *cause* states of the mind. They merely give latent mental states an opportunity to show up. A piece of green glass does not cause green light. Green is latent or hidden in the white light and the glass gives it an opportunity to show up. If the white light objects to looking green its proper course is, not to blame the glass, but to get rid of its latent green.

THERE was a powerful man, silently pushing with all his weight at a heavy railroad truck laden with stone ballast. But there was not a stir of the iron wheels. The child of the man came down to the track with his father's dinner and stood for a moment behind him. Then he put out his little hand and added his tiny push to the car, and behold, it began to move. The child laughed and said, "See, daddy, it had to be both of us, didn't it?"

It is said that he who tries to turn from his old evil ways and reaches out for help in the darkness, setting his steady will in silence against the resistance of his old nature, has sent out a call for his soul. And in some hour of tension when he least expects it, it comes to him as a little child and gives the last light touch that makes fruitful all his former and seemingly fruitless efforts.

"AN idle pair of fellows," said the dog, looking up at the two young men playing chess. "They've sat there now an hour by the clock doing absolutely nothing, not even speaking. Why don't they come out with me and really *do* something?" Presently one of the men said, "I'm tired out. Let's do nothing for a while." So they got up and went out and raced about over the lawn with the dog.

THINK, each night, of what tomorrow is going to be for you; not of what you are going to do, tasks, the carrying out of plans of work, recreation, and such things; but of what you are going to *be* yourself through it all; how you will be the better, serener self that now, in the last few minutes before sleep, you have actually become. Let *that* be the plan, the anticipation; and you will find that it will realize itself in fact. For you will have created tomorrow's self.

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for Soldiers and Sailors

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"High mountains are worth long climbs."

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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THANKSGIVING DAY MERRYMAKING IN LOMALAND

Look on the Sunny Side

WHEN all that I do seems to go dead wrong
I look on the sunny side;
When the strife is hard and the waiting is long
I look on the sunny side;
For the great big Plan that they call divine
Is wiser than any small scheme of mine;
So I simply will trust
In a Plan that is just
And labor and wait as I know that I must
And look on the sunny side.

When folks deceive me and prove untrue
I look on the sunny side;
It hurts, of course, yet I won't feel blue,
But look on the sunny side;
For the whole wide world and the skies above
Are filled with a Soul that is goodness and love,
Which never can lie
And never will die
And helps me to smile if I only will try,
So I look on the sunny side.—*Martin E. Tew*

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The Three in One

HUMAN life doesn't look much of a success in the way of happiness, does it? And yet we are all incurable optimists about it. If things could only be this way or that way, if we could only have this or that, we think, then there would be happiness. Quite rightly, we never allow the thought for a moment that there is *no* way, and never will be, to weave the myriad threads of life so as to come out into the pattern of general and permanent happiness. In the meantime each follows as well as he can the lines that he finds do lead to short spells of pleasure.

There seems to be always an even balance of pain and pleasure in every life, one varying with the other. You may make the utmost of every pleasure you can get, increase your enjoyment of them to the limit. But you have only made it more painful for yourself when you can't get them. If you try to side-track your troubles, you have only become more sensitive to those that do reach you. If your pleasures are very few, you enjoy all the more intensely those which you do get. In fact, the amount of happiness or unhappiness that anybody gets in his life depends on his own nature much more than on any material possession or what happens to him.

The problem, then, must be, so to alter our natures that we have happiness anyhow, whatever the external conditions. We shall see that if we solved that, we should find that we were somehow altering the natures of others in the same satisfactory direction, and that social difficulties and unjust pressures would soon be eased away to nothing. In other words, we are not at all victims of life, but have ourselves forced into life all the evils it contains, being more or less guilty one and all.

Still, the guilt was more from ignorance. But if so, where is knowledge? How shall we get the knowledge of human nature that is needed to alter it?

What do you find when you look into human nature — your own? There's no use in looking outside till you have seen all there is to be seen inside.

Well, first of all, you *think*. Thinking is *one* of the activities of our threefold human nature. What do you mainly think of?

As soon as you consider this you see a whole lot of appetites — desires for pleasures, comfort, wealth, gratifications of all sorts. In so far as these occupy your mind they exclude the thought of the welfare and happiness of anyone else. In other words, this center of appetites and desires is the absolutely selfish center in our make-up, separating us from everybody else. A man who let nothing else sway him would become a monster and bring his life to an early close by his excesses.

But there is another center of desires in us, quite distinct from this and pulling exactly the other way. To the extent that *these* occupy the mind, we do consider the happiness and the interests of others. It is the center of *un*selfishness, of compassion and sympathy and love, love given out, and love and gratitude necessarily attracted in return. If we choose to live in this center and thoroughly energize it and cultivate it, we have already found the way to permanent happiness. Conscience is with us all along this way.

But what is conscience? "Conscience is what tells you to do your duty." It does. But it does much more than that. It *is* something. It *is* that center of desire for the good of others and for our own good — our real good — and it is the wisdom which shows the way to work for this and what not to do. It guides into happiness and away from what would ultimately bring unhappiness. But it could not do this unless it were a something that knew what it was about. So it is a center of knowledge; and a center that inspires us to do right and to care for the welfare and happiness of others. Why should we not call it the *soul*, a living, watching Presence in us all?

So we have human nature as a triple: (1) That which thinks — the mind. (2) That which desires personal gratification regardless both of others and of our own real welfare. (3) That which inspires us to right, to consideration for others and for our own real welfare; and whose knowledge of what is our own real welfare is much greater and further-reaching than our *mind's* knowledge. Sometimes it comes in quite suddenly and takes charge of our conduct. In every great emergency, a fire, a shipwreck or what not, you see one or more perhaps apparently quite commonplace and ordinary men become heroes, forgetting their own safety and risking or throwing away their own lives to secure the safety of others. The man becomes for the time 'more than himself,' as we say. But why should we not say that he becomes for that moment his *real* self?

And just as conscience (or the Soul) inspires right and noble conduct, so it inspires higher *mental* activity. The poet, the musician, the scientific discoverer, the thinker, may ordinarily appear to be no unusual men. But they get moments when their minds are suddenly illuminated with a new light, and under its influence they write the poem or the melody, or conceive the great thought or invention that is an uplift or a help to their generation. The Soul is energizing them for the good of others, as it always does in all of us — and for their own good. They are even bettered in health because of that time of uplift or illumination.

Why is the Soul so apparently careless of the man's life that it should sometimes inspire him to throw it away in the service of others? Must it not be that it knows *he does not really die?* He could not throw away his life. He merely became big enough for the time to let his *body* go. Can we suppose that the creator of a great poem or symphony has less life

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than that which he created? that whilst it lives on perhaps for centuries *he* ceases to be? Whilst the inspiration was upon him, at any rate, he would know that to be impossible. And whoever will let the Soul into himself, become as it were more than himself through the noblest and most unselfish conduct he can carry out, will presently find growing up in him the certain knowledge that whilst his body will in time wear out and drop from him, he himself passes on immortal and rejoicing. And there will be no real and permanent happiness in human life till men have begun to seek and find and recognise the Soul. As Katherine Tingley has said:

"To steady our thoughts that have been running hither and thither playing hide-and-go-seek with our lives all these times — that is what we must do; to seek the inner chamber and in the silence of our own being to find that which is unexpressed, which words can never bring forth — so forceful that some of the great truths of life will dawn upon us, and we shall unburden ourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy, and never again shall we falter in the pursuit of Truth. We shall seek it because it is our heritage; we shall seek it because it is our life, it is the panacea of all our woes; we shall seek it because we can wait no longer.

"From the lives of all there is something lacking. It is the knowledge of the one great key of Truth that man must have before he can go forward, before he can realize who and what he is, why he is here, and what life means — he must have this key before he can interpret the seeming injustices in the world.

"Find the life. Live it; know the truth of all these things that strain and trouble and hurt you, and bring you to points of despair, and you will find them explained in accordance with the laws of Universal Justice. This knowledge once attained, I hold that man can then begin to work on lines of least resistance. It will give him such strength that he can rejoice at being under the control of these divine laws, and through his own divine will, day by day, in the different processes of his experiences, he will journey on, slowly but surely, to the sunlit heights that we are all seeking."

It's Time to Hustle!

IT is said that Edison, the inventor, once got an idea that changed his life. The idea was — that life is short and that if he wanted to accomplish anything he must throw away the superfluous baggage and *hustle*. Superfluous baggage meant whatever would take him off the line of his main purpose — getting scientific knowledge for practical application. *That* should henceforth be the important thing. He would not any longer let himself be scattered over a hundred little interests.

And therein he separated himself out from the majority of men. For they do let themselves be scattered. Which is why they accomplish nothing great.

What do I find important? What size things have decided for me that they shall be important to me? It is easy to answer. What size things are those upon which the mind occupies itself when left to itself and sometimes insists upon occupying itself with whether I want it or not? What are the things or events that irritate me? There is the easiest clue. If a man comes down to the office looking as black as thunder because the coffee at breakfast wasn't as strong as he likes it, he might know from that one instance that he is tied all along the day by a multitude of things of the same size.

Day after day, year after year, we allow the same recurrent irritations to absorb attention and effort. We are tethered down to the small divisions of the days in which such things occur, have occurred and will always occur. For if we succeed in side-tracking one sort, immediately we find another little tyrant in its place.

We should not try to accept them in the spirit of 'resignation.' We must live above them, live on a level where some altogether greater matter has our attention and interest. "I've done enough of this chafing; let what will come, come. It's time to hustle if I'm going to do anything that's really worth doing."

But do what? What is the greatest of all possible achievements? Surely the attainment of self-knowledge, knowledge of who and what you are. We say 'I' a thousand times a day, but we do not know what we are talking about. The word 'I,' which should have the profoundest meaning, means to most of us very little indeed. The words *umbrella* and *pickaxe* have more meaning. For we do know the full powers and purpose of those things, the meaning of their existence. *Our* powers and purpose, the meaning of *our* existence, we know nothing of. If we felt out in the silence the fuller meaning of 'I,' we should find that it did not include the body; that our ever-changing moods were not it; that the brain-thoughts were mostly distractions that can in no wise help us in this deepest search. We cannot attach its fullest meaning to the word *divine* till we have gone into ourselves far enough to feel *ourselves* as that. There is no experience so wonderful as is his who begins for the first time to sense what he really is. 'I' has, as it were, one end down here in the body — which is why we mistakenly feel that it and the body are one; but where does it run *up* to, up through the mists of mood and storms of passion and quick play of thoughts, up to what Light? It is the connecting line of earth and heaven, this self that lets itself be caged and harassed and pulled here and there and pinned down into the trifles.

This greatest of all achievements, self-knowledge-getting, is done by daily and nightly search in the silence, by full and faithful doing of all we have to do, by the melting up of all our lower moods — depression, anger and the rest — into the mood of hope and kindliness, and by the sustained sense of living above all the small things that daily come and go, and come and go. "Let what will come, come. It's time to hustle."

STUDENT

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Practising Dying

"I HAVE practised all my life to die gracefully," said a French philosopher, "but when I catch an illness and am, as I think, nearing death, I am as much afraid as the cheapest man in the street."

Nobody asked him what kind of practice he did. Anyhow it was obviously the wrong sort, since he got no result from it. Probably his practice had reference to admiring bystanders at the bedside with notebooks and pencils.

For a right sort of practice there is no lack of opportunity, 365 opportunities a year. But most men, especially if tired, just fling themselves into the sheets and let go all over. A few take their meals in somewhat the same way — just forget everything else and throw themselves on their plates.

Psychology is a hard-looking word. It means the science of consciousness and is usually set forth in large thick volumes weighing about two pounds. For our immediate purposes the essence of this science is this: that each of us is a soul with a thinking mind as his main instrument for dealing with outward things and managing his body. When he goes to sleep and has nothing more for the time to do with his body and outward things, he may be said to lay aside his mind — all that much of it that has the aforesaid duties and operates on the brain keyboard and keeps touch with the senses.

The point for us to consider is that this mind has no consciousness *of its own.* Its consciousness is loaned. It is conscious and works consciously all day because *we* are in it or back of it. It is *soul* that lends it consciousness, of which there is plenty to spare where that came from — just as there is plenty of light in the lamp-flame besides what it is throwing out into the room. The things in a room seem to have color of their own. But that is only because and while the light is there. Each thing takes some of the light and then exhibits the color of the particular sort of light it has borrowed. When the light is withdrawn from the room they quiet down, as it were, and have no color.

In deep sleep the soul has withdrawn from the mind the consciousness it has lent during the day, and the mind in the brain ceases to work and to be conscious. But the *soul* cannot ever be unconscious. In deep sleep, when the mind is inactive, the soul is still the conscious light it always was. And now, undisturbed by the mind, it can once more enter into its own nature and know its own being. When, in the morning, it takes on the mind and brain again along with any scraps of dream the mind may have been indulging in, it forgets itself in the whirl and clatter of mind and body and outward life, becomes absorbed in all that. That is why man, though divine as a soul, may show so little of his divinity in his daily speech and conduct. If we could silence the mind before sleep, feel ourselves as souls, and hold this feeling right through into deep sleep, we could still hold it after waking and through the day. And then we should live two lives in full knowing, one within the other: the outer life of events and duties and so on, and the other, the inner. We should know our immortality, be knowingly immortal and divine whilst in the mortal and earthly. We should know immortality by having, so to speak, been there.

Perhaps one can understand now how alike are sleep and death and what was the kind of practice that the philosopher we have quoted should have done but evidently did not do.

A man should think before sleeping, that he is now coming to his own divine nature; should think such thoughts as are appropriate to that, survey the day, have kindliness towards all, think of the Supreme Light of which all souls are rays, and try in the silence of thought to feel its sustaining presence about him and in him. Then sleep will gradually come to mean more and more for him.

STUDENT

What Death Does For Us

"IN life we are in death," says the commonplace moralist, speaking a truth that he does not know his words contain.

If a man's liver is out of order he finds that he cannot think clearly or remember well, the difficulty being the same with his thoughts as with his memories. Yet we know that his memories are all there in him, somewhere. For when his liver is all right again he will find them coming forward into his brain as usual. Coming forward — that seems to be the right way to describe the process. And all the best of what we call thinking is likewise a *coming forward* of such thoughts into full view and clearness. The *making* of them goes on in the deeper places of the mind, and when they are ripe and the *brain*-mind is in a state to receive them they suddenly present themselves. Is not that the way of the inventor or of the poet and the music-maker? Don't we often say of our best ideas that they 'popped into our brain'? We never trouble to ask ourselves where they 'popped' *from.* We never notice or get aware of the deeper place where their making and ripening is going on and where our memories are stored to the last item. All our attention is on that part of the mind — the '*brain*-mind' — where the outer world of doings and events and scenes is reflected, and where our common thinking about such matters is going on. And so, if any of the *deeper* thoughts is to get our attention it must somehow manage to come forward into the mind-front and be just as marked and clear-cut as the thoughts of what we are doing or hearing or seeing. But if the brain is fogged by a sluggish liver or some

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other cause, this cannot happen. The brain is still receptive enough of what comes from without, but not for what is from deep within.

We do not die. It is the brain (and body in general, of course) that dies. And then *we* are in the splendid company of that part of the mind of which, while the incessantly active brain was on us, we could take so little notice. Death is the great entry into our hidden possessions and activities of mind and soul. They were there, before. In life we were in death all the time. But we never knew anything about them, or very little. Even the poet, musician or intuitional scientific thinker gets only flashes from this deep world of Light within — within him and within all of us. We should turn the ordinary saying the other way round: *In death we are in life.* And just as the brain-mind is in touch with the outer world of outer events and doings, so the inner or fuller mind is in touch with the inner world which is behind (and the soul of) the world we see with our physical eyes. Death is the falling off of a hindrance to this fuller life; and the light that we so often see in the eyes of the dying, when speech is becoming almost impossible, means that they are already beginning to understand the greatness and promise of what is happening to them. Death is a friend, releasing us for our fuller life, the life that was always ours but which we did not know of. When someone gloomily says, In life we are in death, let us counter by thinking, But in death we are in life. Meanwhile let us in the moments of silence of ordinary thinking, the thinking that is done in words, as it were, try to open up to ourselves our own world of hidden depths. Paul must have meant that when he said, "I die daily." STUDENT



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"I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH IT"

Can or Can't?

HAVEN'T got will enough? My dear boy, the universe is full of it, kept from slipping into nothingness every moment by it. It's there in any quantity for us if we know how to take it. And yet it's a fact that some of us don't seem to be able to get hold of enough of it to conquer the smallest weakness.

"They can, because they believe they can" is a phrase that's always more or less in my mind. We don't consider sufficiently what an enormous difference there is between thinking of oneself as having a weakness or fault, and thinking of oneself as a power that can overcome it. For whatever a man genuinely feels himself as, that he immediately begins to become. Thinking of a failing is usually thinking of oneself as failing, going down under the weight of a bad tendency. "I wish I could overcome that," is the expression. And, under the breath, as it were, the expression goes on to complete itself: "but I can't." Thinking of yourself as a *can't!* That is creating yourself as a *can't.*

The other way is thinking of oneself — or feeling oneself — as coming gradually to the power of downing that tendency. You wink to yourself secretly, saying: "I'll get you presently. I'm on to you." That immediately begins to create the power. Will cannot act at all unless it has a picture or conception to work through. You cannot get up out of your chair without a swift, momentary pre-conception or sense of yourself as doing it. Will is always ready in any quantity. It only needs a sure enough and clear enough conception of how it is to work. If a man will make a clear enough mind-picture of himself as meeting and surmounting or routing a temptation, he will succeed. This of course wants practice. Each time the picture of the routed temptation, the sense of the power at work, is made in the imagination, it gets clearer and stronger.

Imagination has two kinds of work, one outward, the other inward. If, sitting in your chair in the evening, you imagine a sunrise, that would be an outward piece of imagining, and an artist who did it could put the picture on paper. Imagining in oneself the power of meeting a temptation and winning out, riding it down, is an inward use of this faculty. There is no victory over oneself that cannot be

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ultimately got in this way. We ought never to let a temptation feel itself as too strong for us, never feel ourselves weaker than a temptation. Each time we create the feeling of being the stronger, we create the strength itself; and when enough is created, there is victory. The lazy, flat, spiritless days are excellent material for practice. We can act all day as if we weren't feeling anything but spirited and ready to pass from action to action alertly. That means that we are creating the power to be alert — which is life itself. One day at this would show us how much life we had collected. In one aspect, life *is* will.

There are victories over oneself which one cannot win all at once. The new line takes time to establish. "But I'm coming to the *can* stage, all right" — is the mental attitude towards these, quite confident. (N. B. This work does not allow any time for patting oneself on the back or for presuming to look down on any other fellow.) STUDENT

The Illumination of Hope

WHAT is it in the conditions of prison-life that makes the suicide rate so high, that gives the misery of the prisoner's early days of incarceration its peculiar blackness? Is it not the absence of *hope*, the sense that he can in no way bring anything into his life that will brighten and intensify it? Men do not live at all by what they have or are; always by what they *will* have or *will* be. Their eyes are always ahead, even if only on tomorrow or this afternoon. And in its deep roots this is right. The force of every sort of evolution, of progress, is there. Not to accept the present as final, our present level of being, our present quantity and intensity of life, our present mental and spiritual possessions — it is this non-acceptance that holds all the promise of our future, of our ultimate godhood. We must and ought to demand more life and more sense of life, a demand that spreads out in the background of the mind as hope. Take it away; let a man feel that there is nothing more for him to have or be than he now has or is, either here or in any future, and his hold on life will be cut through; he will be dead.

This hope for something more and other appears of course in small things as well as great. The man will put up with the grimmest and most restrictive monotony in his week's work if he can hope that on Saturday he may break away and enjoy himself.

Hope is a divine energy, though that at which it is mistakenly aimed may be wicked or contemptible. If a man has a great and noble hope, a hope for a great and noble becoming or attainment, it will swallow up small and mean hopes. It will suffice to draw him forwards through his days and years without the small and mean ones. But take that away and he is left with the small or base ones as his only tractive forces. He will plan sensualities, become selfish, reach out in any and every direction for ways to get pleasure, to get more sense of life.

We have let the vitality of our spiritual beliefs and hopes die away. Never looking steadily into our minds and demanding of ourselves, *What is it that I believe about life?* we have most of us come at last to have no real, vitalized belief at all, nothing beyond mere passive mental assent to this or another teaching. This demand is the first step for us to take, this daily question of oneself, *What do I believe?* Beliefs thus examined change and grow and deepen, get the power to mold life and character, spread through and tinge the whole of thought, create the inspiration of hope. *Do I believe in limitless human progress? What do I mean by human progress? What by soul? Is human life the working out of divine purpose? What is the destiny of humanity?* All these and many like questions we should daily drag from their slumber. It would need but a few minutes, but in a little while, if we never let the thing become perfunctory, we should transform and tighten the strings of our whole natures and understand the worth and splendor of the great goal ahead of us, the goal to be some time reached by all humanity. STUDENT

Clearing the Way

VERY few people recognise how widely their personalities, their ways of thinking, feeling, viewing things, and acting, change from one part of the day to another as the sixteen waking hours go by through the morning, afternoon and evening. In some the changes are so wide that they seem like different people. That which changes mood in this way is of course the mind. The first step out of this cork-on-the-waves life that we lead is to *recognise* the changes, to contrast our worst with our best; and then, holding the best, to refuse the first stealthy beginnings of change towards the worse. By way of guide we can note that *the beginning of change from the better to the worse is always marked by the intrusion of harsh or critical thought of other persons or of irritation with our present conditions.* Resisting these two day by day, we begin to change our natures and at last all that can hold us back is starved to death. We can be *aware* that our conditions or the qualities of other people are not such as we would like, and we can wish conditions were other — but all without any *irritation* about it or any disturbance of peace.

When a man tries to find his true self, the permanent 'he' or 'I' *behind* the current of changing thoughts and moods, it seems to him that he comes upon mere emptiness, vacancy. The current of thought he knows; he is accustomed to have his whole attention

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taken up with that. But he himself, behind the thoughts — what is that? There is nothing to take a grip on and hold to.

There will be, later. The deeper contents of our nature do not show themselves to us till we have seriously taken up the control of our moods and gained some power in the rejection of thoughts that disturb our peace and kindliness. But a little practice will give great results. The doorway into our greater nature can be opened in the end by all who try persistently to clear away the obstacles. STUDENT

Back to the Path

(*From an old French manuscript*)

I NEVER knew God from what they taught me about him, but from my slowly growing sense of a protecting Presence, ever trying to draw me to my highest in thought and deed.

I did not always know whether this or that was 'right' to do. But I knew that if, when in perplexity, I just acted, and *offered up* the act and its results to that Presence, all would go well; that in this sort of life selfish self-interest would gradually die away from me; and that with the dying away of this, my mind would at last become so clear as always to know how to act in line with the great purpose of that Presence. For this is right action.

The purpose behind all its separate purposes is the progress of mankind till all are as gods and worthy sons of God.

But for ages men have followed their own desire-born purposes instead; and so behold, the whole earth and the race thereon is sad and there is no progress.

If now some few here and there will come back to the path again through that mind-clearing, which comes from offering up all deeds, there will be light again. More and more will be drawn to follow this path, and life on earth will become again what the all-present Soul did purpose from the first.

Give Your Message

THE best writer on our old prison magazine, a man whose articles had often inspired us to better life and thought, told me he was ashamed when any of the men spoke to him of the good he had done with his writing.

"Isn't it hypocrisy," he said, "for me to be writing like that, being myself such a — well, being what I am, as full of faults as the rest?"

"Not a bit," I replied. "You get a wave of genuine uplift from your higher nature and write down for the rest of us what there is in it instead of just having the benefit of it for yourself. It is part of what the higher nature of each of us is saying to him, and the reading of it from outside helps our minds to get it from inside. So as long as you write as you feel at the time, don't bother about the fact that you haven't yet been able to make all the parts of you correspond with the high part then at work in you. Must a fellow wait before he writes anything high till he is perfect all through? No man is a hypocrite who writes the best he feels at the time and is himself intending to try to live out what he writes and isn't writing or speaking with the motive of making other fellows look up to him as a saint. The real comrade spirit will always keep a man safe from vanity or hypocrisy."

EX-CON.

Song

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

OLD Farmer Oats and his son Ned
They quarreled about the old mare's bed,
And some hard words by each were said,
Sing, sing ye all!

Chorus

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,
For it's all one when all's done,
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I!

Then Oats he bade the boy be hanged;
So up he stormed and out he banged;
And away to the heath and the wars he's ganged.
Sing, sing ye all! *Chorus*

Old Farmer Oats with his bent head
Is ever thinking of his son Ned,
And whether the lad be alive or dead,
Sing, sing ye all! *Chorus*

And every beggar and every thief
May go to the old man for relief;
For love is love and grief is grief.
Sing, sing ye all!

Chorus

Let every man stand for what is in his hand, say I,
Let every man give to keep a man alive, say I,
For it's all one when all's done,
Ye'll keep none when death's come, say I!— *Selected*

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Gleanings

"THERE is a sacred music in those words: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' There is in them an inner spiritual meaning that we might understand if we would move out into the grand Silences, if we would just believe in ourselves, find ourselves; if in our moments of silent prayer and aspiration we could deliver our burdens to the keeping of the Universal Law, and find ourselves in mood and intent and with a spiritual love that no words can express, sitting at the feet of the Law — of Universal Truth. There is in them new life and hope and joy."—*Katherine Tingley*

"THE idea of death! I am sure you will find afterwards, that as the soul passes out, in the silence, into the new birth, if your hearts are attuned to the deeper touches, that soul would say: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life!' And at such a time, instead of tears and regrets and pain and suffering, a great vista must open out to you. We have bridged the gap between the brain-mind and the soul and we are in the realm of broader thought; we are following the soul out into the NEW; we are freed from all those trials and difficulties that hold the body. While the body is going to dust, the soul is moving on, glimpsing the splendor of the Greater and the Grander Life afar."

— *From an Easter address by Katherine Tingley*

THINKING too long and too often of anything may throw it quite out of its proper proportion to the rest of things and give it too much power in our lives. The naturalist who thinks only of bugs may come to think bugs the most important subject in the universe. But to think much and often of something *really* important is the wise thing to do, for it will magnify it *into* its proper relation in our minds to smaller matters and give it the influence over our conduct which it deserves to have. Each of us thinks that he, as he knows himself, is all that there is of him. But in his best moments he can begin to sense dimly the presence of the rest of himself, his Other. And then, by thinking of this Self of Light oftener and oftener, and recognising the voice of conscience as it, he can give it more and more power and presence and at last feel it as more really himself than the self he is now tied up in. That is as things should be and now at last he can begin really to live.

PRISONERS who are trying to live a higher life sometimes get short periods of unexplained happiness almost like what they would feel if tomorrow were the day for their liberation. If they would hold and encourage these periods and not look for their warrant in some external event they could soon break through into an altogether new consciousness. For these periods are open doorways to the soul.

"THE human body is so complicated, it is subjected to so many disturbing influences, that it cannot work one day without some perceptible grating of its innumerable wheels. It is necessary to know how to say, 'That is nothing; it will pass.' For never forget that as soon as our attention, however little uneasy, dwells upon a sensation it becomes greater; if we know how to turn our minds away from it, it will diminish!"— *Prof. Dubois*

"ALL those which have been justly called the unhappy passions — fear, inquietude, discouragement, anger — lower the nervous tension and, as all organs work under the influence of the nervous system, they can all suffer from the reaction of our moral feebleness."— *Prof. Dubois*

"THE world is full of people who in one way or another are persuaded of their want of power, and this conviction almost certainly leads to real want of strength."— *Prof. Dubois*

"BEWARE of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence."

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

BOOKS and books: books that give you information; books that pass the time; books that are mental exercise; and books that touch the inner nature and uplift the thoughts. When you have found something that does that last, read from it often. Give it its full chance to do its work. Let it soak in little by little. A new character can be built in this way.

IF we had imagination enough we could create an inner sunshine that would do as much for us as the other outside.

"IF any man stumbleth not *in word*, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body also. For if we put the horses' bridles into their mouths that they may obey us, we turn about their whole body also. Behold the ships also, though they are so great and driven about by rough winds, are yet turned about by a very small rudder whithersoever the steersman willeth."— *St. James*

"WHEN but a boy, I sought thee, my father,
Finding thee first in thy golden disk [the sun];
And searching farther, from year to year,
I found thee at last in the light of my soul,
In the pulse of my love-warm heart;
And I knew thee then
As the infinite inner light in the minds of men;
As the love that speaks in their hearts."

—*From an Egyptian hymn to Deity, by L. M. Kueffner*

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

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AN OLD GREEK OPEN-AIR THEATER AT ATHENS

The one built by Mme Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters, 'Lomaland,' California, is on similar lines.

Drop it!

"NO more attention than a spot-light!"

As I passed, one of the men was saying that to the other, evidently referring contemptuously to some third fellow, one of the loose-minded tribe.

It was rather a vivid simile and it stuck in my mind. And as such things will, it presently began to develop.

The spot-light is sometimes made to travel about the stage, resting now on this figure, now on that, so as to make them successively prominent. It totally drops or forgets, so to speak, each figure that it leaves and concentrates its whole attention on the next, staying steadily there till the operator shifts

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it again. So the audience have the chance to get every detail of the actor it happens to be resting on.

That would not be a bad sort of mind to have! But I judged that it was just *not* the sort of mind which that criticised wobbler had. For the spot-light of *his* mind seemed to have been so waveringly upon the job he had in hand, whatever it was, that he had missed something important connected with it. Or maybe it was altogether off in the past or among the possibilities of the future.

It is related that on the night before one of his great battles Napoleon was found in his tent making out his laundry-list. The battle-plan was worked out and ready; the spot-light had shone full and steady upon it for as long as was necessary. The next figure on the stage was the laundry-list, and the light was moved off the battle-plan on to that. Nothing was now in sight but a laundry-list.

Is not that the way to efficiency — not in some one thing but in everything? Some men are specialists — 'efficientists' — in one thing, some in another; most of us in nothing. Why should we not be specialists in efficiency itself? That is, in the power of concentration, the steady spot-light. It needs a good deal of mind-training, but you get at it in two ways, for one of which the practice is quite easy and leads easily to the other. It is what you might call the 'drop it' power, demanding no strain at all — the power of 'dropping' out of the mind everything but the thing in hand. And it can be practised all day long till it is perfect.

Some things are very hard to drop: for instance, an injury, a wrong, an injustice. One keeps thinking of it while attending to other things. But there are a thousand things quite easy to drop. When some pleasant bit of work is done and we are laying off or beginning something else, we hark back agreeably and recall how we did it and how successful it was. Nothing is gained by that, and it is quite easy to stop it. Equally easy not to look forward in the same way. Equally easy with curiosity as to things going on that don't concern us, or don't yet; and in general as to the affairs of other men. It is practice in all such matters as these that soon begins to give us the power to 'drop' at will *whatever* comes up that hinders mental peace. Most of such things had better not be thought of any more, should be banished for good, and, at last, can be. Those that really require further thinking of should be made to wait submissively till the proper time. Thoughts containing 'I,' 'I,' are usually best got rid of at once. Nothing will be lost by that.

The power will grow by practice till at last we can 'drop' things *while they are happening;* till, for instance, we can hear a harsh word said to us and yet at the very moment not have the mind moved by it.

The personalities of others, in their unfavorable aspects, are thoughts that should never be allowed any room at all in the mind. Kindliness, which is the antidote (as well as, in this connexion, the 'drop-it' power), should be a steady flame in the heart. This flame is a great brain-steadier and tonic.

All this leads to the power of holding the mind like a spot-light upon anything it is put to consider, and so to the power of thoroughly grasping and understanding that thing, getting into its inwardness, noting its every detail and bringing all our knowledge to bear upon it. And then, by fixing it upon the highest things of life, the spiritual meanings of life, the spiritual essence of our own selves, we can come to understand these too. Thus we can come to be efficient all over and all through. We gain power and peace, peace that cannot be disturbed by anything. Our difficulties are in the mind, and in the mind that is disciplined is the opening of our path upward and onward.

STUDENT

Alcohol

THE DOCTOR'S AUDITORIUM TALK

NOW that alcohol has been dishonorably discharged from the service, as it would seem, I thought it might be interesting to some of you if we gave half an hour this morning to an examination of his conduct. If the bill against him is so heavy, why has he been allowed in the ranks so long? And why is he so popular?

The bill *is* heavy. Just how heavy we shall only know later on when we can compare the jail lists and the general health and mortality tables since his dismissal with those before. So far we only know that even the most strictly moderate acquaintance with him injures health and shortens life, and that the closer a man's acquaintance the likelier is he to tip over into crime.

Alcohol is usually called a stimulant. But it 'stimulates' by cutting check-reins and so letting things all over the body run loose instead of staying under guidance. It 'stimulates' or quickens the heart, for instance, by temporarily paralysing the nerve that keeps the heart in good order. It 'stimulates' the circulation in the brain (and so quickens thought at first) by paralysing that part of the nervous system that controls the circulation. It does *all* its 'stimulating' by paralysing the important centers of restraint. Afterwards, the organs thus 'stimulated' have the job of recovering from their exhaustion, and the paralysed or deadened centers and nerves of recovering from their paralysis. And if the alcohol is regularly used, however moderately, the recovery is never quite complete. Which is shown by the fact I referred to, proved by all kinds of insurance and benefit-society statistics — that even the most moderate use of alcohol shortens life and adds to the number

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of our 'sick days' per year — days gone from life.

But a quickened heart and a quickened brain-circulation and other quickened vital processes and organs, are, up to a certain point, pleasant, giving a delusive sense of actually increased quantity of vitality; just as (if he does not think) a man might get a pleasant sense of increased wealth by borrowing from next week's income to increase this week's, or drawing on his capital for the same purpose. By the use of alcohol in the form of wine, beer or spirits we do both these things. It is this treacherously pleasant sense of increased vigor that gives alcohol most of its popularity. In a small way it is a kind of food; but so are the strychnine bean and the deadly nightshade berry! Eat a crust of bread the size of your little finger and you get more than the nourishment of a pint of beer.

Why does alcohol promote crime, stimulate crime as we might say? Why does it make a man talk out what he shouldn't, loosen his tongue towards foolishness? The two questions have the same answer: Because it paralyses judgment — the faculty by which we are restrained from wrong or silly deeds and sayings. It lets loose certain impulses — 'stimulates' them — by paralysing the control.

In his lower nature man is an instinctive animal; above that, he is a thinking mind; above that, a controlling, judging soul. In each of these three sorts of functionings the brain is used, finer and finer elements or 'layers' of it as you go up from animal workings through mental to the restraining and guiding workings of soul. Paralyse the 'layer' of brain used in the last or highest, and the mind runs free, uncontrolled; thinks anyhow and anything, and mostly talks it all out as it thinks; and the man acts out whatever he happens to think of doing. The more alcohol on board, the more the man does and says the first thing to hand. Why not? The restraint of good judgment is not there.

As the drinking goes on, the mind itself loses grip, and the mere animal with its lusts and passions is all you can see. And last of all, this animal, the living body, begins to be paralysed. Balance is lost and the man cannot at last stand up at all. He lies on the pavement or under the table, now next to nothing but a breathing vegetable.

So you see that if you study the effects of this drug, you find them wholly paralytic from first to last: first, the highest human functions of the restraining judgment and conscience; then the higher mental activities, good reasoning and the rest; then the lower ones; then that in the body which corresponds to judgment — namely the power of *balance;* and finally the body as a whole, layer by layer, downwards. And naturally, at a certain stage of this, the *animal* man feels that he is having a good time. He has it all his own way. Judgment and conscience and good sense are no longer interfering.

Of course there is a bill to pay. For all the organs — brain, nervous system, liver, and so on — that have been irritated by the alcohol, even in the slightest degree, have become more or less spent out and have to build up again. And if, while they are about it, they get another touch of the same poison, the building is imperfectly done. So that when you examine the tissues of a real drunkard, you find that at last no real building has been done at all, and instead of living vital material everywhere, there is a hard



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THE GREEK THEATER, CONSTRUCTED IN 1901, THE FIRST IN THE U. S. A.
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

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and half-dead fibrous substitute in all the organs.

So on the whole we need not worry if this fellow is expelled from our society and restricted to what little service he may sometimes temporarily do for the doctors. And while we may be regretting that humanity has allowed him a free hand all these centuries, we can look hopefully forward to a greatly increased speed in the progress of those nations that have the sense to show him the door.

Never take the Count

HOW often do we find that the warmth and enthusiasm of last night have disappeared by the next morning, nothing left of them in the cold gray light! Where have they gone, and why?

The reason is that the *body* has changed. Perhaps some of the products of mis-digestion have got into the brain and nerves and put them out of shape, or the liver is not up to duty. And the mind, which has to live in the body, takes the 'shape' of this vessel it lives in. Here is the origin of most of its changes of mood from day to day, from last night to this morning.

But such changes do not happen with everybody and need not with anybody. You find some men just as genial and encouraging or warmly enthusiastic at one time as at another. Their minds don't get into out-of-tune moods, whatever may be going on in the body. It is only minds like that which can rise steadily, year by year, into fuller life and light, and at last, if their owners know how to guide them, win the consciousness of immortality. The rest of us, with minds more or less at the mercy of digestion and liver and bodily conditions in general, making perhaps a little progress when things are going well, lose it again and fall back to our base. *Some* slipping back may be inevitable; but if we score four paces ahead, we could at least avoid slipping back more than three and so keep one. For these 'ones' would do the business for us in time. The trouble is that when we find ourselves slipping the three, we throw up the sponge and let the three become four — even five! Never take the count, if you want victory.

A man does not need a solid bridge over a stream. Stepping-stones at not too lengthy intervals apart will do just as well. But if any one of them is missing there might as well be none.

The stepping-stones on which a man can cross to a new life of peace and light and sure knowledge, are the *small victories* he takes over himself. It is the *little* opportunities for self-rulership — apparently hardly worth taking, they seem so small and easy and unimportant — that may be made our stepping-stones to the other side. It is the use of these that will keep the flame of purpose glowing, prevent it from going out however low it seems to have got. If we miss them and the flame goes out, we have to begin all over again. That is why we make no progress on the path of self-conquest. But just as the flame seems about to go out, one of these opportunities for a bit of self-ruling, self-restraint in some matter, will turn up and by just quietly using it we save the situation, keep the link unbroken. Always score the little easy victories. It is one of them, one day, that will give us the chance for the final spring to the other side.

The stream is deceptive. The other bank often seems just as far away when only one or two steps remain, as when we began the journey. And sometimes it looks quite close when it is still some good way off. Don't get discouraged, nor fix a date when you'll make the last spring.

"I won't leave my room and go to breakfast," said a friend to the writer once, "till I have for just a minute or so got into my best state of mind, saluted as it were my best self standing above me like a light. And when I've got that minute of inspired silence, I've got something to set out from and look back to at odd times the rest of the day."

It is this minute at one's best, which, thought back to, gives the power to use the small occasions of victory. For in that minute there was every kind of power; and there is nearly as much in its repetitions— after practice, quite as much.

Look after the stepping-stones, and the intervals between will look after themselves. STUDENT

Cat or Dog?

"CAT men and Dog men — that's how I map out the crowd," said the yard philosopher; "though of course there's mixtures."

Most of us would be glad to have a cat around. We like cats. They're friendly, affectionate creatures, we say. But hold on! What's the affection like? Ain't it willingness to *receive* affection (and milk) and then to purr comfortably in response? Ever know any cat show *you* any affection? In the placid and purring luxuriance of her response, we don't notice that she never gives anything in return. (I speak, of course, of the average cat; no offense to special specimens.)

Now a dog's the other way about. He wants to show you his affection for you all the time. If he knew enough to think up anything he could do for you, the place wouldn't hold him till he'd done it. He wants your affection in return for his, but not for the increase of his own bodily comfort. He gives you back more than you give him; and what he's really after all the time is the heart-touch to and fro. Cats—mostly—don't have hearts, only blood-pumps.

You like some fellows as you like cats — because

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they purr so nicely and gratefully when you do anything for them or show them how much you appreciate them or respect them. They live on that and wilt without it. And they'll do little pleasant things for you — if it don't cost much trouble or any real sacrifice — just to get on your sunny side and make you think what nice fellows they are. They feel that thought and purr about it. And sometimes the real Cat nature of them is never seen or suspected by anybody — even themselves.

But now and then one of them wakes up to himself and starts to try and change himself into a Dog. "I'm nothing but a *receiver*," he says to himself, "and a clawed one at that, under the fur. And the liking I have for people is according to the nice way they think of me and the nice things they do for me. And I'm deadly sensitive if they fail me along those lines, or seem to forget to consider me and what I regard as my rights.

"But now I'm going to take the *Dog* line henceforth, take a steady stand on the *give out* direction instead of the *take in*. That's a *man's* job; the other isn't. And you get independent of the good feeling of others for you if you stick to the job of throwing out good feeling for them, and don't care a shuck whether they respond or not. Good feeling in a man is solid comfort and new life to him, whether it's coming in or going out. But the going-out kind you don't depend on anybody for and can be your own life-generator all the time. The supply of the other kind you've got to depend on others for, and it may play you a trick any day. I guess I'll stand up and be a man from now on — a man or a Dog, not a Cat any more. A Dog don't purr. And he's got a live heart and lives more in a minute than a Cat in a year." REPORTER



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A LOMALAND DIGNITARY, IVAN BY NAME

Portrait respectfully presented by himself to the readers of THE NEW WAY

Inertia

IT would be a good scheme if we made a difference in meaning between the words personality and individuality. A man's personality is made up of his customary line of thoughts and feelings, working out into his customary ways of conducting himself. He's set fast on that line and generally thinks he can't make any radical change in himself.

'Inertia,' in science, does not necessarily mean sluggishness. It means the force in a thing which tends to make that thing keep on doing whatever it is doing, whether staying still or moving. If a man is pushing against a car standing still on the track, the first nine-tenths of the power of his push is spent in overcoming its inertia. When he's got that neutralized, the remaining tenth starts the car. Once it's started it wants to keep on moving, and requires the same power of back-pull to stop it as of on-push to start it. Unless the man makes that much back-pull, it will drag him along with it. Inertia is its wish to stand still, if it is standing still, or to keep moving once it is moving. I've known men keep on working after they were dead-beat, when nothing compelled them to keep on but inertia. It took a long time for them to get up force enough in their wills to say to themselves, "Stop it! Not another stroke!" It was easier to keep on. That's inertia.

Some men will tell you they are sick of themselves, — of their own thoughts and ways. "The same old line of thoughts!" they say wearily as they come to themselves in the morning. The same self-worrying, fretting, wearing way of looking at things, the same snarlishness towards others, everything the same. And they don't know how to change it, to change their personality.

That's inertia, that persistence of our personality in its customary thoughts and ways after we are sick of them, that dragging of us along where we don't now want to go and would like something better.

Yet we ourselves gave it the push in that direction — or rather, the millions of pushes. In all the years past, and even now in the between-whiles of disgust, we voluntarily started and encouraged those lines of thinking and conduct that we now want to change. Is it any wonder that once started and encouraged year after year, they now run along of themselves and seem as if they can't be stopped?

But the law of inertia is a fine and beneficent one, after all. For we *ought* to be rubbed up against our wrong tendencies of thought and conduct till we thoroughly realize that they *are* wrong. No other way for it. We could never do better work unless we were forced to face our bad work and see the mistakes and get sick of them and of being dragged about.

The man had to push the heavy car a good while before it started moving. We have to push and force the mind in the new direction a long time before it will start and go there henceforth of itself. In the

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meantime we can be sure of this: that if we don't *voluntarily* push it any more in the old direction, its force along that way will finally get spent out of itself. While we are waiting for that, the point is to give no more *fresh* pushes that way, and to give every day some good hard pushes along the new way — first thing in the morning, last at night, now and then between. Give a while to the best thoughts and feelings we can, hold at them, push them hard — for five minutes, two minutes, one minute. They'll all count, every one, and at last we'll find the car beginning to take that way of itself. And then when the old forces have got spent out, that new way will be the way the mind and feelings are taking of themselves — and we on board! Gladly, this time.

So I mean by personality the thing with the inertia; and by individuality the man himself, the victim of his own past, who decides to be victim no more, but to create a new personality on a new line. One might call the individuality the soul. STUDENT

The Meaning of it All

ONE out of every so many hundred people is able to make nothing out of music. For them it is just a lot of separate sounds, meaning nothing at all. The writer knew one of them once and he told him that in listening to a violin or orchestra, he could not in the least imagine what his fellow hearers were getting out of it. He heard noises simply, not music. But he refused to accept the situation. He persisted in hearing and closely attending to all the music he could come at. And in the end he got his reward. Gradually the new sense — if you can call it that — awoke in him, the music sense, the soul of the mere hearing sense. The hitherto meaningless sounds showed him their meaning.

People learning Chinese or Japanese go through something like the same experience. For years the lines of curious little hieroglyphic marks mean nothing. But at last they begin to grow, as it were, transparent, and the words and meanings they denote shine out through them.

We look back at our lives and out into nature and see nothing but a meaningless string of events in the one case, or a meaningless picture of sky and sun and stars and sea and earth in the other. But some few men will not be content with that. They know that there is some meaning to it all, something beneath it trying to awaken something within them to an understanding and appreciation. Beneath nature is something more, the divine meaning and presence working itself out according to a great purpose. And the same in our own lives. Day follows day, year follows year, and event follows event. Something is trying to work itself out in us, to bring forth in us something more splendid than we can imagine. Our lives are not a succession of meaningless happenings. Divine Law is trying to awaken us to our own souls, to get us awake as souls that we may live in joy and understanding.

Katherine Tingley, the Foundress of THE NEW WAY, said in an Easter address of this year:

"From the lives of all there is something lacking. It is the knowledge of the one great key of Truth that man must have before he can go forward, before he can realize who and what he is, why he is here and what life means. He must have this key before he can interpret the strange and terrible happenings in the world — the seeming injustices. Find the life. Live it. Know what is behind all these things that strain and trouble and hurt you and bring you to points of despair, and you will find that Justice overrules even what seems injustice. To steady our thoughts that have been running hither and thither playing hide-and-go-seek with our lives all these times — that is what we must do; to sit in silence and find that which is unexpressed, which words can never bring forth. Then these great truths will dawn upon us and we shall unburden ourselves and throw aside all misgivings, all doubts, all hesitancy. Never again shall we falter in the pursuit of Truth. We shall seek it because it is our heritage; we shall seek it because it is our life, the panacea of all our woes; we shall seek it because we can wait no longer."

It is in the silence of all such thoughts as can go into words that we begin little by little to realize this grander part of our natures. And it is only as we open up this new life that the events and circumstances of the other, outer life lose their power to trouble us. STUDENT

The Christos Spirit

From an Address by Katherine Tingley

"WHEN man understands the necessity for self-directed evolution, that he must evolve through his own efforts, he will begin to find himself; he will reach that higher state of consciousness which belongs to the immortal man, which will sweep into his life, touch it with new energy, and bring an illumination to crown his efforts and his aspirations. If he be a musician, then we can imagine what grand symphonies will sweep into his life; if an inventor, we can conceive of profounder conceptions of what he is aiming to do; and ultimately he will find that the brain-mind, which the ordinary man depends upon, is but an instrument, which must be used by this higher power. The Christos Spirit is in every man. There is no monopoly of it; it belongs to each and all. Accepting this idea, intuitively at first and afterwards realizing it more fully, the development of the character follows, sometimes slowly, but always surely.

"If we could interpret this idea of the Christos Spirit rightly, realizing that each man possesses it, how very different human life would be today! How

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very easy it would be to understand that in self-directed evolution, in the growth of all things, just as Nature teaches us, there must be suffering! But if one is conscious of one's divinity, of the great urge ever dwelling in the heart, one can endure suffering patiently: for suffering sanctifies the life; it opens the mind to higher purposes, higher aspirations, more strenuous efforts, and a larger trust in the eternal verities. If there is anything that humanity needs today, it is to have a larger trust in the divine things of life, to have a royal and superb trust in oneself, in one's mission, in one's divinity.

"Mere intellect, with no touch of the divine in it, shuts out and obscures the light of truth and leads one to turn away from the inner Christos Spirit. One who follows the limited, negative path of life is self-sufficient, egotistic. He may read and study and work, and may have high purposes; but he is alone in a sense; he knows nothing of the companionship of the soul. But the man who is conscious of the Divine Spirit within ever guiding, ever urging him to grander efforts, is never alone. There is a companionship that is ever with him; in the desert, in the caverns of the earth, under the greatest sorrow, it will always be his.

"Accepting the idea of the Christos Spirit and the Divinity of man as the first step, working it out in the mind, in time it becomes a ladder by which man may climb to a higher state of consciousness. It opens a wonderful volume of knowledge, an understanding of death and rebirth. It shows the glory and richness of what is called death: that it is but rebirth, simply the throwing off of the old tired body that has worn itself out, simply the freeing of the soul from the body, that it may go forward to another school of experience, moving along the path of human perfectibility. Freed from the body, it seeks its own, resting and gaining strength and knowledge; reliving in the silence all the old victories; and having learned the lessons that the victories taught, pushing on to new experiences."

Suddenly One Day

SUDDENLY one day
The last ill shall fall away.
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud,
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue.
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God, staring back at him.—*Anonymous*

"OUR whole universe appears to me to be a god-making system, if the trend of evolution means anything understandable by man."— *Dr. R. T. Morris*

Upon the Mountain Top

MARTIN E. TEW

ALONE at night upon the mountain top!
Yet not alone, for here the soul communes
With all that ever was or ever shall be.
These granite peaks that crumble through the years
And trickle down to mingle with the sea,
And all these circling suns and whirling worlds
Shall pass to other forms; the Soul of things
Is changeless through the unending reach of time.

Here is that mighty Presence, which we know
But cannot see, which fills and animates
All space, from farthest east to farthest west,
Higher and deeper than the utmost thought,
Eternal, infinite, immutable;
Unchanged by prayer, in justice absolute;
Fountain of every good, unfailing source
Of health and strength, of courage, joy, and love —
Called by the seers and sages of the past
Jehovah, Father, Brahm, Allah, The Law.
But what word can define the unknowable?
What line can measure the unfathomable?
The tongue is impotent: let silence speak.

Who violates the all-embracing Law
By quest of selfish joys — whose eyes are blind
To the great truth of brotherhood — becomes
A captive in a prison-house of flesh —
Chained by false thoughts of self, slave to desire,
Tortured and racked by griefs, illusions, pains.
A vision of the truth shall make man free,
And as a bird from serpent's charm released
His soul will rise to heights where all is fair
And evil seems but shadow to the good.

Lift me above deluding thoughts of self —
Above all envies, hatreds, false desires;
And as a dewdrop mixes in the sea,
Or as a note blends in a symphony,
Blend me with the Eternal Harmony.
So shall I know and serve all living things:
Being one with all, I serve my greater self.

Alone at night upon the mountain top!
In this broad view there is no night or death,
And I am not alone. The worlds are bathed
In everlasting light; the universe
Is but a surging, shoreless sea of life
And all is one: I am the Infinite.

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The New Way Quotebook

A TASK seems long and tedious only when we are thinking of other and promiscuous matters and especially of the next thing to be done or something we want to be getting to. The time a job seems to take is measured not by the clock but by the numbers of side-slips of attention and glances ahead. A few weeks' practice in keeping attention on the work in hand and silencing the restless thoughts would not only cure the tedium and give us peace but open up something new in our natures. Every situation that faces us in life is a concealed opportunity.

"A MAN who controls himself enters the sacred land through his own self-controlled will."

— *Buddhistic saying*

"LET a wise man blow off the impurities of his self as a smith blows off the impurities of silver, one by one, little by little and from time to time."

— *Buddhistic saying*

"ALL a man's difficulties, all his obstacles, are in the mind, in the thoughts with which he is accustomed to let it be tied down. And by his mind he attains deliverance through the continued cultivation of thoughts that bring peace and light. These are the unloosening of its wings."— *Eastern*

IT is the last step that makes the others count.

ANY little act of self-restraint in the face of a temptation may turn out to be the last effort on that line we shall need to make, the last blow necessary to win that battle for good. It may even open the door once and for all to the soul.

A FEW pieces of iron wire stretched along a board and hit with hammers! Yet a musician manages to make the sublimest meanings come out through that coarse mechanism. And the artist does the same with some colored powders rubbed into paste with linseed oil. Crude matter is capable of a good deal if you know what to do with it! When we come to know what is the real use of our bodies — made of matter at its very farthest from crude — what shall we not get out of them!

"WHO can believe that a thinking being, which is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and traveling on from perfection to perfection, must perish at his first setting out, and be stopped short in the beginning of his inquiries? Death overtakes him while there is yet an unbounded prospect of knowledge open to his view, while his conquest over his passions is still incomplete and much is wanting of that perfect standard of virtue which he is always aiming at, but never can reach."— *Bishop Porteus*

"WHEN the wolf of selfish desire is asleep there is peace in the mind so that it may seek after the Light and strengthen itself in its aspirations. But in no long time he will awake and stedfastly hinder the full fruition of the seeking.

"And there is peace likewise when the wolf of desire has been fed and is satiated and no longer paces to and fro in his restlessness. But he cannot be satiated for long and then he will be again at thy doors.

"The true peace comes only with his death. Feed him no longer and when starvation has weakened him it will be possible to go forth suddenly and slay him at a stroke. Then will the mind rejoice in its freedom and may reach the supreme knowledge."— *Chinese*

THE external world is for each man so much of the real external world — infinite in its depth and extent — as can get into his mind through his perceptions and be comprehended by him. God, for each man, is so much (or so little) of infinite Deity as he can take into his mind by coming into touch with. Let him be always expanding and deepening his conception, always recognizing that he reaches and assimilates but single rays of That whose rays are infinite and that his highest conceptions must necessarily differ from the highest conceptions of other men. All religious divergencies have come from the forgetting of this principle.

YES, I shall have troubles in time to come as I have had in times past. But I lived through the latter, somehow, and here I am. And sometime I shall be looking back upon those that are to come and see that I lived somehow through them too. The way to cure present troubles is to look rightly upon past ones.

To hate is to be in pain. If you doubt that, consider whether you can hate and be happy at the same time or even on the same day.

A MAN is making progress when he is more annoyed at his inability to stand an irritation unmoved than at the irritation itself.

THE man with the toothache thinks everybody happy whose teeth are sound. The poverty-stricken man makes the same mistake about the rich man.

ALL great creations of art, music or poetry are attempts of the imprisoned human spirit to get out into its own sight. The rest of us appreciate these creations because the same spirit is in all of us. The search for Truth is the same attempt of the human spirit to understand itself.

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

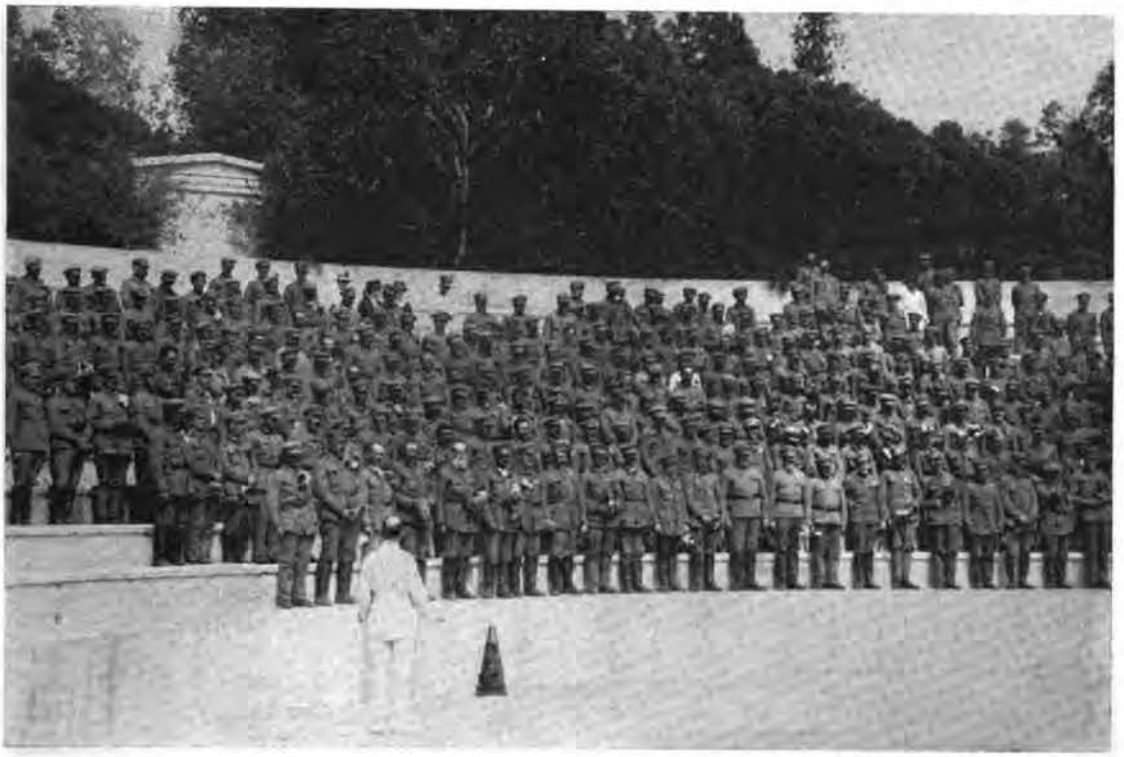
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ČECHOSLOVAKIA AT POINT LOMA

A large body of Čechoslovak soldiers, passing through San Diego on their way home, were recently entertained by Mme. Katherine Tingley at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. They are here shown in the open-air Greek Theater, standing as they sang one of their patriotic national songs.

Take the Reins

PSYCHOLOGY — a large word; as we moderns use it, it means the science of mind. But it is a curious fact that you can read a lot of books on this line without getting much practical wisdom as to how to handle your mind. And if you don't get that wisdom, it will be your mind that handles you all the time; and the result of that may be that your life is wrecked. Let's leave the books alone and find out for ourselves something about the science of mind and the art of managing it. If we do that and apply the art, there will be nothing we cannot make of our lives.

The mind has a pretty strong will of its own. What it wants to think about it will think about, whether

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you want it or not. Pleasures of days gone by not now to be had, mistakes we have made, wrong or mean things we have done, ill-usage we have suffered — when the mind goes off on lines like these, is it easy, is it always even possible, to pull it off and induce it to spare us the pain it is causing?

The art of life consists, as we said, in managing and handling the mind instead of being handled by it. In any case we have to follow it wherever it goes, just as a man in a cart has to follow the horse. No escape from that and no need to be. The point is that the horse shall go where you determine, not where he determines. There are reins, but most of us have forgotten that they exist and have never even noticed *that we are not the horse.*

They call the mind a mirror for reflecting to us in a comprehensible way whatever is going on around; when it acts as memory we see again what has formerly gone on; when it acts as anticipation, what *may* happen.

But it is mostly a lying mirror, getting everything out of proportion, magnifying some things and leaving others out of account altogether. It will bring out and magnify some wrong we have suffered, till we cannot see or think of anything else, neglecting all the parts and activities of our lives that that wrong had nothing to do with and did not and does not interfere with. For the time — even for years — even for all the rest of life — this memory may paralyse our best work and blot out most of our happiness.

It will magnify some unpleasant quality or peculiarity in the ways or outwardness of some other man, till we cannot see anything else of him *but* that, none of his good, nothing of him that may be better than anything *we* have.

It will magnify some pleasure, till life seems a mere desert if that cannot be had, and perhaps draw us into crime to procure it.

It will magnify some little scheme or bit of work we have in hand, till there is nothing else in sight at all; and follow that with another and that with another, till the best years of life are gone in such trifles, and the awakening to the great and real matters of life has become hardly possible.

It will magnify the little annoyances and discomforts and disappointments that happen all the time to everybody (and by wise men are let pass almost without notice), till they join themselves together and blot out the intervening stretches of pleasantness and sunlight that are likewise scattered along in between, in every life.

It will magnify restrictions of rule and closed doors, till it seems that no avenues of liberty and no open doors remain.

It will create in imagination and then magnify possible misfortunes (of which ninety per cent. won't come and the rest will find us with plenty of strength to meet them when they do), till they chill the courage out of our hearts and well-nigh paralyse our wills.

And lastly, it will magnify our own personalities (which are not our real and permanent selves at all), till the needs, interests, joys and sorrows of everyone else are forgotten and each one is himself the whole of the miserable little piece. The personality is a false self because it is built up by our false ideas and pictures of ourselves, always changing.

All this seems a serious indictment! But this same power of doing us so much harm can be made to render us supremely good service.

If a bicycle-rider, seeing a nailed horseshoe in the road, wants to avoid it, he must look at something else to one side of it. If he looks *at* it, whatever his desire to avoid it, he will surely ride straight upon it. If we let the mind dwell on a wrongful action often enough and picture it more and more vividly, we shall infallibly be drawn sometime into committing it. We must disregard that thought, put another in place of it, whenever we find it coming up. Then it will never acquire this evil strength and will soon die altogether.

Small thoughts — about trifles and things unimportant — if habitually permitted, ultimately produce a small and trifling man. Large, fine thoughts about the world and life and the soul and humanity, gradually work out towards a fine character.

No duty is small when done in the right spirit — the spirit of wanting to do it and do it well, because it is there to be done. It wouldn't be there if the doing of it in that spirit had not some bearing upon our growth of character, growth of our power to inspire others to right conduct, and if it were not one of the necessary steps to larger and profounder duties here or hereafter. Make the mind think of every duty in this way; surround them, as it were, with light and promise and dignity.

If a man thinks of himself as getting old, wearing out, becoming useless, his powers begin to go accordingly. He is paralysing himself. If he keeps the consciousness of interior light and energy, if he won't allow any other thought or feel of himself to exist in his mind, he will not only become a permanent tonic and invigorator to his own body, but when it does begin to fail according to Nature's law he will not feel himself as failing with it; and as he approaches death he will have become aware that he will go through it easily and triumphantly into a larger beyond. The outer falls away; but he, the light within, passes on. Death is no trouble to a man who has trained his mind in right thinking. And thinking in long terms like this makes present restrictions, discomforts and frictions look very small and unimportant. The view ahead is so large and full of light and hope that such things don't seem to matter any more. The great thing is to use them as opportunities for getting strength of character. It may not be easy to look at an enemy with friendliness, even

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while resisting him if necessary; but it becomes so, if we habitually think of friendliness to all as part of the very essence of our power, our light, our spiritual energy — part of ourselves. If we want to grow this fine and immortal essence we must try to grow *all* of it, all of its aspects, at once. If we want to get nearer to Deity we must grow the qualities of Deity in our minds — energy, devotion in duty, boundless good-feeling towards others, light, joy.

So it is a new kind of thinking we are after, a turning of shadows and trifles little by little out of the mind and their substitution by large matters, thoughts that give hope and courage and confidence, thoughts of life as a pathway leading to fields where every worthy power in us will have full scope for activity. When once we have got the new keynote sounding, the mind will have changed from an enemy into a great ally and instrument. STUDENT

Fresh Records

THE principle of Association of Ideas keeps most of us in a very tight grip without our ever noticing what the real trouble with us is. But if we got the upper hand of it and *used* it, instead of being its slaves, we could change our whole mentality and nature into any shape we chose.

Why does a man feel strange and not himself in new surroundings? Because the new surroundings haven't yet got any of his customary thoughts and feelings associated with them. *They* are all left behind in the *old* surroundings and he feels sort of naked in the new ones. "That's my writing room," an author I was once staying with said to me as he showed me over his house. "As soon as I get in there and shut the door, my thoughts begin, but I can't get an idea anywhere else."

The scent of a rose or jasmine flower will sometimes bring back by association some scene of a man's life forty years gone by. When I was a child my mother used sometimes to give me a dose of castor-oil in coffee 'to hide the taste.' Of course it didn't, and to this day the smell of some kinds of coffee will bring back just a thought of that rank but excellent medicine.

But if a room, or an old coat, or a scent, or the sound of a distant village church-bell on a Sunday evening, will get charged with associated ideas and memories, just think how the body we live and think in every hour must get charged! That's a fact we ought to think out carefully. What's a man's personality? His customary ways of thinking and feeling, isn't it? Well, he's been working into his body those ways of thinking and looking at things ever since he took charge of it. They're at hand, right to the front, every second of the time. Is it any wonder that he stays about the same sort of chap as he always was? He's all surrounded and hemmed in and clouded over with his old self. That's *habit*. Habit is not only doings; it rules thinkings and feelings. A man's sense of himself, what he ordinarily means by *I*, is just the continuation of all his years of previous sense of self and ways of thought.

Suppose a man trained himself to study geometry every morning right after breakfast; wouldn't thoughts along that line begin to set in of themselves just about that time after a month or so? As soon as the body was satisfied with the breakfast, that feeling would lead on by association to what we might call the geometry feeling, just as with most of us it leads on to the having-a-smoke feeling.

Well then, if a man wants to change his personality he must use this same principle: get the thoughts and feelings proper to the sort of personality he wants, in defiance of any that may happen to be holding the field at the time and whatever the temporary bodily state, maintaining himself in his new attitude for as long as he can — from a minute or two upward. If he keeps up that practice he will come to find that he is associating more and more of the ever-changing bodily states with his new line of mental states and thoughts, ousting and replacing the old ones. And finally he will make the change complete. There will be nothing more of the old personality.

Suppose, for instance, that he's one of those fellows that are everlastingly critical of others, their ways and little peculiarities and what not. Well, he must practise the feeling of good-will all the time, taking the opportunity to start that up in himself whenever he meets anybody. At last the association is struck up. The sight of other fellows of itself begins to call up his friendliness. He gets the habit of ousting his old harsh thoughts as fast as they appear, and his whole nature becomes clearer, his mind freer and smoother-running, probably his digestion better, even.

Why should we not do something with meal-times, three a day, a thousand and more a year? Let the food go in with the best thoughts we can get, instead of any that happen to come along. Make *that* association and we could begin to do more rebuilding both of mind and body than we easily realize. Might as well run some *mental* sunlight all through our veins along with the other sunlight that's in the food anyhow, ay?

There are states of the body when fears about the future, useless regrets about the past, and thoughts of wearing out, becoming old, becoming useless, are peculiarly apt to come up — poisons to body and mind, all of them. Break the association; refuse such thoughts a moment's hearing; perhaps read something that will take the mind another way; have nothing more to do with any of that stuff. We wear out and die twenty or thirty years before we need, most of us, because we consciously or unconsciously think we must. Such thoughts are in the air, and we soak them up and they get to work in us.

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We are all pretty loose-minded and unconcentrated. Suppose we made the habit, while doing certain things, of holding the mind steady on them. After a while the mere beginning of them would itself arouse the will to this steadying action. And the habit once formed for that particular occasion would spread along to others.

Inward happiness can be made a habit. If it is created in the heart for a minute or two several times a day, it will in a few weeks have become associated with so many bodily states that it begins to come of itself and ultimately is permanent.

So we have perhaps found out one of the things that the body is for. It is a many-paged register in which we write our thoughts and feelings. The pages are always turning back and forth so that we are always having to 'read' on some page what we wrote on it before. This is the only way in which we could gradually learn what to write and what not to. But at any time we can begin substituting new and better writing for the old poor stuff. For not only is the old stuff always tending to fade out if we stop renewing it, but from time to time entirely new and clean pages present themselves which can be emblazoned with golden characters. In other words there is no change we cannot make in ourselves once we have understood and will work with this principle of association. We can always begin saying goodbye to our old selves and beckoning a new one to come up on the horizon with the sun of infinite promise behind it. STUDENT

Secret Diplomacy

IT is not always wise to tell your personality what you are going to do. Keep your plan to yourself and pay it out bit by bit. 'Making good resolutions' may be telling your personality too much. "I'll never loll in my chair any more when there's something that ought to be done." That's telling your personality too much. The job will seem discouragingly big to it, impossible to carry through. "What!" it will say. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and for months and years and always?" And very likely you'll never succeed even once and will have had a bad defeat, very weakening to character and to all future resolutions.

The fact is that in every man who has any rightness in him at all, there is already a supply of good resolutions existing secretly, out of view of the mind (or personality). And more of them develop way back in there as fast as his strength of character grows. They're apt to get limited if you drag them out too soon into hard-and-fast words. But now and then one of them will suddenly come forth as if *on its own account*, and accompanied by what you feel to be power enough to put itself through. That's all right. The personality has got to take that, whether it likes it or not; and in these cases it is often quite willing.

Very often, as we said, when you put a resolution into hard-and-fast words, you only get part of it. Deep inside and hidden from the personality there might for instance be a broad and fine resolve to be more of a man in general, tighter-strung, more positive and virile. This may be the man who says he won't loll 'any more' in his chair when there is something to be done. By saying that to himself he may limit his large resolve down to that one point, and even if he wins more or less for a while on that one, his attention is so taken up with it that he may do nothing else, none of the other things that the deep resolve really covers.

Time is made of *nows*. Get up *now* from the chair and then throw the thing out of mind. If the hidden resolve were to be put into words at all, perhaps it would be *self-energization*, or perhaps simply — *a man*. Make that the ideal; let the mind think approvingly of it from time to time; rest on it as something worthy to be attained; get the feel of it apart from the application to any particular sort of deed. Gradually the opposite tendency existing in you will become clear to you whenever it is running you, and will excite your dissatisfaction with yourself. You will not be comfortable at being out of tune with your ideal. And presently, whatever sort of occasion it may be on which you find this general slackness trying to run you, you will bring your fist down hard on it and squash and counter it with some vigorous action.

It isn't that one openly resolves, 'Henceforth I will do this'; one simply gradually develops that inner state in which, as fast as opportunities are seen, one *does* do this or that in accordance with the new way and keynote. The ideal works out of itself so long as it is encouraged by being dwelt on approvingly in mind and responded to by deeds in the successive *nows*. The new tone sounds on. The body alters gradually and becomes more alert, not only outwardly and visibly, but in those inward ways that we cannot *directly* influence, but which, when thus indirectly got at, bring sounder health and more power of resisting disease. So at last, with new self-respect, we find it *pleasanter* to pass sharply and crisply from one occupation to another, to fill out each duty fully, leaving nothing undone, no loose ends hanging out anywhere.

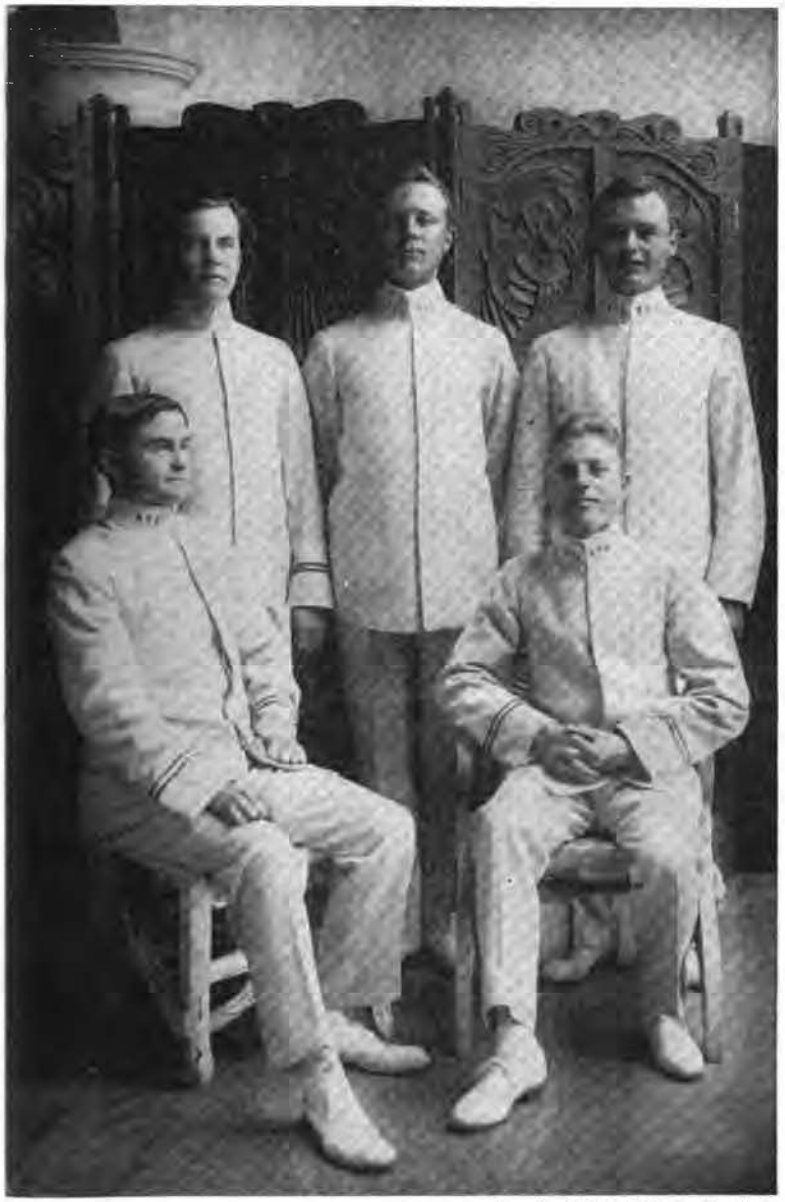
The same with every other sort of self-control. We dwell on an ideal of manliness, with a corner of our eye on the weakness that is especially in our way; making no hard-and-fast resolutions with respect to that weakness — though not forgetting that aforesaid sideways glance with the corner of our eye. Then in the *nows* we begin to suddenly snatch small and easy victories on that line, never thinking ahead. Just *this* victory.

So, little by little, we win out all along the way.

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"Let a man blow off the impurities of his self, little by little and from time to time, as a smith blows off the impurities of molten silver." And two other sayings from the same ancient source: "Never take into consideration whether a duty is pleasant or unpleasant," and, "Never make excuses to yourself." Be honest; be ready to say to yourself, "Yes, I guess I failed there."

Let us also remember that the same fault takes many apparently unrelated forms. If on some occasion we smash one manifestation of it, take one victory — perhaps very small-looking, hardly worth taking, we say — we have certainly made all the other forms of that failing feel that they too are hit. STUDENT



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STUDENTS REPRESENTING THE RÂJA-YOGA COLLEGE, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE *THE NEW WAY* IS PUBLISHED

Râja-Yoga is an old Sanskrit term, implying the balance and co-operation of the physical, mental and spiritual departments of human nature.

Home-Made Religion

IT was the midday off-time and the men in the lumber yard were sitting around in the sun eating their lunches. I was in the office, the window was open, and the talk of a couple of the fellows right under floated in to me. Somehow it didn't seem mean to listen, once I had caught the drift of the first sentence.

"I saw my little chap steal a dime out of my trousers pocket once as I was lying in bed and he thought I was asleep. And I tell you it taught me a lesson about how to bring up children.

"I had always put the whip to him or punished him in some other way when he did wrong, and I thought he was growing up on pretty well the right lines. But after seeing that little theft I said to myself — and it all came in about one clock-tick:— 'Why *should* he be on the right lines? All he knows is, that if he does wrong and gets caught he'll be punished. *Wrong*, to him, means simply what he's punished for. And the moral he naturally draws is — don't do it when you're likely to be found out.'

"I thought all this pretty quick, as I told you, and then I suddenly said: 'Johnny, I saw you do that.' He dropped the dime all startled and looked at me with a white face and beginning to tremble. I wanted to do a bit more thinking and I said: 'Run away now, Johnny'— just like that, quite quiet.

"We had breakfast, him and me and his mother and little brother, and he never spoke a word nor gave a look off his plate. And when breakfast was over I said I wanted to speak to him alone a minute, and the others went away.

"And I said: 'Johnny, you feel a bit mean, don't you, sonny?' He had thought I was going to take a whip to him, and the loving way I spoke all broke him up and he started to cry. And in a minute he looked at me, just one glance, and says: 'Yes, daddy.'

" 'There's no whip coming, Johnny,' I said. 'But

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wouldn't you have felt fine if you'd just hated that mean feeling and put the dime back and come and told me about it?'

"And he just said: 'Yes, daddy.'

"And I said: 'That's the way to do all the time, Johnny. Just try to keep that fine feeling and never do things that make the mean feeling come. I want a fine little boy with me, with all the mean part gone right away. We've all of us got a mean part of some sort. But the *other* part is what makes a man of us. It's there all the time, just waiting. And when the mean part's gone you run about all happy and not afraid of anything, and when mother and me look at you and you look at us with the fine part in your eyes we get happy too and we think, Now the fine part's all there and he looks as if the mean part was gone for good. Perhaps it'll come again a *little* bit, yet a while. But you won't want that, and so you'll hold up your head like a little man and put your foot down hard and say, No, you don't. And so at last there'll be nothing but the fine part left and *that's you*, sonny.'

"And he came round to me and put his little hand on my knee and looked up to me and I said: 'Now I guess we're all straight about it, aren't we?' And he nodded, with the tears in his eyes.

"But I was talking all the time to myself as much as to him. How could he boss the wrong part if he saw me not doing it now and again, one way or another? And even if he didn't *see*, I thought, wouldn't there be something about me he could *feel* if I wasn't playing the game all the time, something that would work on him and he not know what? And the other way about. If I took a hold on myself and stood up straight all the time, wouldn't that make a something around me that would give him a help to the same and make the right line kind of natural and easy for him?

"Well, it worked out that way after a bit and we had a new time, all of us. I was never much, myself, on what they call the religious line; but I guess this fine stuff in a man that he tries to live by is what sees him through when he dies."

"Soul?" said the other man meditatively.

"Aye, I guess so. . . . Belongs to what those Red Indian fellows call 'The Great Spirit,' 'Great Father.'"

LISTENER (just this once)

Ambition

AMBITION to get ahead of the other fellow is too limited a business. The only ambition that yields large and satisfactory results is the ambition to get ahead of your *own* fellow. It's dissatisfaction with all that your own fellow is in every department of his nature and the determination to outdistance him. Everything he does might be done a bit better, from his style of walking and eating up to his style of thinking and feeling.

Even eating? Yes. There's two ways of eating and at least four sorts of food. Most fellows think that in eating there's nothing but the eating to do. There is. Eat with the notion that you're *taking control of the body now* and propose that the food you're giving it shall work right all through and build it in better shape than it's ever been before, more life, and higher, cleaner life and health, more spring in mind and body.

Another sort of food is all the lines of duty that come up to be done. Treat 'em the same way; make 'em yield you more thoroughness, more energy, more concentration, more will. Try that a year. Think of duties as food and medicine.

Another sort is anything that happens, whether pleasant or unpleasant. Most men take pleasant things as they take nice food, just lap at the pleasantness of it. React better to them. If they're proper pleasures, think of them whilst you take them as giving you more life, more energy, for use later on when you need it. Weave the pleasure into yourself voluntarily instead of just letting it seep in. And try to meet painful events so as to get something out of them too, more will, more endurance. Don't go down under them. Don't let them down you; use them for your own profit.

Events and duties are *character* foods. *Mind* foods are whatever you study. A man ought always to have a study of some sort in hand as well as the reading that just passes the time. But make the mind food do its best. React to it. Think it out. Concentrate. Have not only more knowledge each day, but more power to get knowledge — which means more concentration.

Body, mind, character, will — well, yes. There's something more to be fed. A man ought day by day to be getting nearer to his soul, more conscious of its presence with him in every good effort he makes, getting more power to create that inner silence and peace for a few moments now and then in which he can at last become sure of his soul.

Ambition! It's a great word if a man means by it the will to keep getting ahead of himself all the time and in everything, never comparing himself with anybody else nor dragging himself up by the roots to see how he's growing. You get out of it all the good there is in ambition of the ordinary kind and a thousand times more. The ordinarily ambitious man is mostly useless to the world and may be a nuisance — as well as being no use to himself from a long-range point of view. The right sort of ambitious man is of more and more use to his fellows and keeps that as a constant part of his ambition, never lost sight of. Each day he is a day younger. STUDENT

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Opening the Top Story

A MAN should prepare a place for himself to live in when he shall be old, when all his present pleasures and occupations shall have become difficult or impossible to him. For whatever care he may give to his body, the time must come in the progress of the years when the muscles and nerves will not render their former service and the senses will grow dim. To what place in himself may he then retreat, finding another life in himself to compensate for the life of body and brain and senses which is dying down?

It may be too late to find it if he leaves the finding till he wants it. But if, by the time of old age, he *has* found it, the very dying down of the outer life will help him in his development of the inner. Just as childhood and youth are meant to give full expression to the one, so is old age meant as an opportunity for the other. By the very fact of its decline, the body serves us again. In our moments of true silence, when we have succeeded in recognising that we are not dependent upon brain thoughts, nor upon sensations of any kind, for our consciousness, moments when real self-finding is beginning — it is in these moments that we are opening up a life that will be much more than compensation for the life that dies down with the years. It is a new consciousness, a higher form of mind.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven," and "The Kingdom of Heaven *is* within you," are two sayings that contain the secret of 'How to be happy though old,' and not only happy but awake and alert and responsive to the finer elements of life.

Let us remember that I am still *I* when I stand above brain thoughts and sensations, when I look upward and away from them, when I face the Light and stand up in it, for the moment new-born. S.

Let Something Good Be Said

James Whitcomb Riley

WHEN over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words to blame, or proof of so and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.—*Selected and shortened*

A New Game

Samuel Minturn Peck

SUPPOSE one truly tried each day
To do at least one deed
To make another's life more gay,
Or fill his lack or need —
Suppose one really sought to see
This way the world to bless —
Why, just think, you or I might be
That man of happiness!

Suppose we made of it a game —
'Twere surely easy done —
At cares and tears to take our aim
And shoot them one by one;
To set a weary face a-smile
A sport might be — confess.
As title does it not beguile —
A man of happiness?

'Twould need no racket, nor a ball,
Nor mallet, nor a bat;
A kindly, willing heart were all,
My Friend — just think of that!
To go about a-sowing joy
On others who have less —
You could not help but be, old Boy,
A man of happiness.

For game laws none need give a hoot —
Leave them for deer and bear;
There is no lack of game to shoot —
The world is full of care;
And aching hearts are all about,
In spots where few would guess,
Who crave, and crave beyond a doubt
A man of happiness.

'Tis surely worth experiment,
So let your will incline,
And try one day with firm intent
This small idea of mine.
Nor appetite, nor sleep will wane,
A drowsy bed you'll press,
And credit in the sky you'll gain,
O man of happiness!

—*From the Boston 'Transcript'*

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New Way Gleanings

"I MUST give that up," he said with a sigh
As he thought of his favorite sin;
"*I will throw that out*, is a manlier cry,"
Said the Warrior Self within.

THE man who can truly say, "I have taken charge of my mind," instead of, as heretofore, finding himself always at the mercy of his mind — has opened his path. But he cannot take charge the same day as he first begins to try!

"As a fletcher makes straight his arrow, a wise man makes straight his trembling and unsteady thought, which is difficult to guard, difficult to hold back.

"It is good to tame the mind, which is difficult to hold in and flighty, rushing wherever it listeth; a tamed mind brings happiness.

"Let the wise man guard his thoughts, for they are difficult to perceive, very artful, and they rush wherever they list: thoughts well guarded bring happiness.

"If a man's thoughts are unsteady, if he does not know the true law, if his peace of mind is troubled, his knowledge will never be perfect.

"Whatever a hater may do to a hater, or an enemy to an enemy, a wrongly-directed mind will do us greater mischief.

"Not a mother, not a father will do so much, nor any other relative; a well-directed mind will do us greater service." — *Sayings of Buddha*

BELIEVE yourself to be above the body, and you presently find that you are.

"EACH failure is a step advanced
For him who will consider how it chanced."
— *George Meredith*

"IMAGINATION is the bridge between the mind and the soul." — *Katherine Tingley*

"DO not despise your situation, in it you must act, suffer and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the Infinite." — *Amiel*

"WE often suffer from functional troubles which are not caused by organic changes and in the development of which the mind plays an immense part. Man suffers quite differently from the animals and he suffers more than they. He does not content himself, so to speak, with the suffering which is the equivalent of the physical disorders; he increases them by imagination, aggravates them by fear, keeps them up by his pessimistic reflexions." — *Prof. Dubois*

YOU get good-feeling towards a man who has done something for you. Another sort is got by doing something for him. The latter is the better and moreover may be obtained at any time.

IN our attempts to grasp the light of our souls we seem like infants learning the use of their limbs. Attracted by some bright object they make all kinds of random movements in every direction, and only after much experience can they learn which of these is the right one and which will be futile. But *because they never cease their attempts* they do at last infallibly succeed.

"MAN can, actually, acquire a trait by assuming, in defiance of reason, that he already has it."
— *James Cabell*

"THERE is nothing which happens, you know, which must not inevitably, and which does not actually, photograph itself in every conceivable aspect and in all dimensions. The infinite galleries of the past await but one brief process and all their pictures will be called out and fixed forever. We had a curious illustration of the great fact on a very simple scale. When a certain bookcase, long standing in one place, for which it was built, was removed, there was the exact image on the wall of the whole and of many of its portions. But in the midst of this picture was another — the precise outline of a map which had hung on the wall before the bookcase was built. We had all forgotten everything about the map until we saw its photograph on the wall. Then we remembered it, as some day or other we may remember the sin which has been built over and covered up, when this lower universe is pulled away from before the wall of eternity, where the wrong-doing stands self-recorded." — *Oliver Wendell Holmes*

(Who forgot to add that every *good* deed and effort and thought must also stand recorded on those same walls of *time*.)

"IT is necessary everywhere and all times to know how to stop in time a tempest of emotional feeling as we stop the vibration of a glass by putting our finger upon its edge. I often hear people to whom I give this hygienic moral advice answer me with vivacity: 'But I cannot do it; I have always been like this; it is my temperament.' I do not doubt it. But by rational education of ourselves we modify our ideas and our sentiments and we make our temperament of a noble character. It is by no means necessary for that to have a strong will, considered as a free power. It suffices to think well, to see clearly before us the path to be followed. When one is quite convinced of a truth it seizes upon him and leads him on. A French philosopher, Guyau, has said: 'He who does not act as he thinks, thinks badly.' "— *Prof. Dubois*

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for Soldiers and Sailors

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And Pass on to Another

"The drift of the World Will
Is stronger than all wrong." — *Edwin Markham*

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

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CHILDREN'S DANCE IN KATHERINE TINGLEY'S PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* IN THE GREEK THEATER, INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

Body, Soul, and Spirit

WE often use words that tell more of the deepest sort of truth than we suspect. They are ordinary phrases. Everybody uses them. But everybody came to use them just because everybody almost unconsciously knew that they did exactly fit the facts of the case.

"I feel in rather a good mood today," or, "I'm in a rotten mood today; I wish I could shake it off." "*In* a mood"; "shake it off" — off from myself. But then, who am I that can (or perhaps cannot) shake off this wrapping of mood?

And with the mood there is a line of thoughts that we may wish we were not having; or we may be glad that today we are having thoughts that are pleasant. We perceive that our mood and our stream of thoughts are good, and we encourage them; or that they are bad, and we try to alter them and may or may not succeed. If a man finds that a gramo-

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phone record is not one he likes, he takes it out and puts in another; or his machine might be so made that it could not be stopped in the middle of a record but must run out to the finish.

We have a whole scale of moods — with thoughts to correspond — ranging from the highest and most spiritual down to the most surly and selfish and quarrelsome and animal and sluggish. Some of them we know to be conducive to our progress and welfare; some, dead in the way of it. And we know that bad moods, habitually struggled against, grow steadily feebler and permit the good ones to grow better and higher; and that the good ones, encouraged, grow stronger and gradually starve out the bad ones.

We have all heard of that bit of Greek advice, one of the oldest human sayings that have come down to us: "Man, know thyself." We are just getting on to what it means. For when we are inspecting our moods and thoughts and deciding that they are good or bad, we are standing back from them and recognising that we are distinct from them. This, of course, is really an act of judgment. And when we alter a bad mood and a bad line of thoughts into good ones, this is an act of will of the highest sort. So the real man, we ourselves, *in* the body, *in* the veil of moods and thoughts, is expressed by these two powers: the power of *judging* what is going on in his household or domain of mood and thought, and the *will-power* to alter it. But most of us use the two powers very feebly, and some not at all. We were never taught about this matter in childhood or made to see that moods and thoughts are our *possessions*, not ourselves, and that we ought to make them our servants and instruments for reaching the highest and most splendid kind of life. So we have grown up unpractised and victims, where we should be masters.

Science tells us that we are nothing but animals of a superior kind, and that animals have — though in smaller degree — every power that we have. An animal has moods from day to day — our favorite dog, for instance. But an animal has not the faintest power of standing back from his mood, looking at it and at his thoughts and deciding that they are bad; nor of imagining a good mood and thoughts; nor of actively using his will to replace the bad ones by the good.

Judgment, imagination, will — these are *human*, the peculiar property of man the soul. He comes into the body (which is the starting-place of our moods) with these powers folded up, but ready for use. "The soul incarnates," is the quickest way of saying this. Then, if he were rightly trained all through the years of growing life, the powers would unfold in perfection. His moods and thoughts would be the servants of his will. He would guide his life towards the highest goal in constant self-mastery and would regain, in life, the conscious divinity which life hides from most of us — hides because of our unregulated moods and thoughts and the wrong deeds which come directly from these.

The soul, the real man, is immortal in its nature. It gets the notion of its mortality from confusing itself with the body, the source of mood, the instrument (through the brain) of all our ordinary thought. Would it not have been infinitely better for us if we had been taught in childhood that we *are* souls — possessors of the powers of self-rulership and essentially divine — than that we *have* souls? For we do really *re-become* souls just in proportion as we use the three powers. And if we use them enough we come at last to the full and splendid realization of what it means to be a soul.

But for that we must take full charge. The foreman of a great workshop is not in full charge, or in charge at all, while he is absorbed in delighted interest in the working of the machines and forgets himself and his rightful position and dignity in enjoyment of the jokes, chat and personal ways of the men under him. He must remember who he is, preserve the dignity of his position, and see that his men keep to their duty. And it is in that sense that we must take charge of our lives and moods and thoughts and deeds. This taking charge is sometimes done quite suddenly for a while by apparently very ordinary men. There is no danger of life, fire, shipwreck or the like in which you do not find a few such men suddenly becoming heroes, readily sacrificing limb and life in the interests of others. They *feel*, perhaps, the body's inclination to shrink, its instinctive cowardice; but they override and disregard it instantly. Every time one resists a sensual impulse or a tendency to 'hit back' in word or deed or an act of selfishness, one has acted as a soul, taken charge, and come a step nearer to realizing one's divine soul-nature. It is this realization that was achieved by humanity's greatest spiritual teachers and reformers and that made them what they were, gave them their wisdom and compassion.

And compassion, brotherhood, is the mark of *spirit*, that which is ever seeking to bind men together in harmony, that their lives may be ever richer and fuller. No one who searches his own highest nature in the silence but will become conscious of the presence, in and about him, of spirit, known by so many names among different peoples and in different ages. By trying to live as souls we become more and more conscious of it. We feel its sustaining presence with us in the silence, in every act of self-control; its benediction in every act of unselfish brotherhood. It is the Father-Light from which all souls come forth, the "Father in Secret" of Jesus.

So it is in the constant thought of this trinity of body, soul and spirit, that we can at last find the true way of life and the true understanding of our own natures and of our great goal and destiny. Self-examination gives us the key to ourselves. S.

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The Common-sense Life

(From a letter)

TO me the belief — it is more than that now — that there is a Higher Self guiding my life has been of more benefit than I can express or measure. Of course I do not mean that I am exceptional in this. Every man has as much help and guidance from his Higher Self as he will permit and sincerely look for.

But this kind of trust doesn't mean sitting idly with the idea that your work will be done for you. It doesn't mean that you'll get everything — or even anything — that you want.

The great thing in life is to get acquainted with this Higher Self, get in touch with it — even on occasion be drawn up into it and become it for the time. That, surely, is the crowning experience of human life and makes everything else seem nothing.

All men's worryings come, of course, from fixing their minds on some result instead of on the means to get that result.

Suppose, for instance, that a man in poor, low health wants good health. It's a very natural want. He knows ways to get it — exercise, as good a regimen as he can, a confident, hopeful state of mind, the practice of energy in all his doings, and so on. Well, there are the matters for him to attend to. He sees them as the path to health. If he's wise, he'll never give any attention, or as little as he can, to whether they are *getting* him to health — "How do I feel today? Am I getting on?" etc., etc. That sort of stuff, even the least bit of it, is the *worry* path, so much energy taken away from what he's at. What he needs, strange as it seems, is serene indifference about his health, about the results of his efforts, together with calm, dogged continuance in the efforts to *get* health. That's common sense. Any sort of worry — and the whole root of worry is thinking of results — is energy lost out of mind and body, judgment confused, will bent and twisted and broken-backed.

Now the easiest way to get this indifference about results, is to leave them in full trust of mind in the hands of that directing self that's present in every man's life — that *would* direct, I mean, if he would let it.

But then there's this to think of. If a man, looking up, so to say, at his Divine Self in the Light, says "Thy will be done," meaning "I'll do the work, *my* part; *you'll* see after the *result*," he must add, "whatever result you see to be best." He's like a man who hands money to a broker he trusts, and says, "Invest it in so-and-so." But the broker may know better and put it in something else.

And in the same way, to use my illustration, if a man wants health and does the right things in his mind and body to get it, he will *offer up* his efforts to this overshadowing Self of his — his diviner part; he will put his efforts, the energy of them, into its hands for its disposal. And it may see that some other result than health will at that time be more to his real and permanent advantage. For this Self knows his *real* needs in the order of their relative importance, has an eye to his highest welfare. And it might so guide the energy he has placed at its disposal that it worked out as one or another kind of mental or spiritual unfolding, character growth, will growth, growth in self-control, or what not. And so whatever result comes, he is content; content if he can't see any at all for a long time, knowing that there is and must be *some* in some part of him.

And so whatever a man decides is a proper and rightful thing for him to have, let him do the proper and rightful things to get it and do them with all his energy (remembering, of course, that nothing can be proper and rightful for him to do which is to the hurt of anybody else). "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" — etc. But as he does them, let him turn over the whole thing to his higher nature, the Companion,— who is not another being, but himself, his true self, what I have called the 'Higher Self' — offer it up and let it go at that. That's the true 'offering up of sacrifices,' as I take it. And it's opening up a line of inner communion with that Companion. And as he uses this line more and more, he comes to *know*, as I said. Which is the most utterly blessed thing that can come upon a man's life. The man who leads this life is all full of energy and joy and go-aheadness and activity of every right sort. And he's utterly free from care about himself and consequently unselfish, and rejoices in any good he can do and any rejoicings that others have. His life, in life and after death, is well disposed of. Joy and energy, contentment, mental activity, and the thought of and search after the Companion — who is in the Light and works according to the Light — these are the marks of a man who is after real life.

Furnish the Troops

HUMAN life is often called a battle, a struggle, and man the field of it. A battle implies two armies, and every army has a general. For the winning of a battle your general must not only have skill or genius but he must be supplied with adequate troops to employ his genius on. A man's soul is always doing what is possible for him, but its final victory must wait till he has furnished it with the necessary forces.

In the course of the late war a striking picture appeared in some paper of a peasant peacefully cultivating his field, right between the two armies in the thick of a tremendous fight. The bit of land he was

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working on was actually a part of the territory they were fighting for; but of the shells screaming over his head and the roar of the guns he seemed to be perfectly unconscious.

Late one night, when very tired, the writer had been looking at this picture and for a moment he dropped off into sleep. Only for a moment, but there was time enough for a dream. The dream was the picture again, but now altered by the underplay of thoughts it had started. He was looking on at the battle, and after a while, as he examined the contending armies more closely, he was astonished to see that every man in both of them was the counterpart of the man ploughing between — except that in the one army these reproductions of him were much finer-looking men and more erect than in the other, where every one of them not only had some deformity but was somehow unpleasant in expression. And the armies were being recruited in a singular manner. For as the man went on ploughing, a form like his own would emerge from him somehow, detach itself and move off to join one or the other army. The dreamer was just thinking — How can either of these ever be victor if the man keeps reinforcing *both* of them? — when he woke.

In some old book, coming down from the Middle Ages, there was a frontispiece picture of a man, behind whom an angel and a demon were grappling with each other for the possession of him; he, as in the war-picture, taking no part in the battle and apparently quite unaware of it.

This picture goes with the other, and like that one symbolizes one aspect of a great fact in human nature, though both of them are incomplete. There is a fight going on *in* each of us and for the possession of each of us, never ceasing, between the good and evil, between soul trying to draw us upward, and the focus-center of the forces that draw us downward. Yet the picture was partly right in representing the struggle as going on behind the man's back, out of his sight and knowledge. What the soul is constantly doing for us in holding in check the evil of our natures, we can only begin to understand by imagining what would happen if it were suddenly to withdraw and leave the evil in sole possession of the field, nothing of the good, nothing of the divine remaining. There would be no more friendliness for comrades, no more love of wife and kith and kin, no more respect for the life of others or desire for the welfare of others, no response to their pain, no resistance to any evil prompting, any suggestion from within, however vile; nothing left but a conscienceless, compassionless center of selfishness.

The picture was wrong in representing the man as *wholly* unconscious of the struggle and taking no part in it. We *are* in part unaware of its full intensity and continuousness. But we take share in it whenever we make a stand for right action, for duty, for unselfishness, for brotherhood, for self-control; and are giving 'aid and comfort to the enemy' when we fail in any of these lines. And in fighting some tremendous temptation with all our power, we have placed ourselves in the very thick of that battle which is none the less going on even when everything seems peaceful to us.

Day by day, in thoughts and deeds, we are affecting the issue of the combat. The soul will never leave the field while we try, however falteringly, to do our share. And as we turn to it more and more in aspiration and in the spirit of co-operation, we steadily increase its forces; the smaller conflicts will end one by one in its victory — which is ours — and at last there will be victory all along the line. And then we shall know for the first time what real life means, its joy, its knowledge, its scope. STUDENT

How to Put Up with It

"WAIT till I can get round to it," said the Warden. "I'm doing the best I can, but the day's only twenty-four hours long."

The Warden had passed through the yard and one of the fellows had stopped him and asked that some little matter should be readjusted for his convenience.

"That's the way this universe is run," said the yard philosopher. "Fellows can't get things just the way they want them for several reasons. First, because it might not be in line with the *general* interests to have them that way. The Power that runs things has the general interests first in view, while each of us — mainly speaking — has only his own interests in view and can't take the larger survey. Moreover he don't know his own *real* best interests. The unpleasantness he's got to put up with may be just what's the right thing for his schooling. And the pleasantness he wants in the place of it he might see to be just the wrong thing for him if he could take the long-range standpoint. Which is the standpoint this Power takes. It looks after the general and the particular best interests — but the general has to come first just because it's the biggest. The colonel can't give time to the individual man's case till he's done the best he can for the welfare of the whole regiment in general. If the individual private would get on to that and take the colonel's point of view, he'd be content to bide his turn. But mostly the range of view of each of us is the diameter of his own little circle of personality.

"According to my judgment, the Power that runs things finds the day only twenty-four hours long, same as the Warden. And it does the best it can with the twenty-four. If that necessitates delay in coming round to the particular man's individual case, it's because of troubles in the smooth working-out

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of the whole grand plan, caused by fellows trying to pull that grand plan round to their own little bit of profit, regardless of others. Consequently there's had to be — and always has to be — readjustment and correction. And when the Power *does* take an hour off and get down to individual cases, I guess it leaves to the last the cases of those fellows that did the worst of the pulling in times past and made the disturbances in the smooth running. Wouldn't that be your way? It's these very fellows that need the medicine of having to wait. And if they don't, but make another out-of-order pull for their own profit — why, there's a worse dose of medicine later on. Your quiet man that don't think himself important enough to be the center of the universe and is willing to wait his turn, will get his reward either in finding his turn come early in the program, or in the gratitude of the Power. And I tell *you*, boys, that the chap that can earn the gratitude of that Power by his willingness to wait and to co-operate with it any way he knows how, has got an inside reward that's worth talking about! And the power to put up with things, to just take things as they come, smooth or rough, to live higher up, serene all the time — is a character-builder from A to Z. The Power that runs things will often leave a man alone and seemingly unnoticed, perhaps year after year, just because it sees in him the capacity to get that power. Its leaving him alone is really giving him his opportunity to grow big and outgrow the chronic fretters by a mile. But it's got its eye on him all right, a wise old kindly eternal eye not without a gleam of fun in it, I guess, nor a tear for human follies.

"So I say that this Power — suit yourself with a name — stressed as it may be for time, is big enough all the time for its job; looks after the general interests, keeps things in general on the line or puts them back every time in the end on the right line after they've been shoved off it by the misdoings of humans high and low; gets round to the individual cases, over-rules to their good the injustices that individuals have had to suffer from others or from general rules or conditions that happen to press hard in special cases, adjusts any delays it may have had to make so that they'll fall where they're either necessary medicine and punishment or opportunity and benediction to those that have had to wait; sheds secret comfort as it passes around into the hearts of all that have to suffer — even those it is punishing — and gives its sustaining and soul-illuminating gratitude to those that have been willing to wait and that co-operate with it in its work to help and uplift everywhere.

"Which is my sermon for this morning. Tomorrow at the same hour for. No collection." REPORTER



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THE FAIRIES — ANOTHER SCENE FROM *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*

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The Two Freedoms

SOLITARY mechanical work is well-nigh torture to some men and especially to some prisoners. It seems as if their minds took the opportunity to drive them crazy with unwanted thoughts and memories. One of them once told the writer that the instant of his beginning to sweep out his cell seemed to be taken by his mind as a signal to fall to and gnaw at his brain.

The explanation is simple enough. In animals every thought and feeling tends to run out into an action of some sort, if it is only a bark or a lazy stretch-out in the warm sunlight. Each thought is connected with the immediate perception of something interesting around them and is hardly more than the perception itself. The dog perceives the rabbit; his perception becomes his thought of rabbit and flows out at once into an action — his pursuit of the rabbit; whilst the thought is itself made still more vivid by the muscular effort of the chase. In our own case, every movement we make, say in preparation for a holiday, makes the thought of the holiday more vivid. The thought stimulates the movement, and the movement reacts back and sharpens the thought. If, when there was no rabbit, you could somehow stir the dog into just that sort of a run, it would act on his mind and make him think of rabbit and look about for one. The whole life of an animal consists in this constant to-and-fro between thought and doing, doing and thought. The doings of a dog in an hour of activity may be very numerous, but they are of very few sorts and correspond with his very few sorts of thoughts.

In a large part of our nature we also are animals, very complex and elaborate animals, though plus something that an animal has not. As higher animals, we have a thousand times as many sorts of thoughts as any of the lower animals. But each ordinary thought, if it stayed a while, would presently show its tendency to run out into a doing, a movement of a muscle or of the body as a whole, perhaps only a frown or a grin. And similarly any muscular movement tells back on the brain and stimulates it to a thought of some kind, however fleeting — connected with our circumstances, with anything that has lately happened to us, with the last conversation we had with someone, and so on. And this is what begins as soon as we get upon some mechanical job — cell-sweeping, for instance — which demands a minimum of mental attention. The rest of the mind is stirred up (through the brain) by the muscular movements, and we get the thought-flow which in some men is apt to be so painful and exasperating to them. It is then that we find out how thoroughly we are the victims instead of the masters of our minds, prisoners all of us. And the inward freedom from this mind-slavery would be a far more splendid and satisfying attainment than freedom from any sort or degree of outward restriction. This inner freedom, freedom to look over the mind's head into the soul-realm beyond, would enable us to see great truths now hidden from us by the mind's incessant dust-raising.

So in winning this inner freedom we have thenceforth an interesting and fruitful field for practice all the time.

There are several lines for this practice and the least bit of effort on any one of them helps us on all the rest. There is that kind of effort to be made in study or even in ordinary reading, in which we try to prevent the mind making side-journeys on its own account along lines quite unconnected with what we have in hand. This effort will become automatic, self-making, in time. There is the effort to be made in ordinary mechanical routine work in which we compel the mind to give all that is necessary of itself to the job to make the performance of it perfect; and, for the rest, to feel the silent companionship and help of our higher nature, that part of us which dwells ever in the Light. And when work and the day are done and we are about to retire, there is the special effort to hold silence in the mind whilst we reach after a fuller and more realizing sense of that companionship than is possible during the crowded hours of work.

Thus, though we may not at first see any sign of progress, we are moving forward day by day. The violinist is content to know that if each day he does his best, he is a day nearer the complete mastery of his instrument. The instrument we have willed to master is the mind; and it too, if we persist, can one day be made to yield harmonies full of meaning and beauty answering to the divine harmonies at work in all nature. It only needs persistence. STUDENT

Uncle Hiram Speaks His Mind

I'M not agin sittin' by the fire to warm yerself. All the same there's two ways o' gittin' warm. Ye kin sit by the fire and git all nice an' toasted up; an' ye kin open the back door to the lane and go out in the fresh cold air an' hike around till yer blood's agoin'. Made yer own fire that way, not beholden to nothin', goin' under yer own power, creatin' yer life accordin' as ye want it.

Same with readin' an' thinkin'. Readin's sittin' by the fire; thinkin's makin' yer own fire.

Not that I'm altogether agin readin', no more'n agin sittin' by the fire. Ain't I thar now? There's times for both. But a feller that can't think an' *git* somewheres in his thinkin', warmin' up his mind to its proper job, is on all fours with the feller that ain't got vital spark enough to hike around in the frosty

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sunshine till he's all aglow at his own private furnace.

There's books an' books. What *I* call a book is what starts up a line o' thinkin'.

An' there's thinkin' an' thinkin'. What *I* call thinkin' is what *gits* somewheres, gits *on* to somethin'. Don't matter what, so it's somethin' an' somewheres. "*Got* anything?" says I to myself when I've had a spell o' thinkin'.

Readin's like takin' a car. O. K. Take it. But git out after a spell o' ridin' an' go ahead on your own underpins. The car-run's just your direction. The good ye git out o' the ride is reachin' the startin'-off place for yer own subsekint walkin'. But most fellers' legs is so blamed stiff they just lie right there where the car dropped 'em and all they kin do is just wait for the next. An' when the car's a noospaper it mostly don't have *any* direction, I tell you — just a-snortin' an' a-puffin' up here an' down there an' round the corner an' into an amazin' nest o' blind alleys. Five minutes is what a noospaper's good for, an' three for the Sunday Supplement. What's the good o' knowin' that a chap committed suicide under distressin' circumstances in Knoxville, Tenn.? Took by itself *that* ain't any sign o' the times. The *noospaper's* a sign o' the times, a reglar crazy-quilt like the minds that gloats on it, full o' that stuff about the chap in Knoxville, not a solid thought to it from first colyum to last. Why does more an' more fellers commit suicide every year? Think *that* out, sonny, an' ye'll begin to *git* on the signs o' the times. But that's thinkin' and fellers can't think. They only thinks they're thinkin'.

Give me the chap that goes around with a heap o' problems all over him — why's this an' why's that an' what's the inwardness o' the other? An' what with his bits o' readin' an' his thinkin' he solves up his whys an' lays in a nu stock an' is allers a-gettin' somewheres an' allers alive an' carries his liveness through with him to his death an' out beyond to the place where I reckon the answers to the whys comes a heap easier'n they do here where a feller's got to be totin' his body around all the time an' pushin' food an' drink into it — mostly pushin' in a heap more'n does him any good, I reckon. THE REPORTER

The Better Way

IT is better to lose with a conscience clean
  Than win by a trick unfair;
It is better to fall and to know you've been,
  Whatever the prize was, square,
Than to claim the joy of a far-off goal
  And the cheers of the standers-by,
And to know down deep in your inmost soul
  A cheat you must live and die.

Who wins by a trick may take the prize,
  And at first he may think it sweet.
But many a day in the future lies
  When he'll wish he had met defeat.
For the man who lost shall be glad at heart
  And walk with his head up high,
While his conqueror knows he must play the part
  Of a cheat and living lie.

The prize seems fair when the fight is on,
  But save it is truly won
You will hate the thing when the crowds are gone
  For it stands for a false deed done.
And it's better you never should reach your goal
  Than ever success to buy
At a price of knowing down in your soul
  That your glory is all a lie.— *Detroit Free Press*

Reverie

J. A. Brashears

IN the evening by the fireside,
  When the seething day is done,
And the peaceful, soothing embers
  Bid my fancy full speed run,
'Tis then I weave my tapestry —
  A fabric of the mind —
Round her face, my inspiration,
  I my phantom life unwind.
At this dream of love I tarry,
  Yet crave the living art
With which I might immortalize
  The image in my heart.
But I, a lonely weaver
  On the loom of phantasy,
Must content myself with creatures
  Of my own mentality.
Care you how I spend my evenings?
  Care you what I fabricate?
Art thou a lonesome comrade
  Wrapped in dreams before your grate?
Then to you, who too have visions,
  And like me are oft alone,
'Tis a transitory textile of
  A wife, a child, a home.— *Selected*

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The New Way Quotebook

THE reason why men fail in spiritual attainment is because they have never had it clearly in view at all. They have never defined in their imaginations just what it means. If we think of it as *awakening*, and dwell a little every day upon that idea, we shall presently understand how to work for it.

THE man who is in dead earnest about progress in anything goes ahead with it from day to day, irrespective of those ups and down of mood and bodily condition which never cease. His purpose is the prow of his vessel, cutting through smooth and rough water indifferently. He goes under his own power and the favor or antagonism of the wind is nothing to him.

THE body is much more responsive to our mind-states and thoughts than we realize. The mere thinking of doing something, begins at once to start going in it the preliminary stages of the actual doing, only needing reinforcement by the will. A confident, cheerful, alert mind is a steady tonic to the body, sustaining it in its resistance to disease. And the other way about: allowing the thought that one has begun to wear out, that the highest point of our life has now passed and the downhill journey alone remains, is the way to bring that into fact. Never under any circumstances give this enemy a minute's harborage in the mind.

"WE think that when we are driven out of the usual path everything is over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins." — *Tolstoi*

"THE mental representation of an ideal self may be made the most pervasive and persistent of ideas and may thus become the dominant principle of conduct." — *Prof. G. F. Stout*

"NONE sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life-depths deep
Ascends,— unless, mayhap, when free,
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race,
Our multitudinous past lives trace."—
— *William Sharp*

"I AM convinced that could every life be subjected to a truly searching analysis, could be plainly read as an open book, we should discover but one thing in all cases — prevailing justice. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' The greater the pain, the greater the fortitude vouchsafed, the greater the character builded. Many the man who carries within a perfect physique a mental pain more onerous and intolerable than any happy-dispositioned cripple could know." — T. S. HARDING in *The Open Court*

"I AM persuaded that within the being of each man there is an ideal self so much higher than the self of ordinary life that he who should become fully aware of it would think himself in the presence of a god." — *Dr. E. Hadley*

"EVERY man who is trying to move forward in the highest sense, to open up his inner nature and get at the Light there, passes through states in which the unworthy deeds of his past, long forgotten, start up here and there in memory as if revealed and awakened by the moving beams of a searchlight. Then his heart is chilled and hope fails him and he feels that such a creature as he, can have no chance of attainment. But instead of giving way to this state let him go on confidently. It will trouble him but a little time, will be less at each recurrence, and is indeed a mark of progress."— 'STUDENT,' in *The Century Path*

"THE thought 'that our existence terminates with this life,' doth naturally check the soul in any generous pursuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on temporary and selfish ends. It dethrones the reason, extinguishes all noble and heroic sentiments, and subjects the mind to the slavery of every present passion." — *Bishop Berkeley*

HOLD FAST

"ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous club —
One faith against the whole world's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind."
— *James Russell Lowell*

HOW INFINITE GOOD ITSELF MUST BE

"LAST night I mused before the fire, alone;
And, as I thought on this thing and on that,
There suddenly rose before me, as I sat,
The faces of all the friends that I have known.
A very motley company, I own!
Yet was there none in which there did not shine
Some small, peculiar hint of the divine —
One ray, at least, from the great Luster thrown.
And then I thought of all the earth's myriad men,
Living and dead and yet to be — each still
Revealing his own glimpse of the one Will,
His own fresh gleam of the one Radiancy;—
Till all my heart and brain grew dizzy then,
Thinking how infinite Good Itself must be."
— GILBERT THOMAS, in the *Book Monthly*

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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SUNSET OVER THE PACIFIC FROM THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Art of Living

LEARNING to live, learning the art of life, always seemed to me to be somewhat like learning to play the fiddle. Very few ever acquire this art of living. Most do not even know that there is such an art, though it is the highest of all arts.

A man practises away at his instrument, his teacher giving him a fresh exercise every day or from time to time till the easy and the difficult are all one to him — no more difficulties, in fact. *Then* he can play and everybody wants to hear him; then at last he can get the full joy out of his art. But not while he has a daily wrestle with the difficulties.

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Life is sometimes said to be just a succession of one trouble or rub or pain after another. These are the difficulties given us to be conquered. The violin student does not skip the difficulties in the piece he is practising. On the contrary it is over them that he spends most of his attention, for it is they that show him the weak places in his technique. He knows that he has to get his playing running perfectly, just the same through the difficult as the easy bars. What corresponds to that, in the art of *life*, is equanimity of mind whatever happens, that is undisturbed in difficulties and troubles — a serenity that finally becomes joy as we approach mastery in the great art. For the mind that has learned to hold its light and peace all the time has become conscious of immortality and found the meaning of life.

Every day contains its troubles and worries, small and great. And so every day contains opportunities for practice in meeting them in a new way, with an unshaken heart, with one's light undarkened. The violinist finds himself every day facing the same difficulty of yesterday and goes at it so as to leave it somewhat less of a difficulty for tomorrow. If it is a new one he leaves it likewise a little less troublesome, always knowing that *practice makes perfect.* Everything which jars and ruffles the mind is an opportunity to try not to be jarred and ruffled. That is like the violinist's practice at a difficulty, a difficulty which of course he meets with perfect goodwill towards it because he sees it to be opportunity. It is in the same way as his that we can try to meet our troubles, whether coming of themselves or perhaps through the malice or harshness of some other man. If we cannot see that they point to some specific weakness of character or flow from past misdeed, we can always see that they are chances for practice in keeping our light burning clear. To see that is already a step to equanimity. We are here on earth to learn the art of life, not to have an ordinary 'good time' with everything as we wish. The art is learned by means of difficulties, and that is why we cannot ever have a 'good time' for very long. Within life is our divine teacher of the art of life, a teacher who will never let the piece consist of easy places.

How does 'practice make perfect'?

A man's first attempts to play the fiddle or ride a bicycle are a dismal performance. He is using muscles and nerve centers that are not accustomed to these new demands on them. How is it that they finally become adequate to them?

All day long, in every sort of work, we are disorganizing, disarranging, or wasting away muscle and nerve matter. All night, while we rest, there is rearrangement of it and replacement of what was lost. If the work is of a new and unaccustomed sort, as in learning to play or ride, the sense of fatigue shows us that the derangement and wasting is more than occurs in work to which we are accustomed.

But if the unaccustomed muscles and sinews and nerves had their disarranged structure or lost substance rearranged or replaced in just the same pattern as before, nothing would be gained. Practice would avail nothing. Practice gradually makes perfect because the new arrangement is *better* than before, more adapted to the new duties. It gradually comes to correspond more and more to what is wanted of it. All the while we are making attempts at the new art and having at first very poor success, the mind has an idea or ideal of the way the thing *ought* to be done, the way the material concerned *ought* to be working. And so when the rearrangement and rebuilding begins during the next rest-time, whether during actual sleep or not, the rebuilding is done so as to approach in some degree this idea or plan in the mind. Each day finds the muscles and nerves built nearer to the plan, and so at last they get the structure necessary for perfect technique. It is because of the mind's co-operation that practice makes perfect, and this in proportion to the amount of mental attention that is given and the clearness of the idea of what is wanted.

The same principle is concerned in recovery from sickness. A hopeful mind aids the rebuilding. Hopeful means looking forwards to recovery, and looking forwards means having some sort of 'feel' or sense of what is looked forward to. And the bodily tissues tend to follow that out.

Now let us carry this idea up a plane to the *art of life*, the art of acquiring a new mental outlook and mode of thought. We find ourselves limited to about the same thoughts as we had yesterday, and on the same thought-level, because we do not apply the same principle of self-training which we know to be necessary in the case of the body. We create in the mind no higher ideal of what it ought to be; nor, even if we feebly do that, do we practise from time to time making it conform to that ideal. And yet the daily practice of a new kind of thought is the way to the realization of our divinity, our immortality, and the glory of our future.

The technique of living, the new art, is acquired, like the other, just through the difficulties, the rough places, the troubles, the wrongs we suffer. We use them as practice-opportunities, both as they actually occur today and as they come up in memory. We hold the thought of that steadily-shining light which is the soul and try to keep the mind in it and full of it. We try to create each day, even if at first for some moments only, an inner peace and a universal good-will, making them at last by daily repetition of practice too strong to be darkened by anything that anyone may do, that cannot be ousted by unfriendly feeling, that goes on all the time in our hearts. We try to think of life as meant for the acquiring of this art, and of all its happenings as otherwise of small importance in the light of our grander future. And every compassionate thought we give to the troubles

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of others is not only a step in the art of rising above our own but carries with it and in it some of the light we have reached.

So, thus practising daily, at last we change the ways and structure of the mind altogether and acquire the art of life. We live permanently in the light, never losing its peace and joy. And from this level we can see that death is merely the falling away from us of an instrument no longer needed or useful.

STUDENT

The Golden Hours

SOME of the ancient philosophies taught that in deep sleep, when the outward activities of the body have ceased and the brain no longer even dreams, we rejoin the soul and share once more its diviner and intenser life, so inexpressible in terms of brain-thought. By day we are no longer that soul itself, but a part of its light almost detached, merged in the life of the body, brain and senses, and so not distinguishing ourselves from them, mostly unconscious of our real nature.

If we would study ourselves through the day more closely, we could begin to find this to be the truth and at last see the way to full realization of it and thus to knowledge of our immortality and divinity.

As dawn approaches every morning the body begins to wake, and as we come gradually into touch with the brain again, we become conscious of the dreams which are the brain's first confused stirrings on its way to full waking activity. We are losing touch now of our greater self, the soul, turning so to speak away from it towards the body and re-entering the bodily life. At last we are fully awake and the day begins.

But the first hour or two is a great time for self-study, even if we have breakfasted and are at our ordinary work. For we are not yet drawn so fully into bodily life that we cannot feel the presence of the soul, its light about us. We are not quite 'all here'; there is something of us still *there*, as we are still with the music we have been listening to after we are again in the busy street. When, in this first period of the day, we are in the open air, we can find the trees and sky and sun more beautiful and the birds' song sweeter than in later hours. For we are looking and listening with something of the soul still refining our sight and hearing. The soul itself perceives everything in an absolute beauty of setting and we are still getting something from its perceptions.

The afternoon is apt to be hard and heavy. The bodily sensations have come in close about us. The large mental horizon of the morning has narrowed. It is difficult to see beyond the personality into the greater life. But if for the first hour or so of the opening day we would as it were hold the body and common thoughts at arm's length, as far as possible not energizing these brain-workings by any talking, keeping interior silence, we could in a few weeks *know* of the soul, know that it is not the self of body, and at last keep this clear knowledge with us all the time. And we could understand how this daily process of incarnating or coming into touch with the bodily life and its sensations is in a rapid way a type of that which occurs at birth and during the early years of life. The soul of the young child, come away from its home of light, detaching itself from its greater self, yet with the light still about it, is blending with the body. It is the morning of life. Says Wordsworth:

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come. . . ."

Were the child properly trained, it need never lose consciousness of its Source nor let the channel between itself and that be forgotten and choked up.

But now we older folk can use each day to teach ourselves the lesson which most of us were never taught in childhood. It is never too late to find and know our immortality, our immortal self-soul, the 'Angel.' If we will regardfully follow down the day, trying to keep conscious of ourselves as souls, and guide our thoughts and acts in the light of that new recognition, dismissing the day ere we sleep and in the silence of thought trying to feel the presence of the greater self we shall rejoin, we can at last so open up the channel that a new life will begin whose joy nothing can darken or ruffle at all.

STUDENT

Self-Improvement

IN my young days, just entering upon manhood, 'self-improvement' was always urged upon me by some of my elders as the main duty. It was the way to 'get on' in life. Since the motive for this 'self-improvement' was thus to 'get on,' it obviously referred to such studies or mind-furnishings as promised to open lucrative positions, to yield a good salary. And the phrase tends to make the young man think that the only self he has is the one interested in that. The advice was sometimes represented as backed by the precept of Solomon: "Get wisdom, get understanding." As a matter of fact the two Hebrew words used by Solomon and translated as 'Wisdom' and 'Understanding' really mean *spiritual*

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life and *spiritual insight*, nothing lower than that.

'Self-improvement,' then, mostly refers to such studies as shorthand, Spanish, electrical science, and so forth. But not shorthand in order that you may record your thoughts as quickly as they come; not Spanish in order that you may open for yourself a new literature; nor electrical science in order that you may get nearer to an understanding of one of the secrets of the universe. Better financial position — that's the point, that's what the 'self' is to be 'improved' for. To study things without regard to salary or position at all, to read history, poetry, great literature — this is usually referred to as improvement of the *mind*. And of course they do improve it and make it something better worth taking with you to the other side of death.

But the qualities of *self* are shown in will and character, and improving or culturing the *mind* can be carried a long way without any elevation of character or strengthening of will. Your finished-off university man may raise a check, go off along some path of moral degeneracy, or be as selfish as if there were nobody but himself in the world.

It is quite necessary to study along such lines as lead to a good income. We must live. And it is extremely desirable to refine and enlarge the outlook of the mind with great poetry and literature and furnish it with knowledge of history and science. But let us get a better meaning than the usual one into the phrase 'self-improvement.' Mind is an *instrument* of the self. It is the self itself that we want to get at.

Whom do we call 'a big man'? 'Big' covers two qualities. We use it of a man who has raised himself by unswerving will to any high position. But that career is compatible with any degree of selfishness. He may have developed a large power for a small purpose, himself alone in view all the time. It is clear that beyond him is a bigger man, the man who with equal determination of purpose has not got his own little self in the middle of it, the man who takes the welfare of *others* on his shoulders, the man to whom you instinctively go for help, generous, living and acting beyond and above his own personality. So we finally give the word 'big,' in its very fullest sense, to the man who has all the determination, the will, the drive, of the great financier, and who has this at the service of a big heart — that is, of a heart that holds *others* in its care. There is your true 'big' man, at the top of the scale, the big self, the self that has gone far toward the limit in SELF-improvement. 'Self-improvement' refers to the *little* self that has itself in view all the time — or to the big SELF which has passed the little one by and disregarded it, outgrown it.

So let's get the *whole* of culture, beginning with the top. Let's culture ourselves first of all, and all the time, to real bigness, bigness of heart as well as strength of determination. Let's do whatever we do with the biggest motive we can. That's the way of growth. We will know all the science we can, the instruments and forces and processes by which the universe is moving on, by which the Great Purpose is slowly working itself up and out through the kingdoms to man, and as man further yet without limit.

And history—the way in which nations have risen and fallen through the ages: fallen because they failed in bigness, failed to recognise and follow the big men that were among them, as Greece failed to recognise Socrates.

And the literature; for literature, the real thing, is always the written expression of soul more or less clearly. Don't count as literature any writing wherefrom you cannot get something of the writer's soul, his inner SELF. The reading of real literature is adding the best of the writer's soul to yours, which is what he was trying to have us do.

So 'self-improvement' is a large order when you take it seriously, considering the *two* selves! C.

New Meanings Everywhere

"LOOK on the bright side of things" is a fairly good piece of advice. But it supposes you to be dependent for your happiness on things *having* a bright side somewhere about them. So a better piece of advice would be: "Look brightly on *any* side of things." It is better because it throws more of the work on you, and the more work you expect of yourself the more you will do. You light your light, create your own brightness, and then it falls on anything that happens to be around.

But there is a state in which you can look more than 'brightly' on things and on life. Whitman, for instance, not only looked on the bright side of things and brightly on whatever side of things happened to be showing, but through them into their meaning. His soul or soul-consciousness was awake and he looked on things from that standpoint, with that sort of inner seeing. Consequently he saw the soul of whatever he looked at, the spiritual liveness of it, the meaning of each and every thing and event as part of the grand general meaning in the whole. Unless we can do that too, we cannot see much sense in his sonorous and half-chanted catalogue of what he met with as he walked the streets of cities and the country lanes.

To a man with no music in him a symphony is a mere succession of sounds, high and low—scales, chords, all meaninglessly mixed up. If he could awake his music sense the whole would become full of meaning, the working out of the composer's soul. But he could not tell anything about this experience to

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the next musicless man he met. He could only say: "It's there and when you get awake to it you'll forget for the while your troubles and perplexities and worries and be where they simply can't come at you."

To most of us the world doesn't mean anything — the men and women, the stars, the sun, the flowers and trees and ocean and lower living creatures. The whole thing has no inwardness. But here and there someone like Whitman gets awake to it and then he has the trouble of his life trying to tell others what he has found. He breaks away from what he was before and from the kind of thing he was writing before (if he was a writer) and becomes a new man with a new outlook — just as Whitman broke away from his previous (and now forgotten) writings and Paul from his old 'Saul' self.

One man looks at a tree and sees nothing but just that. Another sees it to be *alive*, a conscious thing reaching up for sunlight, sees it and all things as sharing one all-diffused divine life consciously pressing through everywhere in eternal joy.

There are corresponding ways of looking at (and into) all our fellow-men. And the key to this new way of looking at everything, this new seeing of life, is to begin there, with our fellows, to get the fixed habit of all-friendliness of mind. That is no bit of sentimentality; it is the actual fact. Till we put the light of friendliness into our eyes and learn to keep it there, and the warmth of brotherhood into our minds and hearts to correspond, we must remain unconscious of the divine light everywhere, unseeing of it and unhearing, nearly unreceptive of its help and enlightenment and inspiration. For it is through this state of mind alone that we gradually climb up to the soul levels and get the new powers of perception and reception. Whitman felt himself the brother of everyone he met and of all that lived. If our eyes can see only the peculiarities and failings and twists of other men we cannot enter or know of the greater life that is in and around everything. The beginning of this new habit is the beginning of life as a soul. We are accustomed to live as if we were bodies and minds only; let us climb one step higher and live as souls and so open up the inner world to our recognition and understanding. As souls there is no death for us, only ever-increasing life and joy. That is the message of all humanity's great teachers.

So it is really a new kind of mind or rather a new action of mind that we need. STUDENT



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THE CLOWNS' REHEARSAL

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S 'A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,' AS PRESENTED IN THE GREEK THEATER
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

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Wake up, Lunatic!

"PERISHABLE goods, that's what we are, my boy. Make up your mind to it."

We are *if* we make up our minds to it! That's quite an 'if.' I remember visiting a lunatic asylum with my father once, who was the doctor to it. One of the inmates thought he was made of glass, had "made up his mind to it," just as you say. Perishable goods. This fellow was mighty careful of himself not to get chipped or cracked or broken. But it didn't follow that he *was* made of glass, did it?

"Well, he was a lunatic, obsessed with a manifestly absurd idea that couldn't be got out of him."

About the same with you. A thinking, conscious being — a mind, a will, that can do what he likes with his body of flesh and bones — thinks that he *is* that lot of flesh and bones. How would you talk to the other lunatic? You'd say, "My boy, a chunk of glass can't think. Did you ever know a thinking window pane? Now *you're* thinking." You might open up the game with him that way. And after the same fashion I'll say to you that a bone can't think, nor a beefsteak. And consequently you that *can* think, that are a conscious center of thinkings and willings, can't be the same as the body you think *of* and use your will *on*. If you can't see that, where's the difference between you and that chap in the asylum? Both lunatics! Confusing perishable goods with the imperishable owner of them. Still, your sort of craziness is pretty general, I admit, even among those that would repudiate your proposition altogether.

"How's that?"

Why, *they think they think* they're souls, going to live on after death. And maybe with a part of their minds they do think it. Perhaps one might say they *faith* it but *think* something else. For they think of *themselves* as growing old, as in danger of death, well, sick, and so on — all of which conditions relate to the body, to bones and steak! (No disrespect to the body. There's something divine there too. But that's another story.)

Now, as I take it, a man's only really cured himself of the prevailing insanity when he's trained himself into line with the facts of the case; when he no longer feels himself as 'perishable goods'; when he feels that the perishable goods *belong* to him for the time as an instrument; when he feels himself as tenant *in* the body. It's a new course of training in right thought. A man begins a new mental life altogether when he's gradually broken himself loose from the cramp of thinking himself to be the body. It's like a man who's never done anything but look down on the earth suddenly discovering that there's a great sky overhead and a sun in it.

Of course it's a gradual cure. You keep taking small frequent doses day after day for months or more according to the degree of insanity in your special case. You try to get rid of the notion that coldness or discomfort or tiredness and the like, which are affairs of the body, belong to *you*, becoming as far as you can indifferent to them, taking comfort or discomfort of any sort as they happen to come along in the ups and downs of things. All these bodily things come and go, but you're the steady light all the time. You teach yourself to regard dying as sudden freedom from your prison, finding the sky, and *not* as 'getting six feet under ground.' You hold the sense of inner spiritual youth. You refuse the blues, insisting on inward peace anyhow, what they call heart peace, whatever's happening to the body. It's a gradual process, this cure; but it can be done. And *when* it's done and you've got rid of the notion that your body and its feelings are you, you've started real life. You've never had one minute of real life yet, don't know the first feel of it.

Now hustle up and get cured, you miserable winged immortal that thinks himself a cage of jointed bones and a crate of steak. *Wake up, lunatic!* REPORTER

Opportunity and Limitation

HAS it ever occurred to you that the present opportunity that you and I have, the one that is ours at the present moment, is always our greatest opportunity? Can we not see that as we take the opportunity of the present moment we are thereby opening the way for future opportunities as they come along? How shall we be ready to take the opportunity of next week, or of tomorrow, or of next moment, unless we take the opportunity of now? It is the present that provides the only opportunity. The opportunity of next week is not one yet. It is only in the imagination; so that the man in prison — and we can all liken ourselves to him — has an opportunity at the present moment. It may seem the hardest kind of opportunity to take: to be absolutely and, in a sense, contentedly willing to obey the laws of the institution in which he is. But there is many a man who has had the courage to do this, and who has thanked his stars later that he had. Think of Epictetus, a slave, yet one of the greatest men and thinkers in all history, a man who has put his name upon the Screen of Time, and a slave! Even if we are slaves in that sense, from something without, we also can attain the freedom which he had, a freedom that very few men of his day had — the freedom of high spiritual purpose.

No one can shackle our thoughts or our aspirations unless we permit it; and whatever be the limitations which are not presently removable, whether of states of mind, of environment, or of heredity, still there are always heights to be gained. J. H. FUSSELL

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In a Hundred Years

"ALL the same in a hundred years," mother used to say when we were fretting at some disappointment. "That's the way to look at these little things."

Which it certainly is. And in a hundred years — or a thousand, wherever we are then! — we shall be mighty glad we did learn to live too high for the small worries to be able to get at us and tie up our minds so that they can't grow. If we succeed in taking one thing in that large, calm way, we shall presently be able to take another and a bigger, and so on, reaching at last a strength of serenity nothing can break down and with the whole character corresponding. But if we don't practise this — well, we remain just the ordinary man we are now.

We are always looking back and thinking regretfully: I wish I hadn't done that; I wish I had used this or that opportunity when it was there. So the secret is to look at the present moment's occasions with the eye we shall look back at them with in times to come. All worries are opportunities furnished us to strengthen our spiritual muscles with.

Right(eous)ness

WORDS slowly change their meanings with the passage of time. Sometimes the old meaning is finally lost altogether. *Prevent*, for instance, used to mean *go ahead of*, get in advance of someone. Sometimes only part of the old meaning disappears, perhaps the best part.

Righteousness meant *rightness*, rightness of thought and deed. One of the sayings of Christ seems to take on a clearer meaning if we leave out four letters and use the shorter word instead of the one in the translations: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after *rightness*, for they shall be filled."

Perhaps we don't quite know how to achieve *righteousness*, but we can all make a good sincere shot at *rightness*. Right deeds all day, right thoughts, right speech, right aspiration, right endeavors all through — we can all be on this line and at night make right survey of our day and see where we missed the path we have chosen and where we kept it against a temptation to swerve. And so we might get the full meaning of Christ when he said that those who really *want* rightness, who mean business in this matter, shall have it. There will be help coming to them, making their will to rightness efficient — just as the young seedling begins to get help from the sun immediately it has succeeded in forcing the least tip of itself up through the earth. There is no reason why we should not achieve a splendid efficiency in rightness as in anything else. Right deeds, deeds that measure out full with duties, and kindly deeds; right thoughts, never darkened by unbrotherliness; right speech, kindly, clean, sincere; right aspiration, aspiration to rightness, straightness of life; right survey and criticism of ourselves, ability to say to oneself, "Yes, I guess I missed it there" — rightness seems to spread out into all those applications of itself. And it certainly marks the only way of living that will bring peace into a man's heart. Perhaps that points a meaning to another saying: "Blessed are the peace-makers. . . ." Does it not mean peace-making *in our own hearts?* Indeed it is only the man who has first done this who can effectively carry peace to others. STUDENT

The Awakening

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD, in *The Boston Herald*

AN average man awoke one night,
And thought of his past in the pale moonlight;
At times he muttered, at times he moaned,
And once he very distinctly groaned,
At which his guardian spirit inquired
What secret cause this dole inspired.

"Alas, why ask? I'm thinking," said he,
"About the people I used to be.
There's the simpleton I was when — well,
It really would hardly do to tell;
And the unutterable ass
I was when — but we'll let that pass;
And the awful idiot I was when —
No, don't let's speak of that again;
And the inconceivable fool I made
Of myself when — why don't memories fade,
Or drown, or fly, or die in a hole,
Instead of eternally burning the soul?
But at any rate, you now can see
Why I mourn o'er the people I used to be."

The angel smiled with as undefiled
A glance as that of a little child,
And said: "I am musing happily
About the people you're going to be;
The soul that has learned to break its chains,
The heart grown tenderer through its pains,
The mind made richer for its thought,
The character remorse has wrought
To far undreamed capacities,
The will that sits, a king, at ease."

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The New Way Quotebook

"NEVER anywhere one instant dumb
The Master of all Music doth become;
The great Chief-Singer sings — but what He sings
Sounds clear and dear only to ears of some."
—*Edwin Arnold*

IF a man realizes that everything he consciously does, to the minutest, is registered in memory and will come up again before his eyes for his own judgment when those around his bedside are saying, *He is dead*, surely he will be careful to have at least a few deeds and a few thoughts each day that he will be glad of at the hour of the searchlight.

THE pains that befall a man in his life, small and great, may come in some cases from the injustice of other men or Society. But it is certain that each of them is an exact opportunity for him to make a step in the steadying and strengthening of his own character. And so he can use each, while it lasts, to ascertain what that step shall be and begin to take it. Thus he can overrule them all, injustices included, to his own profit, and at last win his way through them to peace and light. Looking steadily at troubles from the standpoint of our immortality, is the way to get above them.

THE way of progress in character-building is easy, after all. It is simply to substitute a big or generous thought for a small or mean one every time you see a specimen of the latter squirming and gnawing in the mind; to keep on doing this; and thus gradually to win that peace of heart in which the presence of the soul becomes known.

"HE whose heart is pure and good, who is without pride, is mild, persevering, simple and plain, who considers every creature as his friend and who loves every soul as his own, who behaves uniformly to everyone with kindness and love, who wishes to do good and has abandoned vanity — in his heart resides the Lord of Life." — *From the Indian Scriptures*

LEGS are very useful for getting about the roads, but they cannot take the place of wings. Get all the knowledge you can, certainly; as much science and technology, as much history and all the rest. Furnish the brain and memory. But remember to add something that will not be lost to you when the brain *is* lost. This something is indicated, pointed to, in the great spiritual writings of the ages. But it cannot be in them in the sense that information is in the other books. For it is a *state*, the state of inner light that comes from self-mastery, mastery of thought and deed. This state of recognised light is the one thing that death cannot dissolve or touch.

A PERSIAN INVOCATION

"O Thou, whose name is the beginning of the book of the children of the school,
Thy remembrance is to the adult among the sages the torch of their nightly retirement;
Having the heart in the body full of Thy remembrance, the novice, as well as the adept in contemplation,
Becomes a supreme king of beatitude.
Whatever road I took, it joined the street which leads to Thee;
The desire to know Thy being is also the life of the meditators;
He who has found that there is nothing but Thee, has found the final Knowledge."

"A MAN builds the temple of his true self in the seasons when the mind is at peace with itself. The recurrent storms seem to undo all his work, and in his discouragement he may build no more. But if he will see that with every storm more and more of his work remains standing storm-proof, he will know that perseverance will bring final success."
— *The Century Path*

AS the smaller thoughts shrink back out of sight and become silenced when a greater one comes into the mind, so, to get a greater one that is not there of itself, make the smaller ones silent and hold them so. And to get awareness of the soul, make all of them silent, great and small.

"THE efflux of the soul is happiness."
— *Whitman*

"IT is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."
— *Whitman*

"AS a bird guards her nest, and her thought is there even when she is far away in search of food, so let a man guard his heart and the growing peace and light there even when his mind is occupied with common duties." — *Indian*

"I HAVE often perceived that when circumstances compel us to do things we dislike doing, or deprive us of the power to do things we want to do, these are the very things (or are pointers to things) which we ought formerly to have compelled ourselves to do or abstain from. And whoever will receive and learn this lesson with no more repining than he can help, will find that the power has come to him which he formerly lacked or failed to call out. Thus divine law is always teaching and training us, and if it works by pain let us ask ourselves what other way it could do this work in?" — *From 'Behind the Bars'*

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THE NEW WAY

FROM

THE INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL LEAGUE OF HUMANITY

(UNSECTARIAN AND NON-POLITICAL)

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POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Way of Silence

"HOW can you do it?" I asked a man once whose business was to turn out a two-column story every week for the Sunday issue of the paper he was attached to.

"Oh, I just sit silent a while," he said, "and don't let my mind get off on anything, and presently an idea that I can work up pops into my head."

He didn't let the mind "get off on anything." If we would practise that art for a hundredth of the time this man had been at it, we could get something better than a story for a Sunday supplement! It is the mind 'getting off' on things that fritters our whole lives away into nothingness and keeps us from knowledge, power, achievement and peace.

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The prisoner often dreads being alone in his cell. What he really dreads is his thoughts, which he cannot control. One thought alone, say of an insolent thing lately said to him or an unjust thing done to him, or a wrong thing he himself once did, may claw at his brain like a wildcat and at last drive him almost crazy. Suppose he said to his mind: "Shut up. I don't want to hear any more of your talk about that," and could enforce his order, absolutely silence and blank his mind on that topic. The newspaper man would never have got his weekly story unless he had had at any rate some of that power.

You can't have two things in the mind at once. The question is, whether it shall be you or the mind itself that shall select what shall be there. Most men at most times are content with the mind's choice, for it is also their own choice. Only when there is a difference of opinion, as in the case now and then of the prisoner, do they recognise that they are victims, not masters. If the prisoner will get the lesson and act accordingly, his term will have been infinitely well worth while for him.

"Act accordingly! All very well to say that. But how's a man going to get his mind to come to heel at command? The thing can't be done."

Well, it can. And you can get results in a week. Paying attention in the right direction is the key. There is more in a man's mind than ever gets into words, even into the unspoken words that go on inwardly all the time. It is this deeper thought, unnoticed because of the other sort, that he needs for his peace and his happiness and his understanding of his nobler possibilities and of his divine nature. But he does not work so as to get at it, hasn't a notion that there is anything in him *but* the ordinary thought- and mind-clatter. Deep in us all is the great thought or line of thoughts which, if we could become aware of it, would heal and wipe out all our troubles at once and renew our lives. It is like some sound which is so constant that we have lost the hearing of it, the steady, finer sounds of nature at night, for instance. This thought has no words to it: it is too big. That is why it seems at first as if real silence were mere *emptiness* of mind.

But our attention is full, instead, of the other or ordinary sort of thinking, the common buzz of the mind, sometimes pleasing, sometimes nothing much one way or the other, sometimes turning into wild-cats that claw our brains to madness — always words or pictures that run presently into words. Sometimes we mutter it to ourselves; if there is anybody present we talk selections of it to him.

Watch a man listening to music. The ordinary mind-working has stilled down. His eyes are seeing what there may be to see around him, but he isn't paying any attention to it — just sees it without really seeing. His attention is altogether in the music. If you asked him the time he might half-automatically look at his watch and tell you, without being really disturbed in his listening and enjoyment. It is in this state of inner concentration and silence of mind-chatter that all great truths and inspirations come down into the mind. It is the very opposite of day-dreaming and mind-wandering and drifting. It is holding oneself collected into oneself, the opportunity of the soul to make its presence known to us. The divine thinking of the soul can never become known to us till we learn the art of holding the other thinking. quiet at will.

It is this power of inward silence that we all need, practised here and there all along the day, till the mind accepts the habit of working only when it is needed to, as long and as hard then as it is needed to, and at just whatever is wanted; and, when required to, of stilling itself so that we may have a chance in the silence of finding our higher natures. And we can only get the power of not worrying or being disturbed by an insolence or a wrong or a longing we cannot gratify — occasions when the mind seems altogether out of control — by using for practice the minutes that occur in and out all day long, when control is easy because the mind is not pressing particularly in any special direction, and there is nothing just then that particularly requires thinking about. Why think any more over a piece of work that is done, or of a piece of work that will not present itself till tomorrow, or of a conversation of yesterday, or of the peculiarities of a comrade, or of a pleasure of last year or of next month?

The possessions we want are peace and light and knowledge of our higher natures, and here is the way to them, the way of mind-mastery. STUDENT

No Comments, Please!

"I DON'T want to hear any of your talk about that; just think of something else." I always say that to my mind whenever any little worry comes along. You'd be astonished how obedient the mind becomes after some practice at that, and how much easier is life. There's always a fly in our ointment, always is and always will be. But some fellows spend so much thinking on the fly that at last they can't see any ointment. "If I could only just get rid of *that*, then I'd be happy." But there's always a *that* of some sort, and if you get rid of one there's bound to be another presently of the same kidney.

That doesn't mean that there's any essential cussedness in life. It means that life, so far as we've got with it, is not for the purpose of providing us with a good time, but of training us, developing us. And directly a man sees that — which is done by calmly studying the flies — he sees also that we must

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be being trained and developed *for* something. That keeps his eyes forward instead of downward and gives the worries and troubles of life a biographical interest which is at the expense of their power to inflict pain.

We ought all to be convinced fatalists in the sense of accepting it that there's so much fly, so much *that*, so much lesson coming to us, do what we will. Our efforts will only succeed in changing the form of fly. Another is ready as soon as we get rid of this one. So it's not common sense to spend much trouble in those efforts. Take the thing as it is; wink to yourself at it; live above it; turn the mind off it. That's learning part of the lesson, sometimes the whole of that particular one. And a lesson learned doesn't need to be set any more, isn't set any more. That particular fly has been got rid of by just letting it stay.

But the fly may be there for more of a reason than just to teach us to calmly disregard it. It may be to show us our egotism or some other fault in our natures needing correction. Sometimes this remainder of the lesson was obvious enough from the first. Sometimes it becomes obvious only after a little mind-practice in accepting it calmly and refusing to be irritated. A fly that keeps coming back in one form or another each time after you've got rid of it, always points to a fault. Look at it then as a pointer instead of a worry. Looking at it in an irritated way makes it fill up more and more of the mind, till you can't attend to much else and the mind has become a useless nuisance incapable of clear work on anything. Flies go by our finding out what they are there for and acting accordingly. Be grateful to them for their persistency.

I don't want to hear any of your talk about that is, as I said, a fine thing to say to the mind in respect of any casual annoyance that comes along. I reckon we've learnt the greatest lesson that life teaches, when we have acquired by practice the power to make the mind carry out this command to be silent to us about what we choose, not talk of that to us.

What's worry? Isn't it just a case of mind's talking and talking to us about something that we can't *do* anything about, and keeping up the talk till we're half crazy, and refusing to talk of anything pleasant, or indeed of anything else at all? Practising interior silence, mind-silence, at odd times when mental activity is not wanted, is the secret of the power of silencing the mind in respect of any particular matter that you don't choose to have it think of.

Say you're working in the mill or one of the shops. What you *want* the mind for then is just peacefully to attend to the job in hand. But what it's *doing* in addition to that is chattering to you about everything on earth or about what you don't want it to speak of at all. All the Light and Truth a man needs is there waiting to come down into his mind if he would empty it of what's better not there.

Practice at odd times, that's the secret. Inner silence and a looking for the Light to come into us. In a little while the power begins to grow. And the brain and mind get rested in that silence instead of worn out in the chatter, and become better and better instruments for when they *are* wanted. A man lives above the little things who works at this practice, above the irritating ways of other fellows, above the small injustices. And these very things become his material for practice in enforcing his great saying: "*I don't want to hear any of your talk about that.*" They write about 'exercises to strengthen the will.' I tell you the will's growing daily in this work. A man gets content with the small worries, glad of them, and he learns to find life with all its troubles a friend because it is a teacher. REPORTER

The Strenuous Life and Death

"THEY can because they believe they can." And along the same line Emerson said: "The law of nature is that they who do the thing shall have the power; they who do not the thing have not the power." You can, even if you don't believe you can, if you will act as if you did believe it. "I'm as my Maker made me," or as my heredity made me, or my upbringing,— is no reason for staying that way. Roosevelt was a sickly child and youth, 'a hopeless case,' but he took himself in hand, got his will into the thing, and exercised himself till his frame was iron.

There is a time of life, along about fifty perhaps, when a man begins to think he can't develop much further or any further, mentally or physically. Like every other false thought, that one is poisonous and paralysing. It makes itself come true. It spreads itself through the body and mind till finally *they can't because they believe they can't.* A man begins to die, from the moment he begins letting in the thought that he's reached his limit.

To make a power grow and keep growing it must have hard exercise, must be regularly made tired. And back of the tiredness always the thought that tomorrow it will be better for the exertion today.

Old age does not necessarily take away or lessen the power of growth. If the power begins to stop working at one place or capacity, it is then available for work at another. Old age gradually takes away some of our physical energy and flexibility. But not nearly so much and not nearly so soon as it does with most men if you keep yourself exercised up all over daily. Old age may gradually take away some brain power. But not necessarily; probably would not at all if the rest of the body were kept as fit as possible by wise exercising. There are plenty of examples of old men who never failed at all mentally up to the very last. Nature has made arrangements to have

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this so, if we would live according to her laws. In cases of starvation the brain is the last to suffer, if at all, and preserves its nutrition when every other organ has come down to its last ounce. But to keep the brain in good form it must be exercised steadily. Queen Victoria of England started in and learned Hindostanee when she was eighty, and no doubt benefited her general health and deferred her death by the mental effort involved. The strenuous life is the life in which effort is constantly put forth in substitution for ease and pleasure. Consequently it is the healthy life and in the long run the only pleasurable life. *Exercise with effort* is always the key, together with the constant readiness to enter upon entirely new lines, take up some quite new sort of work and activity, mental or physical, get adapted to quite new circumstances (even sickness!), regarding the newness as a valuable stimulant and a rescue from ruts.

But when you do find your body failing somewhat with later years, and if you do find your brain not what it was, what then?

Keep both in as fit condition as you can, of course. Exercise, study and think. What are you thus doing? Is not the *will* being used just as forcefully as when in earlier years these efforts were quite easy and pleasant? Is it not, in fact, growing *more* just because the difficulties are greater? Will can be kept growing up to the last breath.

And also character, moral power. That grows likewise all the time with exercise — namely the exercise of will just spoken of; and the exercise of refusing to let the mind drift loose in old memories; of refusing to let the temper get soured; of refusing most watchfully to get self-centered; and of thinking gratefully towards those who do anything for you. All these are ways of keeping character exercised and growing to the very last, of making old age a ripening instead of a decaying. And so, leaving the body behind, we pass through death still growing and ripening, in fact, with regained youth — spiritually. The life beyond is closer to Divine Reality than this one here: necessarily, because there isn't the body to be troubling with, essential as the body is as a strop for the razor of will and character. As we draw near the end of this necessary stropping process we are already drawing nearer that splendid Reality. Deep inside we are aware of that.

And so the last point is that Nature, in making arrangements for human old age, provides better and better opportunity for feeling the presence of Divine Reality in and about us. The dying down of the bodily currents constitutes the very basis of this opportunity. Consequently in old age we can use the will, when we are alone, and use the times of bodily quiet, to feel after and saturate ourselves with that true silence in which the great Presence can be known with a clearness exceeding what is possible at any other time of life. In other words, old age is a time when faith can be made to ripen into knowledge. And as the effort to do this is itself a part of the strenuous life, we can always say that we propose to die — that is, pass on — as real men, exercising to the last, passing the gateway still strenuous and self-respecting, ready for the new program. M. D.

That Last Five Minutes

"A FELLOW hasn't got a great deal of choice in this institution as to what he will do in the evening. What he will mostly do is sit in his cell."

But what will he be at while sitting in his cell? The range of choice is not so narrow, after all. There's one fellow that wants to finish himself out as an architect in the course of his term, and he's hard at work on geometry in his evenings just now. Another reads all the novels he can get and all the short stories in the magazines. Two or three write for the prison paper or prepare essays for the debating society. Another mopes and glooms to himself with his face in his hands.

Did you ever notice that it's the evening that mostly makes the next day? Through the morning the geometry chap will find his mind mulling over the problems of the night before, and find, too, that while he slept his mind took the opportunity to solve a difficulty or two for him that he couldn't see through last evening. And the man with the novel will find the fate of his hero and villain in his mind. And the moper will feel as if he'd swallowed a dose of cold lead, and look like it, poor chap.

An animal hasn't got any evening in this sense. It's just all in line with his day till he goes to sleep. There's nothing in his mind in the morning that he set a keynote for the night before. One day is the same as another day. He goes neither backwards nor forwards. He stays just a dog or whatever else he is.

The more one thinks of it and experiments about it, the more it seems that a man's whole life depends upon what he does in the evenings. It's his chance of growing mentally and morally — or going backward. And it's his chance to stay young mentally or go down the hill into senility with the gathering years.

Consider the body and its dependence upon brain-states. That excellent geometry chap who mistakenly carries his work and thought right up to bedtime and then tumbles into the sheets with his brain still going, has arranged for his brain to keep at the same business more or less all night, when it ought to be building itself up instead of continuing the wear and tear. Consequently to meet next day's obligations it's obliged to make a draft on vital

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capital. His body does not get the support of a well-rested and rebuilt brain. All through, he's growing old faster than he ought or needs to. The novel-reader who does the same thing keeps his brain in still more of a stir, emotionally as well as intellectually. No building has been going on. (And, incidentally, no *will* has been called out in his job, as there was in the case of the geometry man. Nothing done for character.)

This is nothing against novel-reading in its right place and quantity. But a man should create a special brain-state to go to sleep with, the one best for that time and assistive to Nature in her building-work of the night. Not a thought-filled brain-state, but one of perfect brain *silence*. (A few minutes' muscular exercise helps to take the blood out of the head and diffuse it evenly everywhere.) Let him wave away and brush off all he's been at in the evening and all he's been at through the day, and get the *Light* into himself, the spiritual peace of the Light, and not lie down till he *has* got the touch of it. That is finding the undying side of his nature, as well as giving his quieted brain a shove-off in the rebuilding direction.

The inwardness of a man is the Light, the best and highest part of him. He's a part of it. His outwardness, shed at death, consists of body and brain and that lower layer of mind that has the brain for its instrument. It is when this is stilled that he can begin to get some feeling of what he really is and how little the outward things really matter in the long view.

Peace, Light, the deep linkage of men to each other, Life as an unbroken cord let down into and passing through and tangled up in brain and body for a few years, and then drawn out of the tangle again — it's such thoughts as these, held to for two or three minutes, that gradually alter the quality of a man's days and bring back his sense of inner youth and give him at last a real knowledge of what he is and straighten out the tangle.

Where's a man got a better chance to do all this for himself? The days will cease to be monotonous after a few weeks of this, for the inner life will be coming into the outer and redeeming it. M. D.



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International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California

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In Tune with Nature

FROM one point of view it's a great advantage to have duties that are not particularly interesting and are about the same from day to day. In other words monotony may have something to say for itself after all. It may turn out that external monotony is the best of all conditions for profiting by what's going on *in*ternally. A man may never learn the ever-changing beauties of his own land, till he can no longer afford to go abroad whenever he likes. A carriage rolls always on the same wheels turning always in the same way. Which would be a monotonous enough performance to it if it could think — till it observed that it was going *forward* on them. The earth might complain that she had to keep monotonously turning on her axis every day and monotonously revolving round the sun year by year, everything always the same. But the sun would reply that every minute of every day he was sweeping his family of planets through the sky into new regions and new relationship with other far-off suns that they had never known before. Each day may offer a man nothing but the same duties, but it depends on him to find himself as just monotonously turning round with the days or as going forward with the soul of them. For time is a living thing.

Something new happens in us every day, with every sunrise. Don't be deceived and hypnotized by the sameness of *outer* things. We miss the great interior newness and progression of every day by letting yesterday lie all over us, by dwelling on desire that outer things might change or giving way to despair because they will not. Cut free from yesterday and let tomorrow bring whatever it's going to.

Our concern is to seize the newness of *ourselves* that is a fact of each recurrent day. Close the mind once and for all to the sense of sameness. Say good-bye to that thought. If we would do that day by day as it opens and try to hold to it for the first hour or so at any rate, in a few weeks we should be finding that place in ourselves where we are ever young, where there is the lasting vigor and joy of spiritual youth and growth that no bodily aging can affect.

Every day something new interiorly. Even the tree, amid its thousands of buds and flowers year by year, will always have *one* that is not quite like any that it ever produced before. And every day there is a new something in our heart-lives that was never there before. It is for us to recognise and develop it, this new stir, feeling by the end of the day that we have added it to our eternal possessions.

This is the true 'living in tune with Nature,' Nature in the highest sense, living independent of any external whatever. And in this life there is at last constant joy, constant radiation of something that helps and encourages all those about us, constant spiritual growth at the pace of Nature's spiritual growth. It comes by the habitual greeting of each day as new, and the habitual doing out to the full of every duty that comes up in each day. For the man of loosely-done duties or duties scamped is not tuned taut, not in tune with Nature and not in the current of Nature's life. STUDENT

The 'Small' Occasions

ONE least act of self-mastery raises the man for that moment to his rightful position above all the lower elements in his nature. Each such act is a seed sown that can never be killed. A few of such acts in succession determine a habit, and the life acquires a new dignity and power and peace. The higher consciousness is born and final victory comes in sight.

Men in prison often look back to the one act that brought them where they are and reckon that as *the* point at which they took the wrong turning. *There* was the pivotal moment.

That is never true. There were a thousand 'small' decisions made between right and wrong before that grand decision that seems to be the one that wrecked the life. And enough of those decisions were made the wrong way to determine the vote when the grand moment came. They had the majority.

The lesson is, to heap up strength by using the 'small' occasions as they come. The decision for right is easy then, the bit of self-mastery quite manageable. No failing in a man's nature is too great to be conquered by using the opportunities for overcoming it in its *little* manifestations. And every failing shows itself constantly in these little ways as well as in its full power. It is a valuable piece of self-study to trace back some apparently little failing to a greater one — or *the* great one — with which it may at first seem quite unconnected.

Pivotal moments? They occur all the time. Which is the real one we cannot know. It is certainly not the one which seems alone answerable for the disaster. It is any one of the small occasions in which, by choosing wrong again, we gave the casting vote at last to the force of wrong in us. We call these occasions small, first because the decision is made with little effort; and, secondly and chiefly, because no very special consequences seemed to follow. We see the size of the occasions through the lens of their visible consequences. If we could see them through their *in*visible consequences they would all look very different. None would seem small.

There is no use in looking back too much. Let us look *on*, building up will and character step by step through the small and easy decisions made on the right side. Every one of these will have in it, readily

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to be felt, the approval of the soul, a sense of relief and of power gained and of self-respect. It is through these that we may come to know of the soul and begin opening up communion with it. At last we are aware of it, are in the conscious presence of this great Companion of our lives (who is the real self), all along the day. In that awareness, in winning it and intensifying it through the small victories, our characters at last become unshakeable. Our minds are always in the light; the new consciousness is born, the new way opened — a way with no more dark places, no clouds.

We can never get so far off the right path that *one* act cannot put us on it again. STUDENT

Let Us Look in the Glass

"Oh Soul of mine, bring near thy light and scatter therewith the darkness in the farthest corners of my nature so that all my deeds shall be worthy and my heart full of peace." —An ancient prayer

IF I see a contemptible trait in another, it is no part of my duty to direct the current of my contempt at him. Let me rather hunt up whatever there is of that kind in myself and direct it *there*, invoking my own higher nature to help me eliminate it. Thinking of the faults of others brings about an inactivity of the power to see any of our own, and so to correct any of our own, and so to progress at all. Had I had the bringing-up and surroundings and temptations of the other man, my nature might have become more twisted and underhand than his.

"I am my brother's keeper": what does that mean? Not that I am to despise him for his weaknesses or faults. *That* is not 'keeping' or helping him. He will react to my contempt by dislike or hate of me, and the sum of evil in the world grows greater by this and by my sense of pride or superiority to him. For contempt and pride are two ends of the same stick. That particular man I may not be able to help at all. But if by rising to the nobler part of my own nature I surmount *any* contemptible fault I have, it will sometime come about that in that matter I am able to be helpful to *someone*, even if I know nothing of the influence I am exerting. And it is in the Divine Law, which has all men in its compassionate keeping, that each of us shall sooner or later meet some other whose words or example or mere presence will inspire him to an ultimately victorious combat with one or another of his faults. But real help never goes out along the channel of hatred or contempt. If you contemplate calling a man a cur, stop. The same Divine Law will sometime bring it home to him much better than you can and at a time when the lesson will awaken in him the desire to be nobler. STUDENT

Palimpsest

(Parchment was once the only writing material, and because of its cost they would sometimes scrape away one layer of writing to make room for another, and that for another. But by proper treatment the earlier layers can sometimes be brought into view again.)

I KNEW him when the wistful dreams of youth
Dwelt in his eyes and all men said of him:
"His face is as a book where God doth limn
The love of beauty and the search for truth."

I watched his face through all the crowding years
Of struggle and bereavement and mischance;
And saw the heavy hand of circumstance
O'erwriting histories of doubts and fears

And gray discomfitures — until, indeed,
The beauty was quite gone, and only sorrow,
Regret for yesterday, dread of tomorrow,
Were written for the casual eye to read.

But I who loved him read the old lines still,
And knew that what I saw all men should see —
Beauty and truth once more writ visibly,
When time should purge what time had written ill.

I waited, but the years went by in vain;
Till now — a moment since, it was, his breath
Fluttered and ended — the quiet hand of death
Has made that fair scroll visible again.

— E. K. Broadus in *The Review*

Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth

A. H. CLOUGH

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

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The New Way Quotebook

"IT is important for a man to train himself never to take personal offense at anything. The moment he takes offense there is a diversion of energy and wholesome interest is deflected from important subjects. This is simply a matter within the domain of the will and one can train himself to take personal offense at nothing whatsoever."— *Dr. R. T. Morris*

"EVERYONE at the outset of his career must make up his mind to have more causes for distress and trouble than anyone of whom he has ever heard." — *Dr. R. T. Morris*

"THE sane man is like a well-made watch, trained to keep correct time under all conditions of temptation, pressure, or environment." — *Prof. D. S. Jordan*

"FATE used me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed
That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed.
Along came joy and paused beside me where I sat,
Saying, 'I came to see what you were laughing at.' "
— *Selected*

"THERE were two that prayed. And of one the prayer was: 'Lord, Lord, take away this thorn in my flesh, for I lack strength to endure it.' And it was done for him even according to his wish.

"But of the other the prayer was: 'Lord, let the thought that thou knowest of it become strength in me to endure this thorn with an unmoved soul.'

"And the strength came, so that the thorn profited him exceedingly and dropped from him when its task was fulfilled." — *Persian*

"TWO men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman . . . and, still more highly, him who is seen toiling for the *spiritually* indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees I honor. Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could now such anywhere be met with. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of God, bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!" — *Carlyle*

"THERE'S so much pain, I thought, coming into every life; the necessary dose for ripening character. If I dodge some of it now, there'll be that much more to take in some form later on. So I'll just take things as they come, rough or smooth, not interfering with the plan and trying to be serene anyhow. And it was surprising how easy the serenity presently became and how evident that the pains are supervised with compassion according to our strength if we let the plan work its own way." —*From a letter*

"SEPARATE the fixed from the volatile," said the old alchemists; meaning, divide the mind, keeping one part of it up in the true Silence, the other down here with its nose held closely upon the duty of the moment.

THE GOLDEN CORD

"I SAW a stretch of road with two gateways across its continuity, perchance some seventy or a hundred paces apart. From gateway to gateway ran a fine golden cord having wrapped about it other cords of divers substances, and about all a containment of hemp. From gateway to gateway ran they; but when I looked more closely I saw that the golden cord alone passed *through* the gates, entering by the one and going out by the other. But where then I saw not. And he that was with me said, 'Thou seest the life of man, running between birth and death. By the gate of birth his soul enters, and its gold thread is wrapped about with many another and with the outer containment of hemp. And it loses knowledge of its own noble nature and is hidden from itself among the cords that enclose it and thinks indeed that these are itself, rejoicing when the sunlight is upon them and lamenting when it perceives that upon reaching the second gateway, the gate of outlet, they are cut short and may not pass through. But if it be wise and effortful, it recovers knowledge of itself and at the last goes at ease and rejoicing through the gate of departure.' " —*Persian*

"THAT violence wherewith sometimes a man doteth upon one creature, is but a little spark of that love, even [equal] towards all, which lurketh in his nature." — *Thomas Traherne* (XVIIth century)

"HE lives most like an Angel that lives least upon himself, [*i. e.*, least selfishly] and doth most good to others. For the Angels . . . do good to the whole world. Now a man is an incarnate Angel. And he that lives in the midst of riches as a poor man himself, enjoying God and Paradise, conversing with the poor, [*i. e.*, mingling intimately with them] and seeing the value of their souls through their bodies, is arrived here to the estate of immortality. He cares little for the delicacies of food or raiment himself, and delighteth in others." — *Thomas Traherne* (XVIIth century)

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